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# HUNTING THE BIG BEAR ON MONTAGUE ISLAND

By Charles Sheldon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AT five o'clock on the afternoon of April 13, 1905, I sailed from Seattle on board the steamship *Portland*. My destination was Montague Island, which stretches in a north-easterly direction across the entrance to Prince William Sound. My mission was the study of a great unknown bear said to inhabit the island, but of which no specimen had as yet reached any museum.

No problem in the natural history of the game animals of America is more interesting or presents more difficulties than that of the coast bears of Alaska. Dr. C. Hart Merriam is inclined to the opinion that the coast region of Alaska, from the Alaska Peninsula easterly to and beyond Yakutat Bay, is the centre of distribution of the big bears of America—the area in which the various species of brown bears originated and from which the ancestors of the grizzly radiated. The material from this region thus far collected and studied shows an unusual range of individual variation, and also a surprisingly large number of well-developed species. But lack of well-authenticated specimens leaves so many questions in doubt that, after a discussion with Dr. Merriam, and by his advice, I selected Montague Island as a field for hunting, to add, if possible, my quota of assistance toward clearing up this question.

For a long time I had been eagerly anticipating a trip in the month of May among the rugged coast ranges of Alaska—a trip to be devoted exclusively to hunting the bear.

I found myself, therefore, on the way to Montague Island, but without any definite idea of how to get there or how to hunt. No traveller or hunter had been in its vicinity without being told that on Montague Island and the bears were so numerous and fierce that they immediately drove off everybody who attempted to land. I had learned of several doubtful methods of reaching the island, and finally accepted the suggestion of Mr. O. J. Humphrey, of Seattle, who advised me to go to Nuchek, on Hinchinbrook Island, where Charles Swanson, who had a trading-post to supply natives living at that village, could perhaps assist me in crossing to Montague and provide me with reliable men.

After a delightful voyage of seven days, the snowy crests of the mountains on Montague Island were in sight before I slept.

*April* 21.—The steamer was dropping anchor when I was called at 3.30 A. M. and found all my provisions and outfit on deck. A boat was lowered, and I was rowed through the darkness to the sleeping village of Nuchek, where I and my outfit were landed on the beach. The boat returned, and soon the *Portland* steamed off.

Swanson had gone in his schooner to Ellamar, not to return for several days. But his wife, a sweet, pretty Russian woman, kindly offered to take care of me, and at once aroused two natives, who brought all my effects into the old trading-store, and I was soon in Mrs. Swanson's house, surrounded by her five children, with a breakfast before me.

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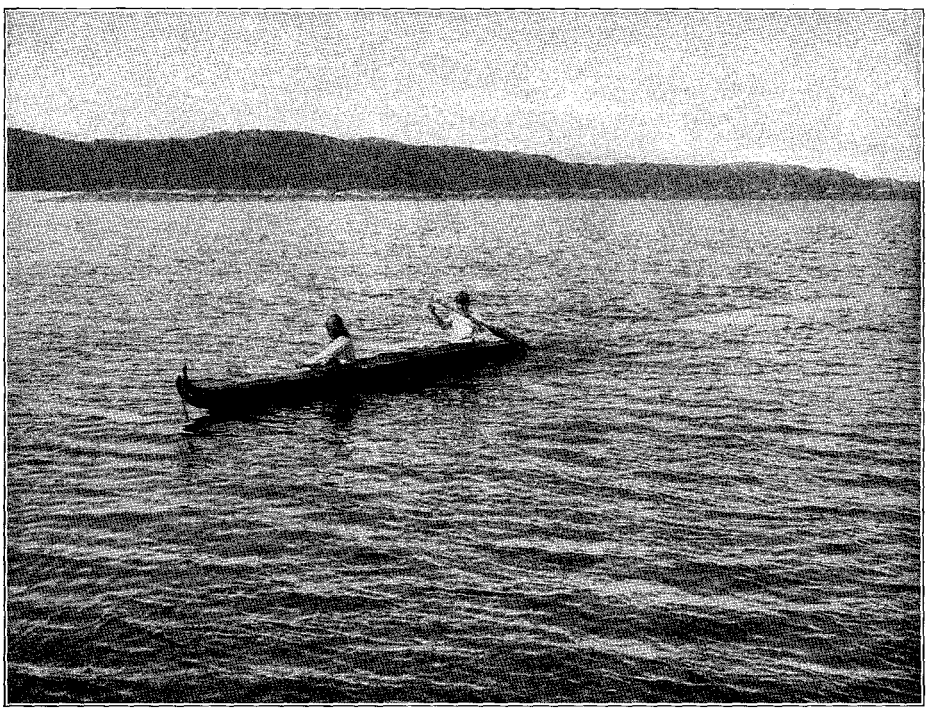

Misha and Baranof paddling the bidarka.

It was soon daylight, so I could look about. The village of Nuchek consists of thirty or forty small wooden houses occupied by the Eskimo natives, about a hundred and thirty in all, an old trading-house constructed many years ago by the Russians, a little church with a low-pointed spire, and a larger house occupied by Swanson; all situated on a hill at the entrance to Port Etches. The land is a bog, through which paths have been made among the huts by gravel brought up from the beach.

Hinchinbrook Island was first noticed by Cook, who, on May 12, 1778, named it Cape Hinchinbrook.

A few hours after my arrival a heavy north-east storm descended and lasted for five days. The next day was showery, and the following morning, Thursday, Swanson returned. He said he could give me two natives and a bidarka, and take me over to Montague Island in his schooner. But since the natives would not go until after the Russian Easter Week, we could not start until the following Tuesday. The storm soon returned and continued until I left Nuchek.

Tuesday, the second of May, arrived at last—a clear, calm day. In the morning I rearranged and packed my equipment and provisions, which had been brought from Seattle, and all were conveyed aboard the *Olga*, Swanson's schooner, which was anchored in the back bay, near the sand spit. We left, at 2 P. M., to sail around out of the back bay to the entrance of Port Etches, where, from Nuchek Bay in front, we could make directly across to the north end of Montague Island, seven miles distant.

With the assistance of Swanson, I had employed two natives: Misha, a veteran of fifty years, who owned the bidarka, and Baranof, a boy of twenty years, who could speak some English and cook as badly as most Indians. Swanson brought with him in the schooner three other natives with their bidarkas, in the hope that they might see and kill a fur seal or two on the way from Montague Island to Ellamar, where he intended to go after leaving me.

Surrounded by high, snow-covered mountains, we sailed down the bay in a light breeze, frightening numerous water-fowl from the water, and gladdened by hearing the spring songs of the sparrows in the trees on the shore near by. Slowly we drifted



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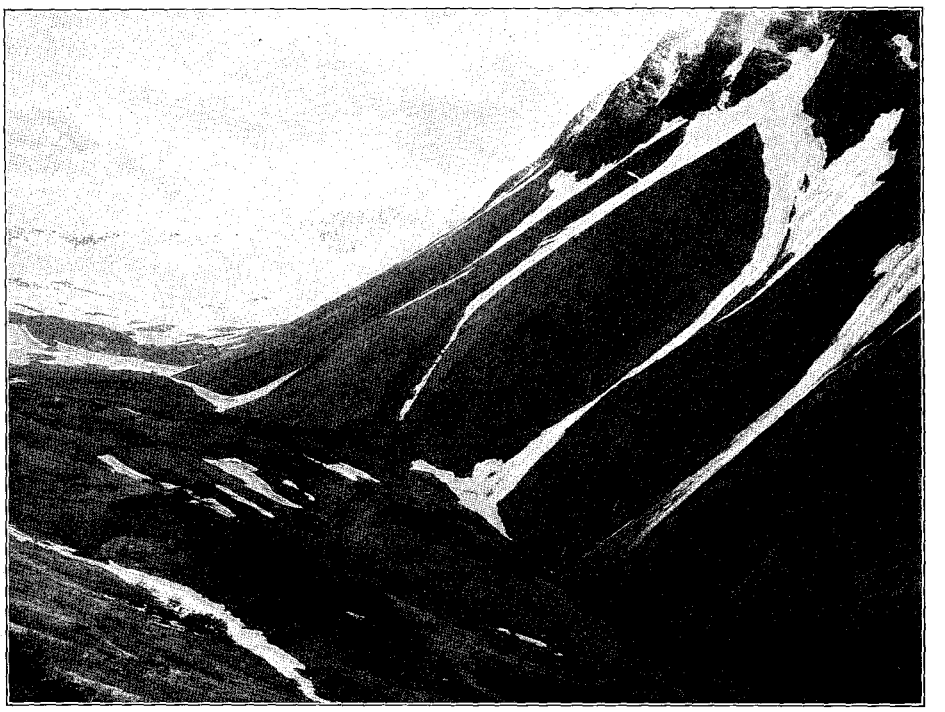

Behind were the high mountains of Montague Island.

through the narrow channels as I trolled, without result, for halibut, and when we came around into the outer bay, the wind died out, so that we had to anchor, being unable to bear against the incoming tide. After two hours the breezes freshened, and reaching the bay opposite Nuchek, we steered for Montague Island, but progressed slowly in the dying winds, and soon it became evident that we should not reach our destination that night. I therefore stowed myself in a narrow bunk, looking forward with delight to being in the woods, under my own shelter, on the morrow.

*May* 3.—As the anchor was being lowered at 6.40 A. M., about half way down from Zaïkof Bay, I awoke and came on deck rejoicing to feel that at last I was to land on Montague Island. Two hair seals were seen out in the bay while we were at breakfast, the only ones I saw on the whole trip. They are more abundant in winter, when the natives kill them to get skins for their bidarkas, and also for their boots. The oil they use for various purposes, and they eat the flesh with relish.

We were soon ashore, a spot was selected, the shelter was put up, all my provisions were placed under it, and the bidarka was stored well up on the beach, after which we returned to the schooner for lunch. Rain began to fall, and at once a north-east storm descended in all its fury, with snow, wind, and squalls. It continued for two days, and was so violent that Swanson did not dare to raise anchor and depart. We stayed therefore, aboard the schooner, with nothing to do but watch the barometer for a sign of change.

*May* 5.—On the morning of the third day the storm relaxed; at noon the rain ceased; Swanson sailed off and at last I was before a fire in my own camp. The camp was on a little knoll in the woods, close to the water, with a beautiful outlook. In front and on the left, across the bay, were rolling, snow-covered hills; on the right the open sound, and rugged lofty mountains of the mainland were dimly visible in the distance: behind were the high mountains of Montague Island, plainly to be seen through the large spruce-trees. The whole west side of the island was buried under deep snow. with the exception of patches here and there in the woods, which were boggy and covered with thick soft green moss. We



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intended to spend next day in camp and make final preparations to start for the east coast, where there was less snow and the mountains were more accessible from the shore; then we expected to continue down the coast in the bidarka, hunting at intervals whenever we could land.

Since it was my purpose to collect what small mammals I could, I set some traps for mice in the little trails which completely checkered the surface of the woods, while Misha went across the bay in his bidarka to examine some traps he had set two weeks before for land otters. Before long he came back, bringing a fine male otter which he had found dead in one of his traps, and immediately skinned it. The skin and skull are now in the collection of the Biological Survey at Washington.

I must here interrupt my narrative to give a brief description of Montague Island. Totally uninhabited since Cook first observed and named it, it is about fifty miles long, from six to ten miles wide, and stretches in a north-easterly direction toward Hinchinbrook Island. The country extending back, from the west coast to the mountain ranges, is quite flat and heavily timbered, and flowing down from the mountains are about fifteen rivers, all large enough to admit salmon, by every variety of which they are regularly entered.

The east coast is entirely different. At the north end are two large bays, Zaïkof Bay and Rocky Bay, both good harbors. Elsewhere, clear to the south end, the shore is rock and reef bound, so that not even a small sail-boat can find a place to anchor. There are but few places where even a bidarka can land, except at the mouth of the small creeks falling from the basins, where the running water forms, for a few feet only, a gravel beach. Two or three rugged mountain ranges, running parallel with the coast, traverse the entire length of the island, becoming lower at the south end. These ranges are more distant from the west coast, but approach to within three miles of the east coast, and at intervals of from two to three miles vast spurs jut out at right angles and in some places their steep slopes almost overhang the beach. The main range and spurs are from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred feet high, very rugged and rough, and show plainly the result of erosion and glacial moulding.

The country between the coast and the main range is much broken, and consists of steep hills and rough, irregular ridges. Between the spurs, where they connect with the main range above timber line, are vast basins, somewhat circular in shape, and from two to three miles wide, though often narrower. These basins, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, have broad, rolling, hilly pastures, usually devoid of trees or brush, with the exception of a stunted spruce here and there. Often some of the bare hills are very rough and rocky. It is in the clear places on the mountain sides and basins that bears mostly feed in the month of May.

The climate of Montague Island, because of its complete exposure on all sides, is the worst in the whole region; the east side particularly being exposed to the continual north-east storms of April and May, while the west coast receives the gales from the west, which blow more constantly in the winter. The north-east storms descend every week during April and May, and last from two to three days. One can hope to get reasonably fair weather only in June and July, but even then it is uncertain. Before Cook's time, and perhaps for a short time afterward, natives, probably Chugatchigmiuts, dwelt on the west side of the island, as is evidenced by the stone implements and pieces of copper still to be found there.

*May* 7.—During the night, the thermometer registered 32°, and it was drizzling in the morning, but nevertheless we packed the bidarka; or, rather, the natives did, as only they understand how to do it. It could hold only a limited supply besides our blankets. At 7.45 in the morning we started. I occupied the middle porthole of the three-hole bidarka, which was so shallow and small that I could neither get in nor out without assistance; once inside, I was completely wedged in, and the thought of capsizing was not a pleasant one. The bidarkas of Nuchek are very small compared with those of the Aleut natives. Misha was ahead and carried, inserted under a thong on the outside of the bow, his rifle and spear, which latter is used to fasten to and hold up a seal, if one is killed.

Swiftly we glided along, the paddles ply-

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ing the water first on one side and then on the other, for these natives never paddle in any other way. The calm bay was full of the fantastic, beautiful harlequin ducks, geese were returning from their feeding-barrábara, ten miles down the coast, from which point I was to make my first hunt for bears.

As it had cleared, and the day was beautiful and sunny, immediately after taking a

Above which two streams join, dashing down over cliffs several hundred feet high in beautiful cascades.

grounds, near the shore, and on the land itself varied thrushes were singing in the trees. We passed out of the bay and along the rocky east coast, which is full of continuous reefs extending from one to five hundred yards out from shore, and, as the swell broke over them, the whole coast as far as I could see was dotted with white foam and spray, up to the irregular white line of breakers on the beach. We dodged among the reefs, slipped through great quantities of seaweed, everywhere abundant, until noon, when we reached the first

bite to eat, I started with my usual equipment—rifle, field-glasses, and kodak. Most unfortunately, not being familiar with the character of the country I was to traverse, I wore leather moccasins. I started up the creek to reach the basin at its head. Avoiding the devil's-club and salmon-berry bush, climbing up and down the steep hills and ridges, I came to a point where the creek emerges from a deep gorge, above which two streams join, dashing down over cliffs several hundred feet high in beautiful cascades. Beyond was the basin surrounded

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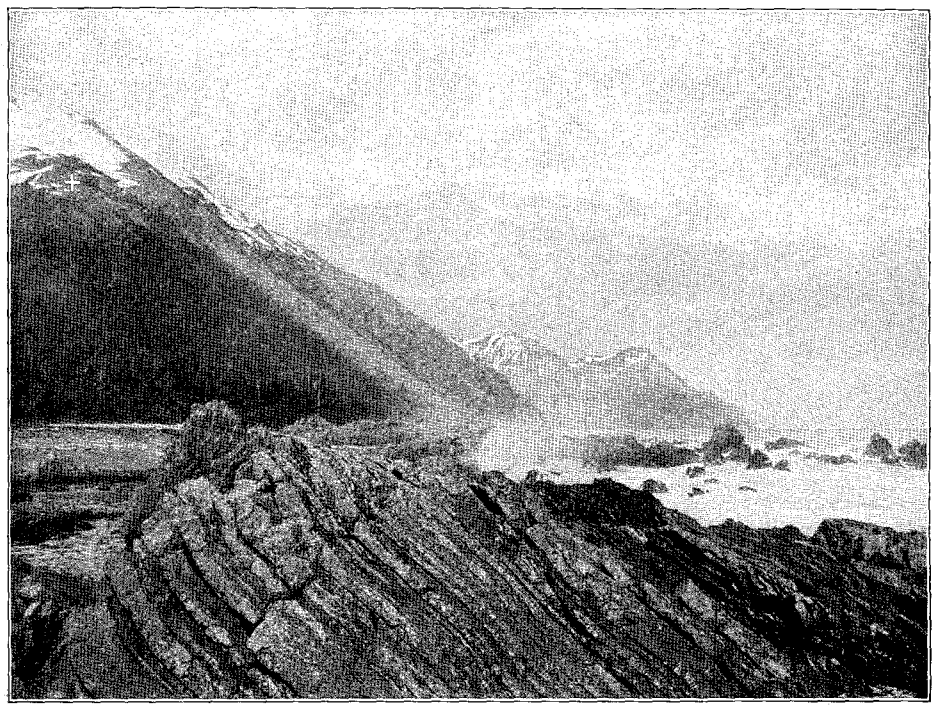

East coast of Montague Island.
Spot where the two bears were found sleeping, indicated by white cross.

by mountains, all glistening in the sun. At once I started to climb the south mountain slope at the entrance to the basin, trying to force my way through the thick salmonberry growth, and for the first time learning the difficulty of such an undertaking. After a vexatious experience, I reached the clear slope, which was very steep, and soon realized that on the slippery, icy ground my moccasins were totally unfit for walking and, indeed, very dangerous. Slowly I kept ascending diagonally, perhaps for a thousand feet, until I reached the snow-line, and paused to enjoy the scenery. Again, at last, I was in an amphitheatre of rugged mountains, extending in a well-defined circle, enclosing the rolling pastures of the basin below, which reached down to the green hills and uneven ridges of the valley. Beyond was the broad ocean, now rocking and sleeping, a vast expanse with its white border of breakers distinctly sounding on the beach. A bald eagle was soaring above me in evident curiosity, rock ptarmigan were flying about the rocks higher up and below, the sparrows were responding in song to the spring sun. I had to press on and took a course downward toward the basin, finding it extremely difficult to descend over the steep, slippery ground, much snow having melted on the slopes, and my moccasins affording no foothold whatever. While crossing a field of snow I slipped, and, after sliding downward a short distance, succeeded in holding myself in time to prevent a serious accident. Unfortunately, however, my rifle sight was broken off. Finally I descended to a point where the slope was not so steep and sat on a rock to look over the basin.

Suddenly, to my intense surprise and satisfaction, I saw a large bear just emerging from the woods across the entrance to the foot of the basin, and it at once began to feed on the grass growing on a little knoll. It would pick out the grass, and every few moments throw up its head and toss it about, sniffing. Not once did it look about, but seemed to depend wholly on its power of scent to detect the approach of danger. I was a quarter of a mile from the bear, well above it, and the wind was exactly right for an approach in a straight line. I soon began to move down the incline, watching carefully as I did so; stooping low as the



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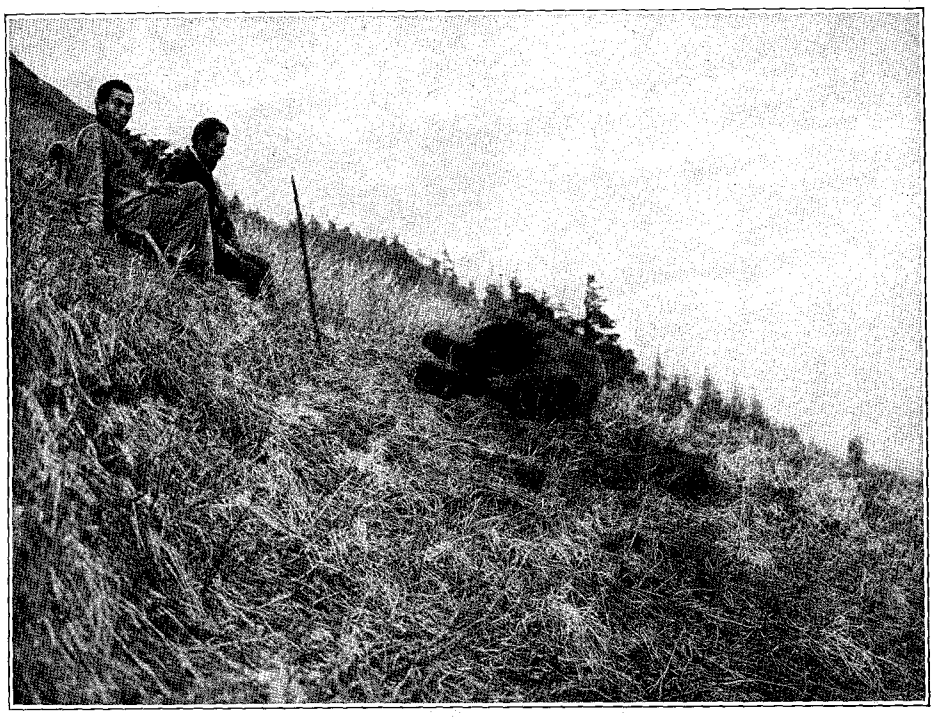

The first bear killed.

We pulled it to a more level place at the edge of the depression.—Page 630.

bear faced me, and advancing whenever its head turned in any other direction. Not once did it look or listen, and I was safe from its scenting me. I had studied the ground; and having reached the steep hillside traversing the foot of the basin, I worked across it to within two hundred yards of the bear, which was still feeding about the little knoll. I had reached a point where the slope was so steep that I could not advance with safety, yet the salmon-berry bush and alders which covered the knoll made it difficult to get a shot here. Seating myself, however, I watched my chance to fire. Though I tried to aim behind the foreshoulder, it was somewhat a matter of guesswork on account of the broken sight, but I heard the bullet strike and saw the bear jump; it ran a few feet upward and stopped a moment in bewilderment. I fired again and evidently missed, when it quickly turned with a spring and came running at full speed directly toward me. I was surprised to see how rapidly it covered the ground on a steep slope.

Since my footing was not secure, and in a sitting position I could not seem to cover it with the rifle, as it came to within a hundred yards of me, I half rose, when it saw me and turned, rushing down hill. Had I been that hundred yards nearer and without experience, I could, conscientiously perhaps, have written a fine story about a vicious charging bear. It crossed the stream with a splash and stopped for a moment *to look up at the spot where it had been feeding*. This seems to show that, even after seeing me, the bear thought the shot had come from the opposite direction. Somewhat similar to this one, I believe, are most of the reported cases of the "charging" of bears; some true, but misunderstood. As it paused, I fired and struck it, when it gave a great spring upward and ran for the timber. As I fired again it almost turned a somersault, but kept on and soon entered the woods as my fifth shot missed.

Crossing the stream, I found a very bloody trail, which indicated that one of the bullets at least had touched a lung. I followed the trail down through the timber, almost to the foot of the mountain, where the tracks crossed a creek and led up through the woods on the slope of another mountain.



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Arriving at timber line, I saw the bear struggling upward just below the crest, which it finally reached. Then proceeding along the crest to what appeared to be a great circular hollow, it lay down on the edge. Badly wounded, the bear seemed very weak.

I saw the dark bear lying dead twenty feet below in the thick brush. (First bear killed.)—Page 650.

Since the mountain slope was covered with snow and very steep, I could not climb it while wearing moccasins. Besides, darkness was approaching; hence I turned downward and hastened back to camp.

*May* 8.—I breakfasted before daylight, and put a new front sight on my rifle as the dawn ushered in a perfect day, calm, sunny, and mild. Sending my natives back to the bay for provisions, I started for the basin. Reaching the foot and climbing to timber line, I looked through my glasses. I could not see the bear where it had been the evening before, but the bloody slide over the snow below indicated plainly what had happened. I was now wearing hobnail shoes, and at once began the ascent. There was some danger from the numerous snow-slides occurring at intervals, and the last two hundred feet were doubtful, but finally climbing to the crest and walking along it, I reached the point, looked over with eagerness, and this is what I beheld: a great circular pit about three hundred feet across, completely surrounded by perpendicular cliffs and precipices, falling two or three hundred feet to the bottom. There, partly stretched on its side, was my bear lying dead, while two male bald eagles were tearing out and eating its entrails. I circled the pit, but could find no possible path of descent. Only the impressive beauty of snow, mountains, green woods, and vast expanse of sea softened my deep disappointment when I was forced to leave and retrace my steps down the mountain side. Reaching camp, I found that Mark and two boys had arrived there to pass the night. Misha reported that while he was returning from Zaïkof Bay he saw a bear not far below camp.

*May* 9.—The stars were twinkling in a clear sky when I breakfasted, but there was a light breeze from the northeast—a bad sign. Old Mark and the boys were leaving, so as to get back to Nuchek before the wind increased. I started up the beach with Misha, who was to show me the mountain where he had seen the bear feeding. We had gone only a short distance when a shout was heard, and we knew at once that old Mark was calling us, and was in sight of bears. Quickly we returned, the bidarka was launched, and soon we were gliding toward Mark's bidarka, which was well out from the shore, nearly half a mile up the coast. When we reached it he explained that he had seen two bears, which had just disappeared in a hollow below the crest of the spur. I was quickly put ashore, and having selected from the boat a line of ascent and approach, returned half a mile to circle upward on the spur and

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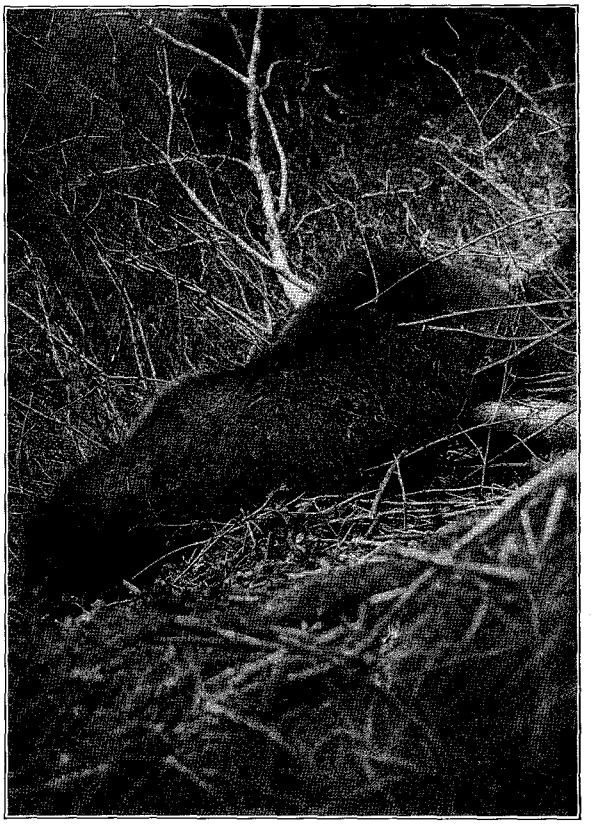
get the wind in my favor. The bears were seen on a high ridge, grassy on and near the top, where clear spaces alternated with patches of snow. The ridge extended parallel with the coast, connecting with a mountain higher and more massive just beyond. As I entered the woods to cross over and ascend the lower end of the ridge, clouds began to gather. At last I reached the top, to find it at this end covered with stunted spruce, alders, and dense salmon-berry brush, through which I had to force my way, and progress was slow as I circled to the other side and began to move in the direction of the bears.

It soon became a typical stalk for mountain sheep, except that I was uncertain just where the bears were. The view of the basin on the left, as I caught glimpses of it between the mists continually drifting by in the wind, was particularly beautiful. It was very narrow, and the surface was broken and rugged, while the slopes of the mountains seemed to wall it in, so that it appeared very deep. A dense fog soon settled down, the wind freshened, and I kept on in great uncertainty, but coming nearer to the spot where the bears had been seen, which had been indicated as a hundred yards below the top. The fog kept lifting and falling, a circumstance which only added to my caution. As I approached what I thought was the spot, I found the crest clear, its rolling grassy surface covered with bear tracks, while all about were fresh diggings where the animals had been pawing the earth for mice. Now I was keenly alert, knowing that in the fog I might at any moment come close upon the bears. I was well back on the crest, the wind was entirely in my favor, and the ground was soft, so that my shoes made no noise.

It was with strange sensations that I advanced through that mysterious fog, with eyes and ears strained to detect signs of the bears which at any moment might appear before me. Finally, crossing the top, I looked over, believing that I was nearly opposite the point where the bears had been last seen. The fog had suddenly cleared, the blue sky appeared with a shining sun. I was not quite far enough; so again dropping back behind the crest, I kept on for three hundred yards and cautiously advanced to look over. There I saw, a hundred yards below, the bulky body of a whitish bear, stretched out sound asleep, its head curled under its chest, its back toward me. It was lying on the edge of a dense patch of alders in a hollow depression of the slope, which just beyond was very steep and thickly covered with salmon-berry and alders—a well-chosen spot for concealment and rest. The natives had told me that when two bears were together, the dark one was always a male, the light one a female, and both Mark and Misha had reported that one of these bears was dark. I could see only



Lying on its stomach caught in the alders. (Second bear killed.) —Page 650.

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the light one, but knew that the other was lying near, in the alders.

With rifle cocked and ready, slowly and noiselessly I began moving down the slope, my eyes fastened on the sleeping bear. Imagine the fascination of such moments, high up on that mountain side, facing the sea below, boiling with whitecaps and sounding with the distant roar of the breakers! Step by step I approached. Soon I stooped low and crept to within almost a hundred feet, when I caught sight of a blackish object in the alders, a few feet to the right of the sleeping bear, and knew it to be the other lying concealed. What wild, shy, timid animals! Little by little I crept on, coming nearer and nearer, until there were only seventy-five feet between us, when suddenly I saw the head of the dark bear in the alders rise. Almost simultaneously I sat down, with rifle pointed. Its head was toward me, and having seen me, it half rose in surprise, when I fired at its shoulder. Up it came with a great spring, and I fired again at the same spot. It began to run, and with a few jumps disappeared over the slope as I fired a third shot at its hindquarters.

At the first shot the other bear had sprung to its feet and was jumping a few feet in one direction, a few feet in another, in great excitement and alarm, thoroughly perplexed, and completely uncertain as to what was happening until the other bear ran, when it began to follow. As it ran, I fired at the side toward me, when it swerved to the right, and again I fired as it disappeared down the slope. Quickly putting in a fresh clip of cartridges and running forward, I saw the dark bear lying dead twenty feet below in the thick brush. Without stopping I turned to the right and found a bloody trail leading to a thicket of low dense spruces fifty feet down the slope in the thick salmon-berry brush. There I heard the bear thrashing about, but could not see it. Cocking my rifle and forcing my way in to the spruces, I came to within ten feet of it—thoroughly excited by such close proximity to a wounded bear in dense brush—when I heard it run out on the other side and descend. Following as fast as I could down the steep salmon-berry slopes, I soon saw it indistinctly through the brush fifty yards below. I fired twice, but it kept on. I forced my way downward on the trail, knowing it was hard hit. Coming to a landslide, I saw it had jumped onto it and had run or slid a hundred yards to the thick brush below. The landslide was too steep for me to keep my footing, and crossing above, I descended parallel with it over ground so steep that I was obliged to let myself slowly down by holding on to the alders. Having descended two hundred yards, I saw the salmon-berry bushes shaking below, and going a little farther, saw the bear, badly wounded, a hundred yards beyond. Finally succeeding in finding a clear space between myself and the bear, I fired at the centre of its body. It dropped and remained motionless. I reached it quickly, and found it lying on its stomach, caught in the alders, one hind foot completely wedged in. It did not stir, though it was breathing heavily. It died without a struggle, and proved to be a male. The first shot had been fired at 11.30, and it was now 12.

The clouds and mists had again gathered and it was too dark to photograph. Without touching it, I started for camp, reaching there at 2.30. It was impossible to convince the natives that the two bears were dead, but after taking a bite of bread and a cup of tea, I started back with them, trying to rouse them from their reluctance and indifference. Their doubts, however, were replaced by great excitement when we reached the light bear, and this became enthusiasm when, after passing on, we arrived at the spot where the other lay.

After cutting away the brush, I had tried to photograph the light bear, but the sky was heavily overcast and a slight rain was falling. The other bear also proved to be a male. It was in fair pelage up to the neck, where the hair had begun to wear off. After photographing it as it fell, we pulled it up to a more level place at the edge of the depression, where I photographed it again, and carefully measured it, after which we skinned it. While we were thus occupied, two ravens, evidently greatly excited, kept darting down at us again and again. Taking the skin and skull, we descended to the other bear, and after taking off its skin also, cut off a quantity of meat which I put in my rücksack together with the two skulls. Each man took a skin, and we reached camp at 10 P. M. The length of the dark bear was five feet six and one-half inches, height at foreshoulder four feet. The slope was so steep and the brush so thick, that even with

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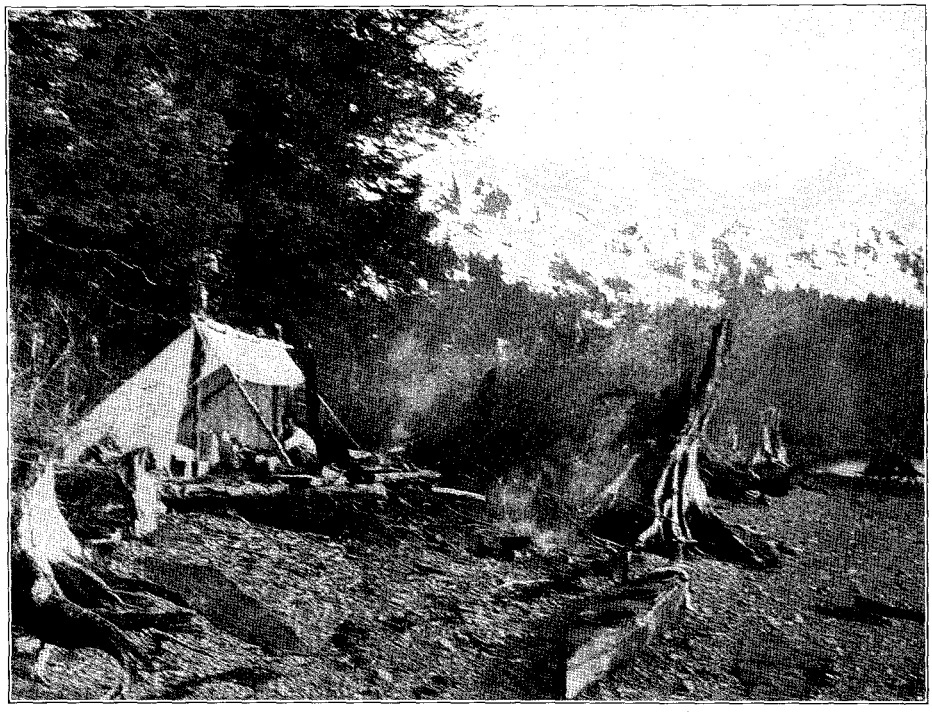
the assistance of two men I found it impossible to accurately measure the light one. Neither bear had much fat, and the pelage in both was about the same. They were young bears, evidently twins, and had not separated since leaving the mother four or more years before. The stomachs of both contained nothing but grass and microtus mice; the first contained five, the second four. The heads of all the mice were crushed, but the bodies were unmutilated.



The basin was beautiful, with the high, rough mountains encircling it.—Page 652.

The next day we prepared the bear-skins, and during the two following a fierce northeast storm imprisoned us in the barrábara.

After several years hunting American big game, this is the only case where I have felt it necessary to tax the credulity, even of my friends. Nevertheless that evening I wrote *facts* in my journal with the utmost care, and the following is a literal transcription:

"*Saturday, May* 13.—To-day I had the most remarkable experience of my life. It cleared about 9.30, so I was off, intending to go three miles down the beach and up a creek to a basin well back in the mountains. A great number of crows, hundreds, are always feeding about the rocks at low water, and several pairs of black oystercatchers were evidently preparing to breed. I went up the creek, hearing water-ouzels on the way, and finally emerged from a deep canyon, through which the water rushed, leaping down here and there in cascades, and in some places under ice and snow. Just before reaching the foot of the basin, I turned up the south ridge, keeping in the woods in order to go high on the mountain slopes, and keep my wind above any bears that might be feeding below, as it was blowing strong up the basin. I reached the top of the ridge at 1 P. M. The other side sloped down to a creek flowing from another basin, and at that point led abruptly up to the great mountain on the south side of the basin I was to enter. Coming out of the timber I was at the foot of a conical hill, two hundred feet high and very steep; the top was covered with thick, stunted, impenetrable spruce, which extended ten feet down the slope and continued around it through a depression to more open timber beyond, where the hill joined the main mountain. I climbed this hill diagonally, looking on fine red tipped grass for bear tracks, but saw none.

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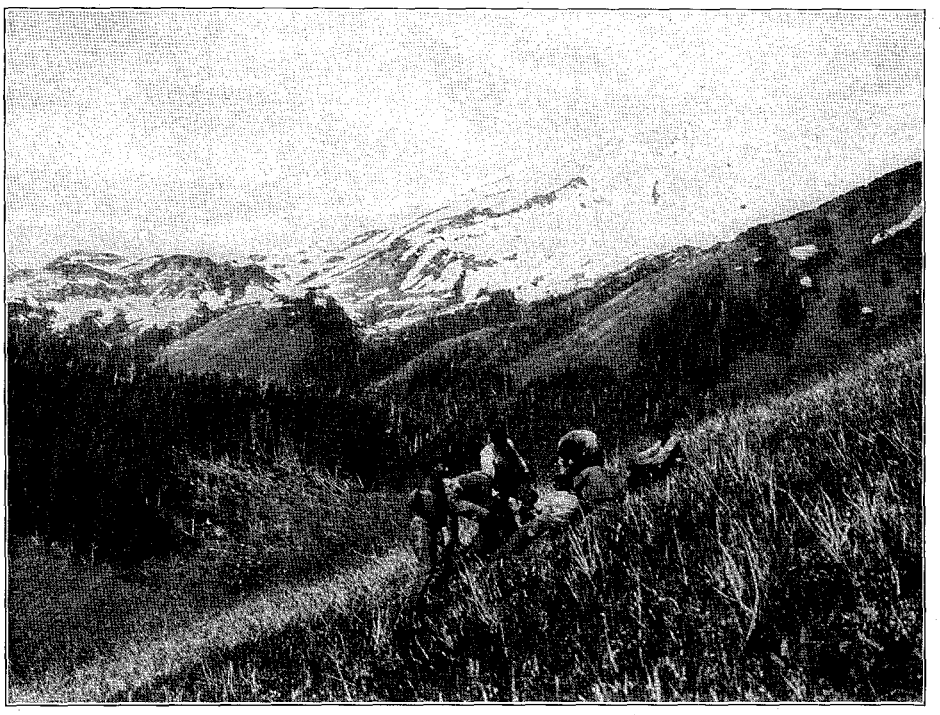

Natives skinning the bear.

On reaching the spruces I passed around the edge of the trees, holding on to the branches for assistance in walking around the incline.

"I went high up and tramped along the mountain side. The basin was beautiful, with high, rough mountains encircling it; the air was filled with the rumble and roar of numerous snow-slides; starting high up, near the crests of the surrounding mountains, and appearing like immense cataracts, the snow dashed over cliffs and fell through ravines, until it slid in great masses over the smoother ground below, piling up in huge mounds as it stopped. I noticed many marmots about, some sitting up, some running about the snow, near the mountain-tops. At different points high up in the snow, bear tracks were visible; therefore, reaching a good lookout, I waited until five, watching carefully on all sides, but nothing appeared.

"Then I retraced my steps along the slope and reached the conical hill around which I had passed earlier in the day. I was circling near the top, holding on to the spruce branches with my right hand, while the butt of my rifle, with the barrel pointing behind me, was resting over my left elbow. I had proceeded in this way a few steps, when suddenly I saw, about eight feet away on the curving border of the spruces, running directly at me, what appeared to be a huge bear. I had just time to push forward the butt of my rifle and yell, when the bear collided with me, knocking me down. It seemed to turn slightly to the left as I pushed my rifle into it, and I clearly recall its shoulder striking my left hip, its head striking just above my left knee, while its claws struck my shin so that it is now black and blue. I had the sensation of one about to be mauled and mutilated. As I fell to the right, my rifle dropped and, in my confusion, I grabbed with my left hand the animal's fur, while I remember having a quick, foolish thought of the small knife in my pocket.

"The bear was, I believe, more surprised than I. I felt its fur slip through my hand, as it quickly turned to its right, and, swinging about, ran back over the hill without any attempt to bite or strike me. Rising, as the bear wheeled, I picked up my rifle and shot as the animal was disappearing. The bullet struck it, evidently high in the back. Immediately I took up its trail, fol-



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lowed it down into the woods and on the flats for over an hour, and at last lost the impressions on hard ground. Its tracks showed that it had kept running for more than a mile, and then settled down to a walk on the timbered ridges, continuing to a flat country below. For the first mile I saw, at intervals, considerable blood on the leaves of brush and trunks of trees about three feet up from the ground, but afterward saw no more.

"Who will believe this remarkable incident? Certainly if another had related it to me, I might have thought it some mistake owing to excitement.

"Twice I have had the good luck to see the action of a bear when it crossed unexpectedly the fresh trail of a man—once in Mexico, and again last summer on the MacMillan River, when a bear crossed Selous's Trail. In both cases the bear jumped in great fright and ran at full speed. In this case when the bear met me, I was approaching the top of the hill by the simplest, in fact the only easy, route along the edge of the thick spruces. My trail, made earlier in the afternoon, came over the hill from the north side. I found that the bear had ascended from a direction diagonally opposite and it had reached my morning trail near the top just as I was approaching; running, it kept its course in the same direction, and took the natural route around the hill, close to the spruces, in order to enter the woods farther on, where they were not so thick, or to make for the mountain. At this exact moment I happened along, but concealed by the curve of the spruces, and with the wind blowing from the bear to me, it did not suspect my presence until I yelled at the moment of collision. The fact that it did not maul me, and ran so quickly, is positive proof of its having been completely surprised. Still I do not care to repeat the sensations I experienced at that moment. Here is another case where many would have reported a vicious charge. I regret having been in such haste to take up the trail that I neglected to photograph the spot.

"After losing the trail, I climbed a ridge and ascended the mountain side of another basin, even more beautiful than the first, and at that hour everything was softened and mellowed in the light of the declining sun; the blend of the bare slopes and snow

Native sea-otter hunters.

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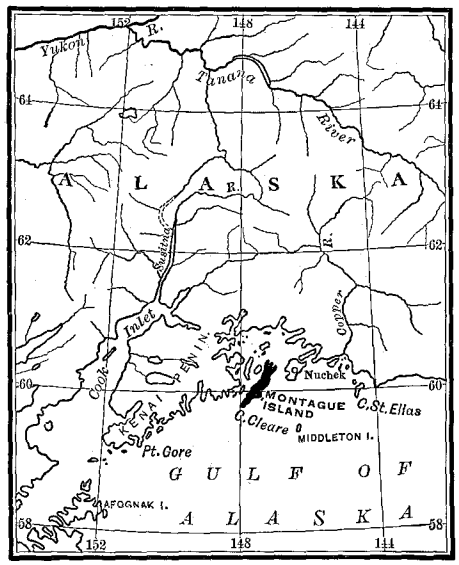
seemed to glow, the deep sky-coloring merged into the stern outline of the jagged mountain crests. I looked about and watched, but no bear tracks were visible on the snow and nothing appeared; then I returned three miles to the beach, where I made a cup of tea and reached camp at 11 P. M. The days are longer; it was delightful to walk in the twilight and dusk along the rock-bound shore, with the waves breaking gently over the reefs and falling softly on the rocks. Bald eagles were soaring about, gulls were skimming the waves, and everywhere cormorants were perched on the rocks, about to sleep. Even the oyster-catchers were in a sitting posture, and allowed me to approach quite close; nature was in her gentlest mood.

"My men have not put out the bear-skins, but have allowed them to remain folded all day in the barrábara. Since they cannot be trusted to do what I tell them, I cannot start to-morrow until I see it done."

*May* 14.—It required more than an hour after daylight to cut stakes, construct frames, and hang the bear-skins. Immediately after this was done, I started over the mountains to hunt the extreme north basin on the coast—the only one in that direction which I had not examined. No signs of bears were observed and I returned to camp.




Map showing location of Montague Island.

During the next week I moved down the coast in the bidarka, hunting in the basins along the route. Storms and difficulties of landing delayed the hunting, but before it was time to start back for Nuchek to catch the steamer, I succeeded in killing a fine old female bear and her cub. Twenty natives from Nuchek, *en route* for the east end of the island to hunt sea-otters, were in my camp and volunteered to assist me in skinning the bear. They wanted the meat although it was badly tainted. A heavy storm soon descended, and I had to attempt to dry the skins by a fire while all the natives remained.

*May* 22.—The storm continued all the next day, but I diligently kept up the fire, so that when the rain stopped, about 8 o'clock, the bear-skins were partially dry. There was little wind during the day, but the sea-otter hunters continued their merriment and stayed on, though they could have put on their *kamlaykas* and paddled on to their destination. They were rapidly consuming the provisions that Swanson had given them, and were only half way to their hunting-ground, near which they should already have been, to take advantage of the favorable condition of weather for hunting.

I had been interested to observe them during our close association in the last four days. Half of them were mere boys, some not over thirteen years of age, though able to paddle all day in their bidarkas. The boys were compelled to do all the work of cooking, taking care of the camp, gathering wood, building and keeping up the fires. The older men did nothing but eat, talk, and sleep at intervals all through the day, though two or three were busy at times carving paddles from suitable pieces of drift-wood found near on the beach. It was clear that these natives were most indifferent about the sea-otter hunting, and I felt assured that usually when travelling to the hunting-grounds they loitered along the beach, avoiding a reasonable day's paddling, until the provisions given them by Swanson began to get low, when they would make a quick dash, hunt only a day or two, and at times return without hunting at all.

Delayed by storms, we were four days returning to Zaïkof Bay. My men immediately left for Nuchek to assist Swanson in bringing back the schooner.

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*May* 27.—At 6 P. M., when I was at the upper end of the bay, a small sail appeared and entered it, and I at once returned to find Swanson with my men in a small sloop waiting for me, and with all my material packed inside. With relief, I learned that the steamer would not return to Nuchek for four days; therefore I intended to spend the interim if possible hunting bears on Hinchinbrook Island. I had planned to return on a different steamer, which carries mail and stops once a month regularly at Nuchek, the *Portland* seldom stopping there.

Mark and Pete.

We were soon sailing down the bay in a light breeze, which died out as we came outside and left us in a dead calm with a heavy tide-rip against us. We each took an oar, rowed the sloop seven miles across to Hinchinbrook Island, then six miles around in the back bay, and dropped anchor at 2 the next morning. It was now good daylight all night, though in the woods during the midnight hours a rifle sight could not be seen.

In the morning I paid my men, who soon left in the bidarka for Orca, where there is a large trading-store, to spend the money. I did not see them again. Then I tramped over the mountains of Hinchinbrook and saw a bear, but too late in the evening to follow it. The storm again descended and prevented any more attempts at hunting.

*May* 31.—At midnight the whistle of a steamer aroused us from sleep. We went over on the beach and found that Captain Linquist, of the *Portland*, had made a special stop to pick me up, having heard from Misha, at Orca, that I was waiting. He held the steamer two hours so that I could pack, and I stepped aboard at 3.30 A. M. It was with keen regret that I bade adieu to the Swansons. In every possible way they had inconvenienced themselves in my behalf, and had done most willingly everything to assist me, and I enjoyed greatly their warm hospitality.

I had arrived at Nuchek, April 21, and left it May 31. During the interval on Montague Island, the state of the weather had permitted eight and a half days' practical hunting, two days of which, because of not being able to make a landing in new territory, were on disturbed ground where I had already hunted. So in reality I had only six and one-half days of good hunting.

When I awoke, Montague and Hinchinbrook Islands had faded out of sight. There were but five passengers on board. I kept the bear-skins spread out on deck to give them a final drying while for three days we steamed down the coast in the calm, sunny, perfect weather, along the glorious St. Elias and Fairweather ranges, then through Icy Strait, and arrived in Juneau on June 2. I boxed all my material, shipped it to the Biological Survey in Washington, and the same evening took a small steamer and arrived in Skagway the next morning, intending to start immediately for the interior, to pass the summer in the country adjacent to the Upper Pelly River.

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# THE GOOD ENCHANTMENT OF CHARLES DICKENS

By Henry van Dyke

## I

THERE are four kinds of novels.

First, those that are easy to read and hard to remember: the well-told tales of no consequence, the cream-puffs of perishable fiction.

Second, those that are hard to read and hard to remember: the purpose-novels which are tedious sermons in disguise, and the love-tales in which there is no one with whom it is possible to fall in love.

Third, those that are hard to read and easy to remember: the books with a crust of perverse style or faulty construction through which the reader must break in order to get at the rich and vital meaning.

Fourth, those that are easy to read and easy to remember: the novels in which stories worth telling are well-told, and characters worth observing are vividly painted, and life is interpreted to the imagination in enduring forms of literary art. These are the best-sellers which do not go out of print—everybody's books.

In this fourth class healthy-minded people and unprejudiced critics put the novels of Charles Dickens. For millions of readers they have fulfilled what Dr. Johnson called the purpose of good books, to teach us to enjoy life or help us to endure it. They have awakened multitudinous laughter and drawn forth innumerable sympathetic tears. They have enlarged and enriched existence by revealing the hidden veins of humor and pathos beneath the surface of the every-day world, and by giving "the freedom of the city" to those poor prisoners who had thought of it only as the dwelling-place of so many hundred thousand inhabitants and no real persons.

What a city it was that Dickens opened to us! London, of course, in outward form and semblance,—the London of the early Victorian epoch, with its reeking Seven Dials close to its perfumed Picadilly, with its grimy river-front and its musty Inns of Court and its mildly rural suburbs, with its rollicking taverns and its deadly solemn residential squares and its gloomy debtors' prisons and its gaily unsanitary markets, with all its consecrated conventions and unsuspected hilarities,—vast, portentous, formal, merry, childish, inexplicable, a wilderness of human homes and haunts ever thrilling with sincerest passion, mirth, and pain,—London it was, as the eye saw it in those days, and as the curious traveller may still retrace some of its vanishing landmarks and fading features.

But it was more than London after Dickens touched it. It was an enchanted city, where the streets seemed to murmur of joy or fear, where the dark faces of the dens of crime scowled or leered at you, and the decrepit houses doddered in senility, and the new mansions stared you down with stolid pride. Everything spoke or made a sign to you. From red-curtained windows jollity beckoned. From prison-doors lean hands stretched toward you. Under bridges and among slimy piers the river gurgled and chuckled and muttered unholy secrets. Across trim front-yards little cottages smiled and almost nodded their good-will. There were no dead spots. No deaf and dumb regions. All was alive and significant. Even the real estate became personal. One felt that it needed but a word, a wave of the wand, to bring the buildings leaping, roistering, creeping, tottering, stalking from their places.

It was an enchanted city, and the folk who filled it and almost, but never quite, crowded it to suffocation, were so intensely and supernaturally human, so blackly bad, so brightly good, so touchingly pathetic, so supremely funny, that they also were creatures of enchantment and seemed to come from fairyland.

For what is fairyland, after all? It is not an invisible region, an impossible place. It is only the realm of the hitherto



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unobserved, the not yet realized, where the things we have seen but never noticed, and the persons we have met but never known, are suddenly "translated," like Bottom the Weaver, and sent forth upon strange adventures.

That is what happens to the Dickens people. Good or bad they surpass themselves when they get into his books. That rotund Brownie, Mr. Pickwick, with his amazing troupe; that gentle compound of Hop-o'-my-Thumb and a Babe in the Wood, Oliver Twist, surrounded by wicked uncles, and hungry ogres, and good fairies in bottle-green coats; that tender and lovely Red Riding-Hood, Little Nell; that impetuous Hans-in-Luck, Nicholas Nickleby; that intimate Cinderella, Little Dorrit; that simple-minded Aladdin, Pip; all these, and a thousand more like them, go rambling through Dickensopolis and behaving naturally in a most extraordinary manner.

Things that have seldom or never happened, occur inevitably. The preposterous becomes the necessary, the wildly improbable is the one thing that must come to pass. Mr. Dombey is converted, Mr. Krook is removed by spontaneous combustion, Mr. Micawber performs amazing feats as an amateur detective, Sam Weller gets married, the immortally absurd epitaphs of Young John Chivery and Mrs. Sapsea are engraved upon monuments more lasting than brass.

The fact is, Dickens himself was bewitched by the spell of his own imagination. His people carried him away, did what they liked with him. He wrote of Little Nell: "You can't imagine how exhausted I am to-day with yesterday's labors. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child; and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself. . . . I think the close of the story will be great." Again he says: "As to the way in which these characters have opened out [in Martin Chuzzlewit], that is to me one of the most surprising processes of the mind in this sort of invention. Given what one knows, what one does not know springs up; and I am *as absolutely certain of its being true, as I am of the law of gravitation*—if such a thing is possible, more so."

Precisely such a thing (as Dickens very well understood) is not only possible, but unavoidable. For what certainty have we of the law of gravitation? Only by hearsay, by the submissive reception of a process of reasoning conducted for us by Sir Isaac Newton and other vaguely conceived men of science. The fall of an apple is an intense reality (especially if it falls upon your head), but the law which regulates its speed is for you an intellectual abstraction as remote as the idea of a "combination in restraint of trade," or the definition of "art for art's sake." Whereas the irrepressible vivacity of Sam Weller, and the unctuous hypocrisy of Pecksniff, and the moist humility of Uriah Heep, and the sublime conviviality of Dick Swiveller, and the triumphant make-believe of the Marchioness are facts of experience. They have touched you, and you cannot doubt them. The question whether they are actual or imaginary is purely academic.

Another fairyland feature of Dickens's world is the way in which minor personages of the drama suddenly take the centre of the stage and hold the attention of the audience. It is always so in the region

> "Of forests and enchantments drear
> Where more is meant than meets the ear."

In "The Tempest," what are Prospero and Miranda, compared with Caliban and Ariel? In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," who thinks as much of Oberon and Titania, as of Puck, and Bottom the Weaver? Even in an historic drama like Henry IV, we feel that Falstaff is the most historical character.

Dickens's first lady and first gentleman are often less memorable than his active supernumeraries. A hobgoblin like Quilp, a good old nurse like Peggotty, a bad old nurse like Sairey Gamp, a volatile elf like Miss Mowcher, a shrewd elf and a blunder-headed elf like Susan Nipper and Mr. Toots, a good-natured disreputable sprite like Charley Bates, a malicious gnome like Noah Claypole, a wicked ogre like Wackford Squeers, a pair of fairy godmothers like the Cheeryble Brothers, a dandy ouphe like Mr. Mantalini, and a mischievous, wooden-legged kobold like Silas Wegg, take stronger hold upon us than the Harry Maylies and Rose Flem-



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ings, the John Harmons and Bella Wilfers, for whose ultimate matrimonial felicity the business of the plot is conducted. Even the more notable heroes often pale a little by comparison with their attendants. Who remembers Martin Chuzzlewit as clearly as his servant Mark Tapley? Is Pip, with his Great Expectations, half as delightful as his clumsy dry-nurse Joe Gargery? Has even the great Pickwick a charm to compare with the unique, immortal Sam Weller?

Do not imagine that Dickens was unconscious of this disarrangement of rôles, or that it was an evidence of failure on his part. He knew perfectly well what he was doing. Great authors always do. They cannot help it, and they do not care. Homer makes Agamemnon and Priam the kings of his tale, and Paris the first walking gentleman and Helen the leading lady. But Achilles and Ajax and Hector are the bully boys, and Ulysses is the wise joker, and Thersites the tragic clown. As for Helen,—

> "The face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium"—

her reputed pulchritude means less to us than the splendid womanhood of Andromache, or the wit and worth of the adorable matron Penelope.

Now this unconventionality of art, which disregards ranks and titles, even those of its own making, and finds the beautiful and the absurd, the grotesque and the picturesque, the noble and the base, not according to the programme but according to the fact, is precisely the essence of good enchantment.

Good enchantment goes about discovering the ass in the lion's skin and the wolf in sheep's clothing, the princess in the goose-girl and the wise man under the fool's cap, the pretender in the purple and the rightful heir in rags, the devil in the belfry and the Redeemer among the publicans and sinners. It is the spirit of revelation, the spirit of divine sympathy and laughter, the spirit of admiration, hope, and love—or better still, it is simply the spirit of life.

When I call this the essence of good enchantment I do not mean that it is unreal. I mean only that it is unrealistic, unsystematic, which is just the opposite of unreal. It is not in bondage to the beggarly elements of form and ceremony. It is not captive to names and appearances, though it revels in their delightful absurdity. It knows that an idol is nothing, and finds all the more fun in its pompous pretence of being something. It can afford to be merry because it is in earnest; it is happy because it has not forgotten how to weep; it is content because it is still unsatisfied; it is humble in the sense of unfathomed faults and exalted in the consciousness of inexhaustible power; it calls nothing common or unclean, and it values life for its mystery, its surprisingness, and its divine reversals of human prejudice,—just like Beauty and the Beast and the story of the Ugly Duckling.

This, I say, is the essence of good enchantment; and it is also the essence of true religion. For God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised, yea, and *things which are not*, to bring to naught things which are.

This is also the essence of real democracy, which is not a theory of government but a state of mind.

No one has ever expressed it better than Charles Dickens did in a speech which he made at Hartford, Connecticut, seventy years ago. "I have faith," said he, "and I wish to diffuse faith in the existence—yes, of beautiful things, even in those conditions of society which are so degenerate, so degraded and forlorn, that at first sight it would seem as though it could only be described by a strange and terrible reversal of the words of Scripture—God said let there be light, and there was none. I take it that we are born, and that we hold our sympathies, hopes, and energies in trust for the Many and not the Few. That we cannot hold in too strong a light of disgust and contempt, before our own view and that of others, all meanness, falsehood, cruelty, and oppression of every grade and kind. Above all, that nothing is high because it is in a high place; and that nothing is low because it is in a low place. This is the lesson taught us in the great book of Nature. This is the lesson which may be read alike in the bright track of the stars, and in the dusty

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course of the poorest thing that drags its tiny length upon the ground."

This was the creed of Dickens; and like every man's creed, conscious or unconscious, confessed or concealed, it made him what he was.

It has been said that he had no deep philosophy, no calmly reasoned and clearly stated theory of the universe. Perhaps that is true. Yet I believe he hardly missed it. He was too much interested in living to be anxious about a complete theory of life. Perhaps it would have helped him when trouble came, when domestic infelicity broke up his home, if he could have climbed into some philosopher's ivory tower. Perhaps not. I have observed that even the most learned and philosophic mortals, under these afflictions, sometimes fail to appreciate the consolations of philosophy to any noticeable extent. From their ivory towers they cry aloud, being in pain, even as other men.

But it was certainly not true (even though his biographer wrote it, and it has been quoted a thousand times), that just because Dickens cried aloud, "there was for him no 'city of the mind' against outward ills, for inner consolation and shelter." He was not cast out and left comfortless. Faith, hope, and charity—these three abode with him. His human sympathy, his indomitable imagination, his immense and varied interest in the strange adventures of men and women, his unfaltering intuition of the truer light of God that burns

> "In this vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
> Heart, or whatever else,"——

these were the celestial powers and bright serviceable angels that built and guarded for him a true "city of refuge," secure, inviolate, ever open to the fugitive in the day of his calamity. Thither he could flee to find safety. There he could ungird his heart and indulge

> "Love and the thoughts that breathe for humankind";

there he could laugh and sing and weep with the children, the dream-children, which God had given him; there he could enter into his work-shop and shut the door and lose himself in joyous labor which should make the world richer by the gift of good books. And so he did, even until the end came and the pen fell from his fingers, he sitting safe in his city of refuge, learning and unfolding "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

O, enchanted city, great asylum in the mind of man, where ideals are embodied, and visions take form and substance to parley with us! Imagination rears thy towers and Fancy populates thy streets, yet art thou a city that hath foundations; a dwelling eternal though unseen. Ever building, changing, never falling, thy walls are open-gated day and night. And the fountain of youth is in thy gardens, the treasure of the humble in thy store-houses. Hope is thy door-keeper, and Faith thy warden, and Love thy Lord. In thee the lost may take shelter and find himself by forgetting himself. In thee rest and refreshment are waiting for the weary, and new courage for the despondent, and new strength for the faint. From thy magic casements we have looked upon unknown horizons, and we return from thy gates to our task, our toil, our pilgrimage, with better and braver hearts, knowing more surely that the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear, and that the imperishable jewels of the universe are in the souls of men. O, city of good enchantment, for my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say: Peace be within thee!

## II

Of the outward appearance, or, as Sartor Resartus would have called it, the Time-Vesture and Flesh-Garment of that flaming light-particle which was cast hither from Heaven in the person of Charles Dickens, and of his ways and manners while he hasted jubilantly and stormfully across the astonished Earth, something must be said here.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsea, in 1812, an offspring of what the accurate English call the "lower middle class." Inheriting something from a father who was decidedly Micawberish, and a mother who resembled Mrs. Nickleby, Charles was not likely to be a hum-drum child. But the remarkable thing about him was the intense, aspiring, and gaily sensible spirit with which he entered into the business of developing whatever gifts he had

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received from his vague and amiable parents.

The fat streak of comfort in his childish years, when his proud father used to stand the tiny lad on a table to sing comic songs for an applauding audience of relatives, could not spoil him. The lean streak of misery when the improvident family sprawled in poverty, with its head in a debtors' prison, while the bright, delicate, hungry boy roamed the streets, or drudged in a dirty blacking-factory, could not starve him. The two dry years of school at Wellington House Academy could not fossilize him. The years from fifteen to nineteen, when he was earning his bread as office-boy, lawyer's clerk, short-hand reporter, could not commercialize him. Through it all he burned his way painfully and joyously.

He was not to be detailed as a perpetual comic songster in upholstered parlors; nor as a prosperous frock-coated citizen with fatty degeneration of the mind; nor as a newspaper politician, a power beneath the footstool. None of these alluring prospects delayed him. He passed them by, observing everything as he went, now hurrying, now sauntering, for all the world like a boy who has been sent somewhere. Where it was, he found out in his twenty-fifth year, when the extraordinary results of his self-education bloomed in the "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist."

Never was a good thing coming out of Nazareth more promptly welcomed. The simple-minded critics of that day had not yet discovered the damning nature of popularity, and they hailed the new genius in spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of people were reading his books. His success was exhilarating, overwhelming, and at times intoxicating.

"It was roses, roses all the way."—

Some of them had thorns, which hurt his thin skin horribly, but they never made him despair or doubt the goodness of the universe. Being vexed, he let it off in anger instead of distilling it into pessimism to poison himself. Life was too everlastingly interesting for him to be long unhappy. A draught of his own triumph would restore him, a slice of his own work would reinvigorate him, and he would go on with his industrious dreaming.

No one enjoyed the reading of his books more than he the making of them, though he sometimes suffered keenly in the process. That was a proof of his faith that happiness does not consist in the absence of suffering, but in the presence of joy. Dulness, insincerity, stupid humbug —*voilà l'ennemi!* So he lived and wrote with a high hand and an outstretched arm. He made men see what he saw, and hate what he hated, and love what he loved. This was his great reward,—more than money, fame, or hosts of friends,—that he saw the children of his brain enter into the common life of the world.

But he was not exempt from the ordinary laws of nature. The conditions of his youth left their marks for good and evil on his maturity. The petting of his babyhood gave him the habit of showing off. We often see him as a grown man, standing on the table and reciting his little piece, or singing his little song, to please an admiring audience. He delighted in playing to the galleries.

His early experience of poverty made him at once tremendously sympathetic and invincibly optimistic—both of which virtues belong to the poor more than to the rich. Dickens understood this and never forgot it. The chief moralities of his poor people are mutual helpfulness and unquenchable hopefulness. From them, also, he caught the tone of material comfort which characterizes his visions of the reward of virtue. Having known cold and hunger, he simply could not resist the desire to make his favorite characters—if they stayed on earth till the end of the book—warm and "comfy," and to give them plenty to eat and drink. This may not have been artistic, but it was intensely human.

The same personal quality may be noted in his ardor as a reformer. No writer of fiction has ever done more to better the world than Charles Dickens. But he did not do it by setting forth programmes of legislation and theories of government. As a matter of fact, he professed an amusing "contempt for the House of Commons," having been a Parliamentary reporter; and of Sir Robert Peel, who emancipated the Catholics, enfranchised the Jews, and repealed the Corn Laws, he thought so little that he caricatured him as Mr. Pecksniff.

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Dickens felt the evils of the social order at the precise point where the shoe pinched; he did not go back to the place where the leather was tanned or the last designed. It was some practical abuse in poor-houses or police-courts or prisons; it was some hidden shame in the conduct of schools, or the renting of tenements; it was some monumental absurdity in the Circumlocution Office, some pompous and cruel delay in the course of justice, that made him hot with indignation. These were the things that he assailed with Rabelaisian laughter, or over which he wept with a deeper and more sincere pity than that of "Tristram Shandy." His idea was that if he could get people to see that a thing was both ridiculous and cruel, they would want to stop it. What would come after that, he did not clearly know, nor had he any particularly valuable suggestions to make, except the general proposition that men should do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.

He took no stock in the doleful predictions of the politicians that England was in an awful state merely because Lord Coodle was going out of office, and Sir Thomas Doodle would not come in, and each of these was the only man to save the country. The trouble seemed to him deeper and more real. It was a certain fat-witted selfishness, a certain callous, complacent blindness in the people who were likely to read his books. He conceived that his duty as a novelist was done when he had shown up the absurd and hateful things and made people laugh at their ugliness, weep over their inhumanity, and long to sweep them away.

In this attitude I think, Dickens was not only natural, and true to his bringing-up, but also wise as a great artist in literature. For I have observed that brilliant writers, while often profitable as satirists to expose abuses, are seldom judicious as legislators to plan reforms.

Before we leave this subject of the effects of Dickens's early life and sudden popularity, we must consider his alleged lack of refinement. Some say that he was vulgar, others that he was ungrateful and inconsiderate of the feelings of his friends and relations, others that he had little or no taste. I should rather say, in the words of the old epigram, that he had a great deal of taste, and that some of it was very bad.

Take the matter of his caricaturing real people in his books. No one could object to his use of the grotesque insolence of a well-known London magistrate as the foundation of his portrait of Mr. Fang in "Oliver Twist." That was public property. But the amiable eccentricities of his own father and mother, the airy, irresponsible ways of his good friend Leigh Hunt, were private property. Yet even here Dickens could not reasonably be blamed for observing them, for being amused by them, or for letting them enrich his general sense of the immense, incalculable, and fantastic humor of the world. Taste, which is simply another name for the gusto of life, has a comic side; and a man who is keenly sensitive to everything cannot be expected to be blind to the funny things that happen among his family and friends. But when Dickens used these private delights for the public amusement, and in such a form that the partial portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby, and Harold Skimpole were easily identified, all that we can say is that his taste was still there, but it had gone bad. What could you expect? Where, in his early years, was he likely to have learned the old-fashioned habit of reserve in regard to private affairs, which you may call either a mark of good manners, or a sign of silly pride, according to your own education?

Or take his behavior during his first visit to America in 1842 and immediately after his return to England. His reception was enough to turn anybody's head. "There never was a king or emperor," wrote Dickens to a friend, "so cheered and followed by crowds, and entertained at splendid balls and dinners, and waited upon by public bodies of all kinds." This was at the beginning. At the end he was criticized by all, condemned by many, and abused by some of the newspapers. Why? Chiefly because he used the dinners given in his honor as occasions to convict the Americans of their gross national sin of literary piracy, and because when he got home he wrote a book of "American Notes," containing some very severe strictures upon the country which had just entertained him so magnificently.

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Mr. Chesterton defends Dickens for his attack upon the practice of book-stealing which grew out of the absence of an International Copyright Law. He says that it was only the new, raw sensibility of the Americans that was hurt by these speeches. "Dickens was not in the least desirous of being thought too 'high-souled' to want his wages. . . . He asked for his money in a valiant and ringing voice, like a man asking for his honour." And this, Mr. Chesterton leaves us to infer, is what any bold Englishman, as distinguished from a timidly refined American, would do.

Precisely. But if the bold Englishman had been gently-bred would he have accepted an invitation to dinner in order that he might publicly say to his host, in a valiant ringing voice, "You owe me a thousand pounds"? Such procedure at the dinner-table is contrary not only to good manners but also to good digestion. This is what Mr. Chesterton's bold British constitution apparently prevents him from seeing. What Dickens said about international copyright was right. But he was wretchedly wrong in his choice of the time and place for saying it. The natural irritation which his bad taste produced was one of the causes which delayed for fifty years the success of the efforts of American authors to secure international copyright.

The same criticism applies to the "American Notes." Read them again and you will see that they are not bad notes. With much that he says about Yankee boastfulness and superficiality, and the evils of slavery, and the dangers of yellow journalism, every sane American will agree to-day. But the occasion which Dickens took for making these remarks was not happily chosen. It was as if a man who had just been entertained at your house should write to thank you for the pleasure of the visit, and improve the opportunity to point out the shocking defects of your domestic service and the exceedingly bad tone which pervaded your establishment. Such a "bread-and-butter letter" might be full of good morals, but their effect would be diminished by its bad manners. Of this Dickens was probably quite unconscious. He acted spontaneously, irrepressibly, vivaciously, in accordance with his own taste; and it surprised and irritated him immensely that people were offended by it.

It was precisely so in regard to his personal appearance. When the time suddenly arrived that he could indulge his taste in dress without fear of financial consequences, he did so hilariously and to the fullest extent. Here is a description of him as he appeared to an American girl at an evening party in Cincinnati seventy years ago. "He is young and handsome, has a mellow beautiful eye, fine brow and abundant hair. . . . His manner is easy and negligent, but not elegant. His dress was foppish. . . . He had a dark coat with lighter pantaloons; a black waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers; and about his neck, covering his white shirt-front, was a black neck-cloth also embroidered with colors, on which were two large diamond pins connected by a chain; a gold watch-chain and a large red rose in his buttonhole completed his toilet."

The young lady does not seem to have been delighted with his costume. But Dickens did not dress to please her, he dressed to please himself. His taste was so exuberant that it naturally effervesced in this kind of raiment. There was certainly nothing immoral about it. He had paid for it and he had a right to wear it, for to him it seemed beautiful. He would have been amazed to know that any young lady did not like it; and her opinion would probably have had little effect upon him, for he wrote of the occasion on which this candid girl met him, as follows: "In the evening we went to a party at Judge Walker's and were introduced to at least one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly."

But what does it all amount to, this lack of discretion in manners, this want of reserve in speech, this oriental luxuriance in attire? It simply goes to show that Dickens himself was a Dickens character.

He was vivid, florid, inexhaustible, and untamed. There was material in the little man for a hundred of his own immortal caricatures. The self-portrait that he has drawn in "David Copperfield" is too smooth, like a retouched photograph. That is why David is less interesting than half-a-dozen other people in the book. If Dickens could have seen his own humorous aspects in the magic mirror of his fancy, it would have been among the richest of his observations, and if he could have let his

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enchantment loose upon the subject, not even the figures of Dick Swiveller and Harold Skimpole would have been more memorable than the burlesque of Boz by the hand of C. D.

But the humorous, the extravagant, the wildly picturesque,—would these have given a true and complete portrait of the man? Does it make any great difference what kind of clothes he wore, or how many blunders of taste and tact he made, even tragic blunders like his inability to refrain from telling the world all about his domestic unhappiness,—does all this count for much when we look back upon the wonders which his imagination wrought in fiction and upon the generous fruits which his heart brought forth in life?

No, it is easy to endure small weaknesses when you can feel beneath them the presence of great and vital power. Faults are forgiven readily in one who has the genius of loving much. Better many blunders than the supreme mistake of a life that is

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

Charles Dickens never made, nor indeed was tempted to make, that mistake. He carried with him the defects of his qualities, the marks of his early life, the penalties of his bewildering success. But, look you, he carried them—they did not crush him nor turn him from his true course. Forward he marched, cheering and beguiling the way for his comrades with mirthful stories and tales of pity, lightening many a burden and consoling many a dark and lonely hour, until he came at last to the goal of honor and the haven of happy rest. Those who knew him best saw him most clearly as Carlyle did: "The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man."

## III

As an artist in fiction Dickens was great; but not because he had a correct theory of the technique of the novel, nor because he always followed good rules and models in writing, nor because he was one

"Who saw life steadily and saw it whole."

On the contrary, his vision of life, though vivid, was almost always partial. He was capable of doing a great deal of bad work, which he himself liked. The plots of his novels, on which he toiled tremendously, are negligible; indeed it is often difficult to follow and impossible to remember them. The one of his books that is notably fine in structure and approximately faultless in technique—"A Tale of Two Cities"—is so unlike his other novels that it stands in a class by itself, as an example of what he could have done if he had chosen to follow that line. In a way it is his most perfect piece of work. But it is not his most characteristic piece of work, and therefore I think it has less value for us than some of his other books in which his peculiar, distinctive, unrivalled powers are more fully shown.

After all, art must not only interpret the world but also reveal the artist. The lasting interest of his vision, its distinction, its charm, depend, at least in some real degree, upon the personal touch. Being himself a part of the things that are seen, he must "paint the thing *as he sees it*" if he wishes to win the approval of "the god of things as they are."

Now the artistic value of Dickens's way of seeing things lay in its fitness to the purpose which he had in mind and heart,—a really great purpose, namely, to enhance the interest of life by good enchantment, to save people from the plague of dulness and the curse of indifference by showing them that the world is full of the stuff for hearty laughter and deep sympathy. This way of seeing things, with constant reference to their humorous and sentimental potency, was essential to the genius of Dickens. His method of making other people see it was strongly influenced, if not absolutely determined, by two facts which seemed to lie outside of his career as an author: first, his training as a reporter for the press; second, his favorite avocation as an amateur actor, stage-manager, and dramatic reader.

The style of Dickens at its best is that of an inspired reporter. It is rapid, graphic, pictorial, aiming always at a certain heightening of effect, making the shadows darker and the lights brighter for the purpose of intensifying sensation. He did not get it in the study but in the street. Take his description in "Martin

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Chuzzlewit" of Todgers's Boarding House with its complicated smells and its mottled shades of dinginess; or take his picture in "Little Dorrit" of Marseilles burning in the August sunlight with its broad, white, universal stare. Here is the art of journalism,—the trick of intensification by omission,—carried to the limit. He aims distinctly at a certain effect, and he makes sure of getting it.

He takes long walks in the heart of London, attends police courts, goes behind the scenes of theatres, rides in omnibuses, visits prisons and work-houses. You think he is seeking realism. Quite wrong. He is seeking a sense of reality which shall make realism look like thirty cents. He is not trying to put up canned goods which shall seem more or less like fresh vegetables. He is trying to extract the essential flavor of places and people so that you can taste it in a drop.

We find in his style an accumulation of details all bearing on a certain point; nothing that serves his purpose is overlooked; everything that is likely to distract the attention or obscure his aim is disregarded. The head-lines are in the text. When the brute, Bill Sykes, says to Nancy: "Get up," you know what is coming. When Mrs. Todgers gives a party to Mr. Pecksniff you know what is coming. But the point is that when it comes, tragedy or comedy, it is as pure and unadulterated as the most brilliant of reporters could make it.

Naturally, Dickens puts more emphasis upon the contrast between his characters than upon the contrast within them. The internal inconsistencies and struggles, the slow processes of growth and change which are the delight of the psychological novelist do not especially interest him. He sees things black or white, not gray. The objects that attract him most, and on which he lavishes his art, do not belong to the average, but to the extraordinary. Dickens is not a commonplace merchant. He is a dealer in oddities and rarities, in fact the keeper of an "Old Curiosity Shop," and he knows how to set forth his goods with incomparable skill.

His drawing of character is sharp rather than deep. He makes the figure stand out, always recognizable, but not always really understood. Many of his people are simply admirable incarnations of their particular trades or professions: Mould the undertaker, old Weller the coachman, Tulkinghorn the lawyer, Elijah Pogram the political demagogue, Blimber the school-master, Stiggins the religious ranter, Betsey Prig the day-nurse, Cap'n Cuttle the retired skipper. They are all as easy to identify as the wooden image in front of a tobacconist's shop. Others are embodiments of a single passion or quality: Pecksniff of unctuous hypocrisy, Micawber of joyous improvidence, Mr. Toots of dumb sentimentalism, Little Dorrit of the motherly instinct in a girl, Joe Gargery of the motherly instinct in a man, Mark Tapley of resolute and strenuous optimism. If these persons do anything out of harmony with their head-lines, Dickens does not tell of it. He does not care for the incongruities, the modifications, the fine shadings which soften and confuse the philosophic and reflective view of life. He wants to write his "story" sharply, picturesquely, with "snap" and plenty of local color; and he does it, in his happiest hours, with all the *verve* and skill of a star reporter for the Morning Journal of the Enchanted City.

In this graphic and emphatic quality the art of Dickens in fiction resembles the art of Hogarth in painting. But Dickens, like Hogarth, was much more than a reporter. He was a dramatist, and therefore he was also, by necessity, a moralist.

I do not mean that Dickens had a dramatic genius in the Greek sense that he habitually dealt with the eternal conflict between human passion and inscrutable destiny. I mean only this: that his life-long love for the theatre often led him, consciously or unconsciously, to construct the *scenario* of a story with a view to dramatic effect, and to work up the details of a crisis precisely as if he saw it in his mind's eye on the stage.

Notice how the *dramatis personæ* are clearly marked as comic, or tragic, or sentimental. The moment they come upon the scene you can tell whether they are meant to appeal to your risibilities or to your sensibilities. You are in no danger of laughing at the heroine, or sympathizing with the funny man, as you are tempted to do in some modern plays. Dickens knows too much to leave his au-

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dience in perplexity. He even gives to some of his personages set phrases, like the musical *motifs* of the various characters in the operas of Wagner, by which you may easily identify them. Mr. Micawber is forever "waiting for something to turn up." Mr. Toots always reminds us that "it's of no consequence." Sairey Gamp never appears without her imaginary friend Mrs. Harris. Mrs. General has "prunes and prism" perpetually on her lips.

Observe, also, how carefully the scene is set, and how wonderfully the preparation is made for a dramatic climax in the story. If it is a comic climax, like the trial of Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise, nothing is forgotten, from the hysterics of the obese Mrs. Bardell to the feigned indignation of Sergeant Buzfuz over the incriminating phrase "chops and tomato sauce!"

If it is a tragic climax, like the death of Bill Sykes, a score of dark premonitions lead up to it, the dingiest slum of London is chosen for it, the rank streets are filled with a furious crowd to witness it, and just as the murderer is about to escape, the ghostly eyes of his victim glare upon his crazed brain, and he plunges, tangled in his rope, to be hanged by the hand of the Eternal Judge as surely as if he stood upon the gallows.

Or suppose the climax is not one of shame and terror, but of pure pity and tenderness, like the death of Little Nell. Then the quiet room is prepared for it, and the white bed is decked with winter berries and green leaves that the child loved because they loved the light, and gentle friends are there to read and talk to her, and she sleeps herself away in loving dreams, and the poor old grandfather, whom she has guided by the hand and comforted, kneels at her bedside, wondering why his dear Nell lies so still, and the very words which tell us of her peace and his grief, move rhythmically and plaintively, like soft music with a dying fall.

Close the book. The curtain descends. The drama is finished. The master has had his way with us; he has made us laugh; he has made us cry. We have been at the play.

But was it not as real to us while it lasted as many of the scenes in which we daily actors take our parts? And did it not mellow our spirits with mirth, and soften our hearts with tears? And now that it is over are we not likely to be a little better, a little kinder, a little happier for what we have laughed at or wept over?

Ah, master of the good enchantment, you have given us hours of ease and joy, and we thank you for them. But there is a greater gift than that. You have made us more willing to go cheerfully and comradely along the strange, crowded, winding way of human life, because you have deepened our faith that there is something of the divine on earth, and something of the human in heaven.

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# COBALT BLOOM

## A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

RANDALL and O'Hara fought the Bush every mile of their way westward from the End of the Steel to the Missinaibi. They slipped and stumbled in the soggy muskeg of the Transcontinental Right-of-Way across the North Country. They broke a transit and had to borrow one from their ancient enemies of the Groundhog River residency. They found their cache between the Kapuskasing and Crow Creek looted, and the contractor's camp beyond the creek burned to blackened squares, that loomed in the clearing like abandoned forts. Randall grumbled and O'Hara whistled as they lifted their canoe and swung into a dog-trot along the tote-road, where there was easy going for nearly an hour. They were almost cheerful when they came to the Missinaibi. And at the Missinaibi the Bush defeated them. Randall's foot slipped as he launched the birch-bark they had been carrying from their own residency for the crossing of the half-score rivers that sweep down to James Bay, between the Frederick House and the Kabinakagami. The canoe went from him before he could win back his unsteadied balance. And while the current tossed the craft toward Black Feather Rapid, the two engineers from Number Eight sat on a fallen log and pondered on the hardships besetting men who build railroads through wildernesses.

Back of them birches flamed gold against the dull green of tamaracs and jack-pines. Before them the river raced in the alluring mysteriousness of northern waters. October, winging her way to mellower forests, had drifted trails of her radiance over the dark Bush. But Randall and O'Hara, smoking dejectedly, glowered at river and woods with the intensity of hatred men feel for inanimate conquerors. They could not go forward without a canoe. Swimming the Missinaibi with their instruments and kit-pack was out of the question. They were hungry, and they were tired, and having abused each other, they fell into abuse of all engineering in general, and Bush engineering in particular.

Randall, digging the heel of his moose-hide boot savagely into the earth mould on the rock ledge where they sat, emphasized his imprecations by nervous tappings of the log with his level. "Sending us out to correct Nineteen's survey is the climax of the whole blamed deal," he ended a jerky peroration.

"Well, Ken couldn't help it." O'Hara always took fire at any implied criticism of the chief of Residency Number Eight. "Bannister gave him the order."

"Who said he could?" Randall flung back. "No one can help anything up here. We can't help it if we lose the canoe. We can't help it if the cache is looted. We can't help it if Bush fires sweep out camps. And it's certain we can't help it if there's a quicksand that those fellows at Nineteen missed."

"Grumbling never helped anything," O'Hara counselled.

"It's not hurting anything."

"Ye're an old woman," O'Hara stated without emotion. "Why did ye come if ye don't like these hazards, and why do ye stay?" he demanded, with fine disregard of his own previous discontent.

"Money," said Randall.

"Faith, there's plenty of that in the North Country, but none of it in the engineering," the Irishman commented. "There's a gold strike up the Mattagami. Why don't you go there?"

"Maybe I shall," Randall said. He set the level down on the ground, and from the inner pocket of his worn corduroy coat drew out a tattered map of the mining country to the south. "Ever try mining?" he asked O'Hara.



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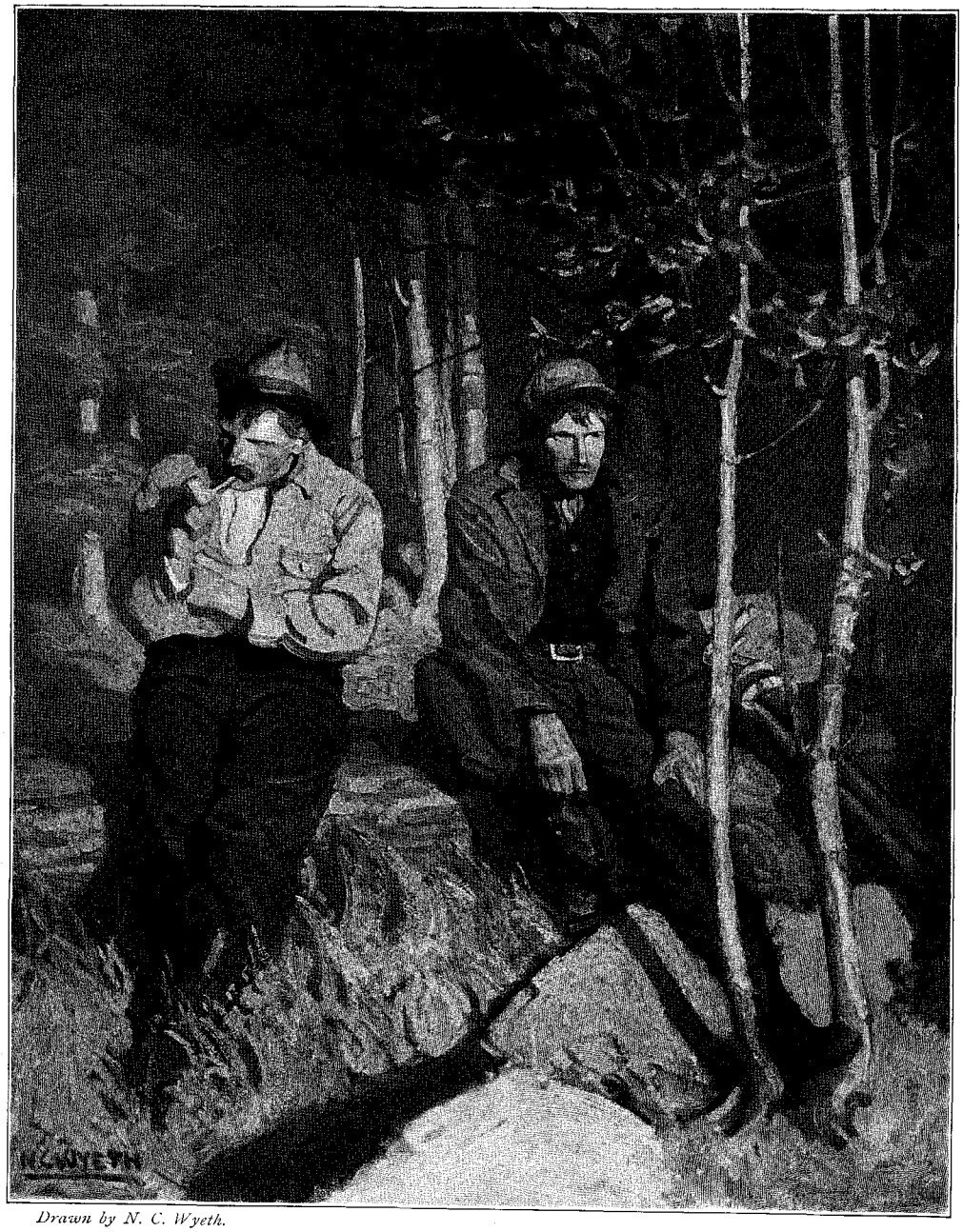


*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.*

They fell into abuse of all engineering in general, and Bush engineering in particular.—Page 666.



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O'Hara smiled with some sardonic recollection. "'Twas the mining brought me to the North," he said. "I was in Cobalt seven weeks to the day after the strike, and I had been in Vladivostok when I heard the news of it. I followed the bloom all the way down Temiskaming to the Old Fort, and I saw silver enough to build a battleship—all on other men's claims."

"Didn't you ever strike it yourself?"

"Six days a week on the Ontario side, and seven on the Quebec."

"Why didn't you follow it up?"

"Why haven't I gone to heaven? I grew tired of the travelling. And there was always the thought in the back of my head that some fine boys were building a great railroad up here, and that I was missing some glorious occasions of revelry. Well, we've had the occasions, Ran, but think of the joys ahead of us this minute! We're due to walk back to Fourteen and borrow their canoe and five days' rations. And in the meantime we're sure to be hungrier than we are even now. If I'd stayed at the silver-mining, I'd be dining ye on me private car or cruising ye on me private yacht."

"Why did you quit it?"

"'Twas not the game for me," O'Hara said with finality. "And when I met Kenyon in Haileybury, I threw me arms around him and gripped him like the Old Man of the Sea till he brought me back with him to Groundhog."

"I remember that day," Randall interposed eagerly. "Ken had left me in charge when he went down the line, and every last thing had gone wrong. Steve and I had fought over a difference of two degrees on our estimates of the grade, and he'd moved from the shack to the office, taking Don Ferguson with him. I'd fired a youngster that the Groundhog division was shoving along the line because his father was in Parliament. Oh, I'd had a joyous week, and I'd come to the end of my rope that night I went to meet Kenyon. We've gone through plenty of troubles since then, Brian, but none of them ever hit me the way those did. I suppose that having Ken and you with me through the others made them only half as bad."

"Oh, we're wonders at consolation," O'Hara remarked.

"I think it's because I know that when Ken's married things will never be the same," Randall explained slowly, "that I want to quit the engineering now and take my chances on the mining. The railroad will soon be done, Brian, and then it's the big shift for us all."

"But that's part of the game," O'Hara said, "and to me mind, the best part of it. I'd die if I had to stay more than three years in one place."

"But you're different, Brian," Randall sighed.

"From what? From whom?"

"From me," the younger man explained. "From most men. I like adventure. I like the work here. And you know how much I think of all the fellows. But I want money, too. That's why I'm thinking of the mining, not for the adventure of it, the way you do, but for the chance at making money. Why, if I were sure of making a strike, I'd quit the T. C. R. to-night!"

"And what good would the money you made do you," O'Hara asked, "even if you found a claim you could sell for a million?"

Randall stared at him blankly. "What good?" he repeated. "What good?" His voice rose shrilly. "Have you forgotten all the joys that are out in the world? Don't you remember the plays and the music and the grand hotels? Don't you think of the lights and the crowds? Don't you ever ache for leisure and luxury? Oh, I know you think I'm just a materialist," he continued defensively against O'Hara's silence, "but if you'd lived all the years I did in the torture of there being never half enough money for us to keep up with the parade, you'd want money, and the things that only money would get you. Why, all I can remember of my childhood is the scrimping and saving we all had to suffer. I never saw a circus when I was a youngster. Will you believe that? And I lived in a good house and had good clothes! Did you ever stand in front of a candy shop, looking in at all the bonbons in the window, and longing and praying that some benevolent old gentleman would stop and ask you what you wanted?"

"I didn't live in a town," O'Hara parried.

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"Well, that was my childhood, always near enough to the candy shop to know what every bonbon looked like, and always knowing that my lack of money was the window between."

The bitterness in his tone was so poignant that it stirred O'Hara to anger. "Might I ask ye," the other queried, "why in the name of common sense ye ever took up the engineering? There's no slower way in the world to riches."

"Don't I know it?" Randall retorted. "I've often wondered why I did hold to the dream. I worked like a Turk to make the grade, too. Perhaps," he mused, "it was because an engineer of the Port Huron tunnel corps let me run his motor-boat. It was the first real fun I'd ever had, that knocking around with those men that summer." He lowered his voice and continued hesitatingly, "My mother died that winter. My father wasn't the sort of man who'd row up-stream. There were four of us. My aunt took the others, but I was the oldest, and so I hustled for myself. I sold papers in Detroit and made enough money for my board in a boys' home while I finished the course at high-school. I beat my way to Boston on a freight, and I worked my way through the Tech. It took me two years longer than it did the other fellows, but I made it." A sudden self-conscious fear of revelation halted his speech again.

"And don't ye think," O'Hara asked him, "that there's something to any profession ye work so hard to win?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Randall wearily. "Here I've been in the Bush for three years, and I'm only one step higher up than I was when I came. The ladder's too long. I suppose I'd keep trying to climb it, though, if I were off in a country where there was no gold rush. But every week a story comes up the line of some man who's striking it rich down in the gold camps."

"And every week some prospector stumbles back this way, hopeless and broken."

"That's the chance again. With the whole North Country one big gold field, how could I help getting the fever?" He studied the torn map attentively. "I'm sorry to leave Eight," he said, "but I don't see any other way."

O'Hara ignored the question that lurked behind Randall's evident assertion. He whistled "The Enniskillen Dragoons" to the end twice before Randall spoke again. "I suppose I'll miss the old crowd," he ventured wistfully.

"Steve came back," was the cold comfort he received.

"If I'd had Steve's chance, you couldn't have pried me loose from it with a track-jack."

"Will ye stop tapping that level?" O'Hara demanded. "If we ever cross this river, we'll have need of it." Randall ceased to beat the log, and directed his energy toward driving his boot heel into the solid rock. There fell a long silence that savored of antagonism, while bush and river murmured their unceasingly plaintive undertones. Suddenly Randall stopped the crunching and stared unbelievingly at the rock he had uncovered. Then he went down on his knees, bending over it tensely. "Brian," he said, his voice thrilling high in excitement, "would you know gold if you saw it?"

O'Hara turned slowly from his survey of the river. The light in Randall's eyes flamed to his own. "What is it?" he cried. "Where is it?"

"Here." Randall choked over his announcement. He pointed to the yellowish streak that lay on the gray rock. "Is it really gold?" he pleaded.

O'Hara did not answer. With his clasp knife he was scraping away the moss from the rock. Randall watched him breathlessly. O'Hara's lips were pursed for whistling, but no sound came. The yellow streak showed broader and deeper as his steady strokes cut away the over-laying earth. "Tear those out," he ordered Randall, when he came to the thick roots of a young birch. Randall, tugging at the tough sapling, caught the glint of yellow the full length of his shadow from him. "Over there," he pointed. "Do you think—do you think that the vein could go that far?"

O'Hara calculated the distance and the direction squintingly. "Strip the rock over toward it," he commanded. "Work this way, and I'll meet you."

To them it might have been an hour that they knelt on the ledge, speaking no word to each other while they toiled over their task. Great beads of sweat stood on Randall's brow. The fingers that pulled at roots and threw aside moss were

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icy. O'Hara worked steadily, calmly, his lips still pursed for the whistling that would not sound, till he flung aside the clasp knife and measured with his eye the length of the streak that glinted brilliantly at him in the sunshine. Then triumphantly rose the dragoon's farewell to Enniskillen.

"Well?" Randall's question shrilled over the whistle.

"Ye can leave your resignation from the service with Ken," he said, "as ye pass the place on your way out to the registrar's office."

"Do you mean that—" Randall had crawled over toward O'Hara, and now arose, catching at his wrist—"we've really struck it? Struck it rich?"

O'Hara pushed back his hat from his forehead. The tension that had tightened his shoulders while he worked was loosening. His voice had no ring of enthusiasm or of mirth as he answered Randall's gasping eagerness of question.

"I've seen gold at the Rand," he said, "and I've seen gold on the Wallaby Track. I worked on the road up to Cripple Creek and Victor, and I saw gold there. And as sure as I came from Connemara, ye've got gold enough here to make a mine that'll set ye with the millionaires of Cobalt."

"Are you sure?" Randall's eyes, overbright, bored more insistently than his voice into O'Hara's knowledge. "Quite sure?"

"Oh, gold's an uncertain thing," O'Hara said, "as uncertain in the rough as it is in sovereigns. The vein may shy off under the river at ten feet below. There's no surety that 'tis not a false pocket. But I can tell you this, and this is true as gospel—there's not a mining promoter in the North to-day who wouldn't buy the chance from ye for a price that's more money than ye've ever thought to see in one check." He squinted quizzically at Randall's immovability of blank astonishment. "Faith, if ye don't know enough of mining to stake a claim after ye've found it," he said, "ye deserve to be tricked by me. Here, measure from the Right-of-Way and the river, and I'll stake it for ye."

He threw the circular tape along the rock. But Randall failed to catch it. He had gone down as limply as if O'Hara's command had been a shot, and lay, face forward, shaking with sobs, over the glittering surface. "By the Slippers of the Prophet," said O'Hara, "I've never seen this way of taking good fortune before." He knelt beside the boy, shaking him roughly. "Come to yourself!" he told him. The sobs, rough and rasping, continued until O'Hara jerked Randall up. "Now be a man," he said, "even if ye've found the Klondike."

"What'll we do with it?" Randall asked in a desperate attempt to seem practical.

"Ye'll do whatever ye damn please," said O'Hara.

"But half of it's yours," Randall protested.

"Not one inch of it," said the Irishman, with decision. "I left the service once for the mining. I'll not do it again. Life's too short for these little excursions."

"But you don't have to leave the service," Randall went on, trying to regain his self-control by argument, "just because you happen to find a gold vein and sell it for whatever you can get?"

"One of the sure rules of the Canadian government is that no engineer in its employ can prospect. If you want to play the mining game, ye'll have to quit the engineering."

"Do you think—" Randall was grasping his old manner with continued speech —"that the rule means that an engineer hasn't a right to the find he makes before he quits the service?"

"Sure, that problem's your own," O'Hara informed him.

Randall turned on him passionately. "It's easy for you to sit in judgment, Brian O'Hara," he said, his words coming like the tumble of rapids over rocks, "when all your life you've had the one thing you wanted. You wanted adventure, and you've found it in fifty corners of the world. You wanted friends, and you've found them wherever you struck a trail. You don't care anything about money. You've never felt the gnawing need of it. And so you can sit here, making me choose between friends and money, for that's just what you're doing. You know what you boys at Eight mean to me, Ken and Jean, and you, and Steve, and Don. You know that I haven't

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friends or family or sweetheart down at the front as the others of you have. You know that I value the good opinion you all have of me, and now you're making me feel that if I profit by my find I'm going back on you. I know that I'm not a traitor in wanting to strike it rich, but you make me believe that I am. It's not right, I tell you. It's not fair!"

"Stop there." The hard ring in O'Hara's voice halted the sweep of Randall's outburst. "'Tis not right, perhaps, that ye should have to make a hard choice, but 'tis not changing the fact that ye do. And I'm not the one who's forcing the choice upon ye. Long before I was born the world was doing that to men who came to the cross-roads. Sometime, somewhere, every mother's son of us has to make his choice between two roads, wanting them both. Ye think that I've made none?" He stared at Randall's implacable back, then struck a match on the rock.

"Back in Connemara," he said, lighting his pipe and carefully extinguishing the match before he flung it back into the muskeg, "there was a wide white road, that led from the door of our house away off to the hills. From the time that I could remember anything at all I wanted to go journeying there. Ye know the way a road can call to ye? All the beautiful adventures in the whole world were somewhere along that road, waiting for me to catch up with them. I dreamed and I dreamed of the travelling till one day I could bide it no longer. 'I'm going,' I said to me uncle, 'to the end of the white road.'

"I think now of the laugh in his eyes, though I didn't see it then. ''Tis a long road, Brian,' he said, 'but if ye're sure 'tis your way, take it, lad.'

"A figure of fun I must have been on the horse as I started away one blithe morning, when all the Irish hills were blue and the white ribbon of road slid on before me. I'd been riding well on toward night"—he gave Randall a keen look to make sure that he was heeding him—"and then I came to the by-way. Faith, I've seen some beautiful places in me wanderings since then, but never another as lovely as that by-way, gold and green, with the late afternoon shadows flickering under the beeches. With never a thought of the hills I turned. 'Twas a pleasant way, and many pleasant people did I meet. But when it was nearly dark I came to the end of the path, and divvle a thing was there for me to do but go back to the high-road. The next day when I was jogging along me uncle overtook me. ''Tis slow ye're going,' he said, for he was a wise old racing squire, 'for one who's chosen his road.'

"'I went down the by-way,' I told him.

"''Twas a good lesson,' he told me, 'for remember, Brian, that when your heart has hungered for one road, all the other ways of the world are but blind alleys.'"

Randall moved his shoulders impatiently.

"Sure I never thought the time would come," O'Hara went on, "when I'd forget that lesson. But youth has a way of forgetting soon," he mused. "A long way from Connemara I went down the blind alley again. I'd been working on the Trans-Siberian till I was crazy for civilization of any kind. One day I had a beautiful Russian row with the chief of division. I flung me job higher than the Chinese Wall, took me stake and went to Japan as fast as Oriental ways would take me. Ye'd have said that I enjoyed the most vivid time a white man ever lived through in Tokio. I said so meself. There's no need of expanding the details. 'Tis enough to tell ye that through some queer happenings I came to be a Russian secret agent there. 'Twas glorious adventure, beating the little brown men at their own game of I-spy. And there was a girl." His voice softened to tenderness for an instant. "She wasn't the only woman I've loved, but I did—care. Ye see, she cared for me while the game was running to the end, and I was thinking mostly of the game. I was up on the firing lines when the end came. Those brown devils made her pay the price. I fought them through the war with the memory of her in me heart. And when the war was done, I knew that I was at the end of another blind alley. But I kept drifting. A man does drift off there in the East. Then Cobalt called. Afterward I found Kenyon. I've come back to the highway. 'Tis me own road. But I've come back with the sadness of knowing that I'd have saved meself and others if only I'd stayed there."

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"But you've had travel and you've had adventure," Randall objected, with surly ignoring of the deeper chords of O'Hara's philosophy. "It's because I want them that I want money."

O'Hara scratched has head reflectively. "D'ye know where Ville Marie is?" he asked. "The little French town in the crescent of the bay on Lake Temiskaming where they have the races? When were ye there? Last summer? Then ye may recall the big French-Canadian who kept chasing himself around in a circle from the bank to the mining supply store, and back again to the bank?"

"Hyacinth Plesseau?" Randall unbent to inquire.

"The same. He's the plutocrat of Ville Marie. He owns the silver mine that started the Quebec shore rush." The Irishman relighted his pipe. "I met Hyacinth before he struck the Cobalt," he said. "He was a happy-go-lucky Canayen who'd been through all the Bush up here. He knew every factor from the Abitibi to Rupert's House. He'd been in the Peace River country before any of the later explorers. He'd known the Yellow Head Pass before ever a preliminary survey man got a sight of it. He'd sailed or paddled on every river of Canada. He was the last of the voyageurs, was Hyacinth. We used to sit in the little tavern on the street behind the church, Hyacinth and I, trading tales of the places we'd explored. He was prospecting in the hope of finding silver enough to outfit him for an expedition around the north-west shore of Hudson Bay. That was his dream. 'The cobalt bloom,' he used to tell me, waving his long arm to include the horizon, 'is for me of all the colors that the good God has made. For the rest of them,' he would shrug his shoulder toward the miners who used to haunt him because of his knowledge of the land, 'the bloom has but one color, the red pink that shows them where the silver may hide. But for me, Hyacinth Plesseau, the bloom glows in colors the rainbow knows not, silver of dawns, purple of twilights, amber of sunlight that glistens on rivers, and shines on Arctic seas. It is bright with all the gold of dreams, my friend. It is lovely with all the rose tints of hope. It is of the color of to-morrow, my bloom of the Cobalt.'

"Hyacinth Plesseau found silver. He stumbled on it in his own dooryard after he'd raked the shores of Temiskaming. But he's never outfitted the expedition, although he's the richest man in northwestern Quebec. He never sails the rivers now. He never goes farther from Ville Marie than Haileybury. He's too busy to travel, he'll tell you. He's watching the silver that comes from his mine. He doesn't even see that the rock from which it comes is rose-pink. For, like other men, he's lost the dream in grasping the substance."

"I see the point," Randall said.

"All of it?" O'Hara asked the question in sadness. "That's the choice ye must make, Ran, not the choice between work and leisure, not the choice between adventuring like a roysterer, or touring like a prince. Not the choice between friends and money, but the choice between the color of dreams and the substance of silver. If ye stay on the path ye chose for yourself in those days when ye had all the world before ye, the dreams 'll go with ye to the end. But if ye leave it for any other, ye'll never again see the beauty of the bloom." He pulled his old hat far down over his eyes. "I said 'twas no choice between friends and money, Ran," he added, in a voice he tried to change to flippancy, "and, as far as I'm concerned, 'tis true. I'll stay your friend even if ye're rich as old O'Brien of Cobalt."

Randall's hand, that had been gripping a point of rock through the length of O'Hara's monologue, moved slowly over the stone till it grasped the hand of the other man. "I guess that there's more in the world than money," he said. "I'm going to stay."

O'Hara stared at him through misted eyes. "By the Slippers of the Prophet," he said, "ye're the best man of us all!"

But Randall laughed uncertainly as he rose to his feet. "It wasn't hard," he tried to explain, "when I remembered how Hyacinth chased himself around that little square. Shall we start back? We've a long hike to Fourteen."

"I wonder," said O'Hara, "if I did right? Perhaps, now——"

"Shut up," said Randall, "and for your trouble, carry that rod." He was gather-

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ing up their instruments and obviously avoiding any sight of the gold that flaunted the gray rock. But O'Hara paused. "Let's tell none of the boys at home," he said seriously. "Ken and Jean would feel as we do, and I'd hate to expose a Scotchman to the terrible temptation." Like a flash came the impish smile of the expert stage-manager of the Transcontinental comedies. "Have ye any objection," he asked Randall, "if I'd communicate this great discovery to Fraser of Six? I've had me own grudge against him ever since he reported me to the chief clerk at Quebec."

"I don't care anything about it," said Randall.

"'Tis the wise old cobbler who sticks to his last," O'Hara sang as he slung his kit-pack on his shoulders. "There'll be money in the world when we're old, Ran, and sure, there were never pockets in a shroud."

The song drifted into a repetition of the Dragoon's mournful farewell. Randall joined it bravely as he fell into step with O'Hara. The gold was glinting just as brightly an hour later while they were dog-trotting down the tote-road, past the burned camp and the looted cache, on their way to Fourteen.

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# HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE

## By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY CARO-DELVAILLE

ITS air freshened and moistened by the near presence of the sea, its surroundings ever verdant and brightened by the sparkle of the meridional sun, it is small wonder that Bayonne should have produced a goodly quota of prominent French painters. The town itself is notably picturesque, many of the houses being flanked by arcades, as is customary across the Pyrenees, and the streets lined with plane-trees casting long strips of welcome shade for the passer-by. Chiefly known in art as the birthplace of Léon Bonnat, Bayonne also boasts such men as Achille and Henri Zo, Hubert D. Etcheverry, and others of similar note. They are not all, however, exponents of severe, sombre-tone portraiture, as is the case with Bonnat. The æsthetic tradition of the place leans rather toward richness and opulence of tone. There is a certain sensuous fervor to the atmosphere of both town and outlying country. The Bayonnais reflects not a little of the beauty of the human form and the sovereign joy of light, life, and color, and such are the dominant characteristics of the work of her youngest master to achieve success and renown.

In its outward aspects the career of Henry Caro-Delvaille presents few of those features which we instinctively associate with the artistic temperament in its struggle for recognition. Reared in circumstances of comparative affluence, he has never felt the sting of poverty. His parents only momentarily opposed the lad's wish to become a painter, and he furthermore possesses the distinction of having had his first pictures accepted and praised alike by press and public. From the outset this fortunate individual has been received with acclaim. He is in a sense the artistic pet of Paris. His youth, his ability, and his engaging personality have enlisted for him the interest not alone of his professional brethren, but also of that larger world which in France follows such matters with closer attention than is the case with ourselves. Every one knows Caro-Delvaille, and every one seems to take a certain proprietary pride in the young Bayonnais who came early to the capital and rapidly made place for himself in that atmosphere of artistic accomplishment so congenial with his tastes and temperament.

Although displaying none of the conventional elements of privation and lack

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The Manicure.
Possession of Modern Gallery, Buenos Aires.



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of appreciation, the æsthetic development of Caro-Delvaille is by no means devoid of sympathetic interest. He reveals a racial heritage at once rich and rarely met with, and his art combines qualities which are distinctly out of the ordinary. The son of Fernand Delvaille and Hélène Caro, the future painter was born at Bayonne, July 9, 1876, in a rambling old house in the Rue Port Neuf. On his father's side he is Franco-Spanish, and on his mother's is descended from that restless, ardent race known as the Gitanos, or Spanish gypsies, her people having come from the vicinity of Toledo. Originally of Hebrew extraction, his paternal ancestors had been Christianized toward the close of the fifteenth century, and under the Empire had settled at Bayonne, where they devoted themselves, not without profit, to the business of banking and money-changing.

The Print Lover.
Possession of Mme. Brelli, Paris.

From the first the boy had no thought save that of becoming a painter. He industriously covered the cool, white wall surfaces of the dignified family home with all manner of sketches and designs. Later, when his father took him on one of his frequent trips to Spain, he stood enthralled before the masterpieces of Velasquez and Titian in the Prado, his receptive temperament responding as readily to the appeal of pictorial expression as to the colorful magic of native life and scene. On completing the customary course at the local Lycée, he entered the École Municipale de Peinture et de Dessein of Bayonne, an institution even more antiquated and academic than its name would seem to imply. His preceptor was one Jolyet, a timorous, rabbit-like old gentleman who was quite content to watch his pupils patiently copy from casts and leave the rest to providence. Progress was naturally

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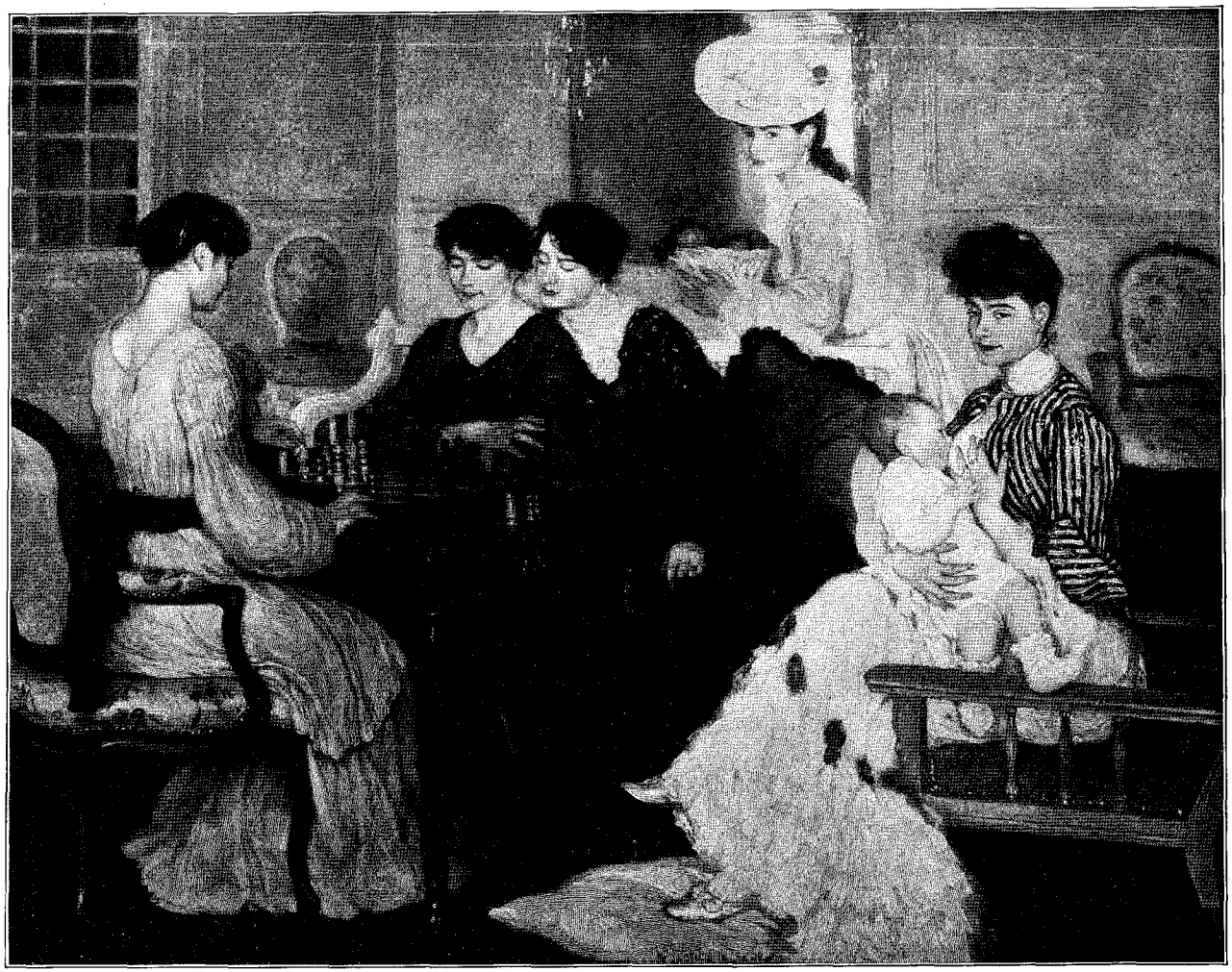

My wife and her sisters.

Possession of the Luxembourg Museum.

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slow under the ægis of such a professor. Yet while the lad's father was mildly opposed to his becoming a painter, his mother, who was an authoress of talent and a frequent contributor of both verse and prose to the *Petite Gironde* and other papers, encouraged his artistic ambition with every manifestation of sympathy and interest.

In the somewhat forlorn hope that he might possibly disclose a latent talent for business, his father next placed him in the bank, where he spent a few irksome months behind a little iron grating which seemed completely to shut out from him the teeming world of form and color which he was beginning to love with increasing insistence. The experiment was brief, yet he still vividly recalls those weeks of anguish which he passed trying to master the intricacies of book-keeping and current rates of exchange. On escaping from the desk, and being still undecided as to the future, he determined to forestall events and perform his military service, enlisting in the Sixth Hussars at Bordeaux some three years before it was actually necessary. He thoroughly enjoyed the life of a trooper, especially relishing the opportunity to paint portraits of the captain and his family and decorate the colonel's dining-room. His martial career proved, however, hardly more extended than his experience as a financier, for, during a spirited charge, he suddenly found himself at the bottom of a ditch with his mount on top of him, the sequel being a broken leg and welcome release from further regimental duties.

On his recovery there seemed but one course open, and upon that he wisely embarked without further delay. He was at last able to convince both himself and his parents that art was his inevitable calling, and with this end in view proceeded to Paris. Entering the École des Beaux-Arts in the class of his fellow-townsman, Bonnat, he took at the same time a modest studio in the Rue de Vaugirard, where he might paint upon his own account. From Bonnat he learned but little, the master correcting his pupil's work only once a week, and taking no special interest in the young man's progress. Yet if Bonnat proved of scant help to him, he did not, on the other hand, in any way impede his career, leaving him free to develop according to the dictates of his own temperament.

Although, in the academic sense, he cannot be said to have proved an assiduous student, and though he cared little for conventional atelier distinctions, the young man nevertheless took his work with requisite seriousness. He spent in all nearly four years at the École under Bonnat and Maignan, moving meanwhile from the Rue de Vaugirard to the Boulevard Garibaldi, and later to the Avenue Henri-Martin. While still at the Beaux-Arts he had begun a large composition with nude figures, yet it was not this, but two wholly different subjects, which he chose for his memorable début at the Salon of 1901. It would be difficult to describe the sensation caused by the sudden appearance of this striking and hitherto unsuspected talent in the midst of so many old established reputations. Although realizing that "The Manicure" and "Tea-Time," each of which he modestly described as an *étude*, represented the best effort of which he was then capable, the young painter was totally unprepared for the instantaneous success which they achieved. The canvases were splendidly hung, were awarded a medal, and were discussed at length in the press and studios of Paris. So overcome was the youthful artist by this unlooked-for triumph that he scarcely slept for a week, and one afternoon joyously took a cab, and, in a spirit of juvenile pride, drove all around the Boulevards congratulating himself that he had conquered a place in the great world about him.

There is but little more to the mere biographical outline of Henry Caro-Delvaille's career. During the next few seasons he further strengthened his hold upon the public. In 1903 he left the Old Salon for the New, where he already had a number of friends and found the atmosphere more congenial. In 1904 he exhibited the vivacious and clear-toned "My Wife and Her Sisters," which was purchased for the Luxembourg, and on the strength of which he was elected a Sociétaire. He had married the young woman reclining on the couch in "The Manicure," and shortly afterward settled in the quiet Auteuil quarter, taking a house in the Rue Mozart and a studio just behind in the Rue

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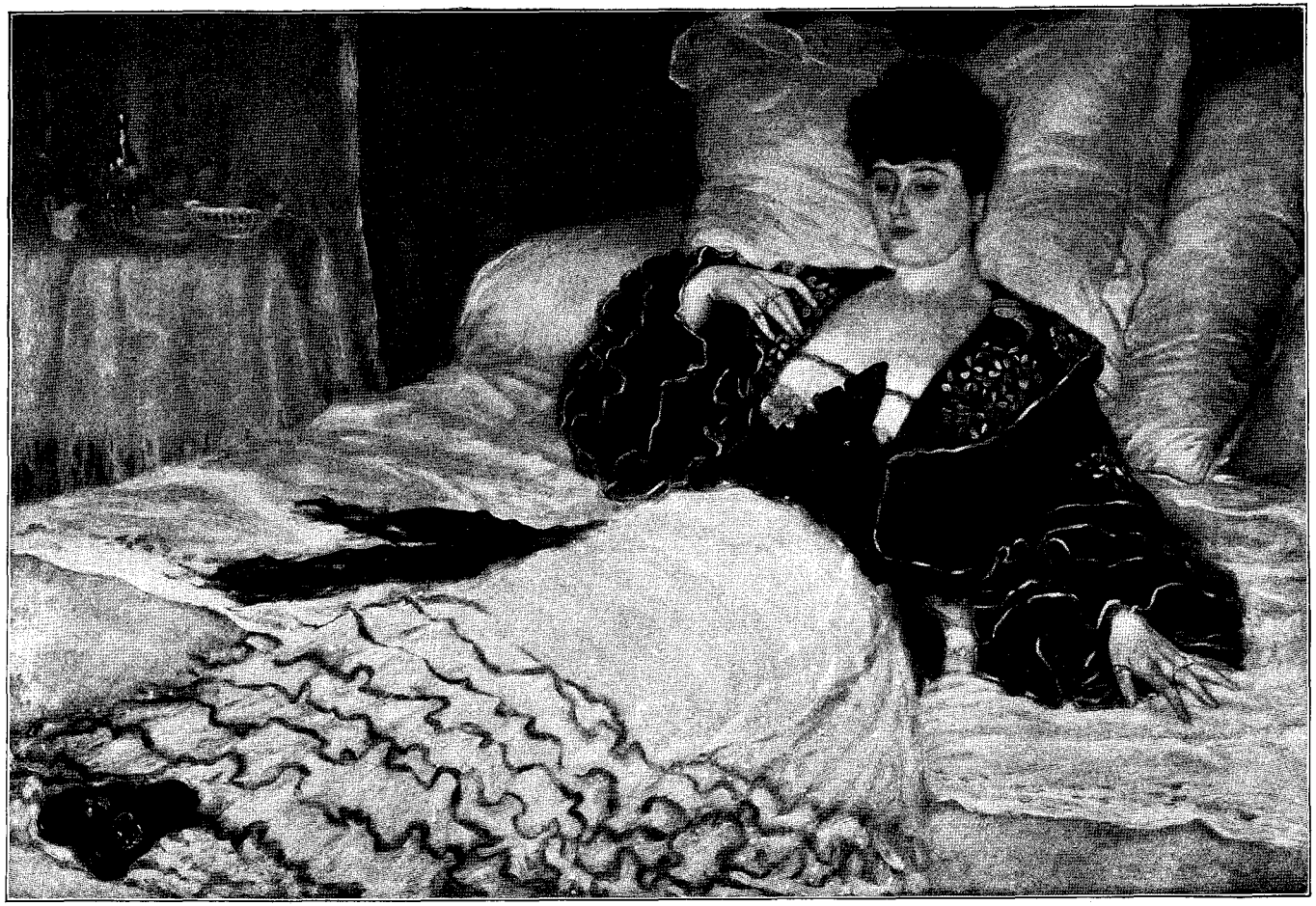

Enid—The Siesta.

Possession of M. Palerano, Buenos Aires.

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de la Cure. It is here, in an agreeable atmosphere of domestic calm and artistic endeavor, that he has passed the intervening years. And it is here, and during the summer months at Biarritz, where he has painted that series of genre scenes, portraits, and mellow studies in more classic mood which have won for him a unique position in the field of contemporary art.

The Pastry Shop, Biarritz.
Possession of Dr. Semprun, Buenos Aires.

It was not without reason that press and public were puzzled as well as attracted by the æsthetic equipment of the young man who jumped so suddenly into fame. The qualities of precision, of definite contour, and severely symphonic arrangement so manifest in "The Manicure" were in direct antithesis to the feather-like freedom and frank charm of "Tea-Time." In short, the talented new-comer seemed to possess what may be termed a dual artistic personality. He appeared to display two distinctly marked tendencies, one toward extreme simplification of line and rigorously restrained tonality, the other in the direction of a more gracious and engaging vision of external reality. If "The Manicure" were conceived upon a clearly formulated and unflinchingly sustained plan, "Tea-Time," on the contrary, revealed all the joy, sparkle, and free improvisation of life itself. The whole problem of Caro-Delvaille's artistic existence was, in fact, posed in these two initial canvases. It was in a measure the eternal puzzle which confronts all creative minds—the conflict between the doer and the thing to be done—and he forthwith proceeded to solve it with all the inherent taste and pictorial eloquence at his command.

In "The Lady with the Hortensia," of the succeeding year, he proved that he was still under the spell of that Whistlerian repression which had descended direct from the Spaniards to Manet, and thence onward to the acquisitive American. "The Print Lover," too, belongs to this phase, but at his first important collective exhibition, held at Silberberg's in the Rue Taitbout, he stamped himself in the public mind as the typical interpreter of latter-day femininity. He had labored

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Grandmother and Granddaughter.
Possession Simu Museum, Bucharest.

with joyous zeal, assembling in all some thirty canvases. The majority were dedicated to the portrayal of what the Goncourts call *la poupée sublime*—the sublime doll, in all her instinctive charm and fascination. Here she was lying luxuriously abed reading or sipping her morning coffee; there she was seated at the toilet-table supplementing nature by a thousand seemingly unessential touches of art and artifice; and again you found her in secluded garden or crowded *patisserie*, chatting with delightful duplicates of her own incomparable self, or leaning, *à deux*, over the slender terrace railing, watching sunset tint on summer sea.

It is doubtful whether any one since Watteau has expressed with more appeal-



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ing intimacy the spirit of the perennially attractive Frenchwoman. You will find in these early canvases all the eager zest of an unspoiled nature intoxicated by the shimmering surface of life—the rose-tinted radiance of the boudoir, the sheen of silken robe, the soft gleam of glass or silver, and the porcelain-like lustre of a flawless complexion. It was not for naught that the young man was christened *le peintre de la Parisienne*, and, had he been content with that distinction, he might have held it to this day, taking his place beside Helleu, de La Gandara, and the sprightly Italian, Camillo Innocenti. Yet, happily, he was made of sterner stuff, and, conspicuous as was his success in this congenial field, he quickly felt the need of striking deeper and moving onward toward fresh conquests.

It was a trip to London taken in company with his friend Élie Faure, one of the most discerning of the younger French critics, that proved the turning-point of Caro-Delvaille's career. He might possibly never have awakened to that respect for form and rhythmic grace of contour which to-day characterize his work had he not passed two memorable months, mainly in the British Museum, studying the immortal fragments of antique art which the rapacity of Lord Elgin had removed from their original setting. It was with something approaching a feeling of revulsion that he came to realize that, after all, he had thus far been depicting only the outward aspect, the mere surface appearance of things, and that, under softly clinging skirt and rose-petal skin lurked real flesh and richly pulsing blood. The work of this period had not been wanting in charm of statement or individuality of vision. But, as the painter himself soon divined, it lacked depth and analysis. It was the product of convention rather than a convincing interpretation of nature and of life.

While the first specific fruits of his London sojourn were seen in a nude exhibited at the Salon of 1903, and in the opulent "Summer" of the following year, the effects of his closer study of reality were also apparent in both "Grandmother and Granddaughter," and the "Portrait of Mme. L. and Her Daughter." In a sense companion pictures, these two canvases appropriately illustrate the painter's increasing perception of character and grasp of pictorial essentials. They linger on the border line between what may be called domestic genre and portraiture pure and simple. They are in part both; that is why their appeal is so much wider than is customary with such compositions. The former is something beside the presentment of a venerable lady and a little girl. It is an epitome of youth and age, and, in similar vein, the latter is not alone an excellent likeness of Mme. Landry and her daughter, but is also symbolical of motherhood in one of its most endearing moments.

The truth and naturalness of the setting in which each of these groups is placed, the frank beauty of the sentiment expressed, and the discreet radiance of their respective tonality, insure them high rank in the progressive development of the painter's art. He was no longer reflecting the mere outer shell of the subject in hand, but seizing as well its inner significance, and, with the memorable composition entitled "My Wife and Her Sisters," may be said to have attained his æsthetic majority. In this canvas the design is less studied, the general action more natural and spontaneous, the plastic possibilities accorded more prominence, and the coloring more pearl-like and translucent than ever before. Painted at Cambo, where he had leased a villa not far from the home of his friend Edmond Rostand, and was keeping open house during the summer months, the picture could scarcely fail to attract favorable notice when first seen at the Salon. Nor has it since, at the Luxembourg, experienced any difficulty in holding its own beside the best modern art either French or foreign.

The success achieved by "My Wife and Her Sisters" measurably increased the painter's standing. Orders began to pour in from all sides. He was asked to undertake the portrait of Mme. Rostand, and, with Gaston La Touche, to execute the decorations for the poet's villa at Cambo. Other portrait commissions included those of Mlle. Jeanne Rolly and Mme. Simone, and subsequent mural work his "Fecund Flanders" for the Town Hall of Lille, and the oblong panel known as "The White Peacock" for the Hotel Westminster. Yet

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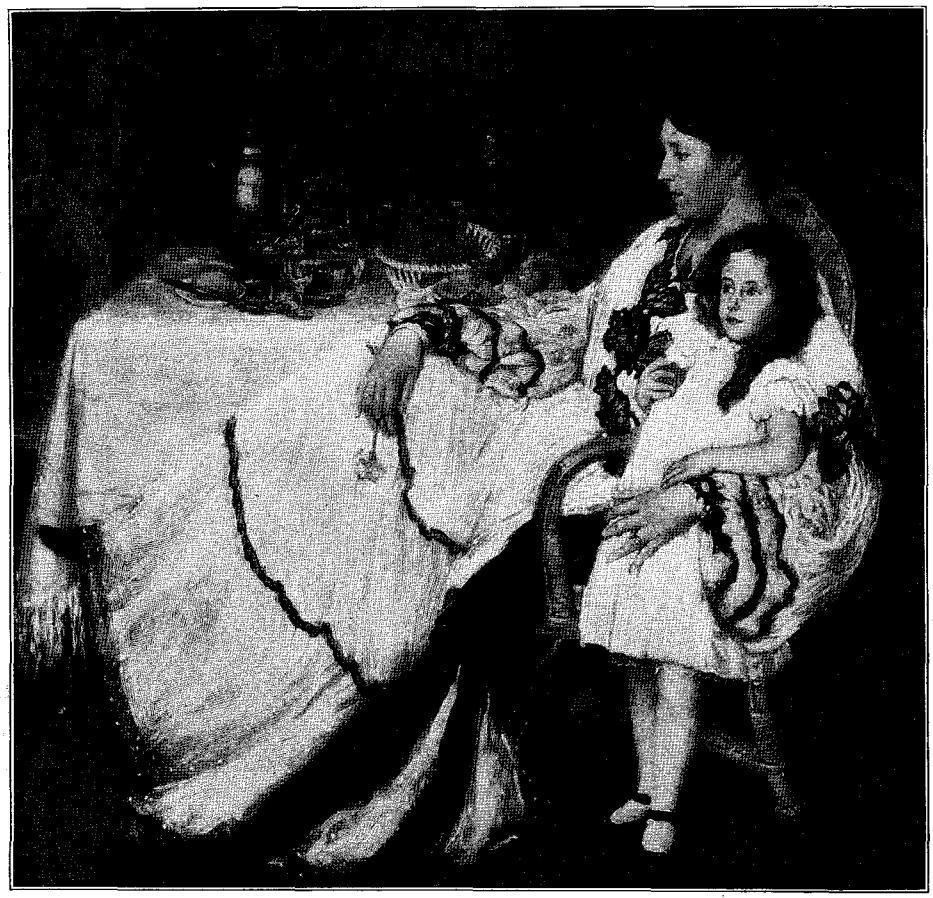
he did not, meanwhile, neglect that phase of æsthetic evolution in which he was possibly more interested than all else, finding time to complete, among others, such



Portrait of Mme. Landry and her daughter.

beautiful and imposing nudes as "The Toilet of Herminie," and "The Woman Undoing Her Hair," one of which is now in the Telfair Academy of Savannah, and the other in the Wilstach Collection, Philadelphia. It is to the discerning taste of Gari Melchers that Savannah owes the acquisition of the former canvas, and it is a pity that more American galleries have not followed the lead of these two institutions in securing the work of a man who is year by year gaining in breadth and artistic significance.

There is no call as yet for a definitive analysis of the more recent production of Caro-Delvaille. In choice of theme he alternates between the expressive variety of modern life and the static eloquence of the antique world. His growing passion for form has led him to the creation of what may be called a fresh cult for the classic. He is quite frankly seeking to restore to painting that sense of balance and proportion, that wonderfully sustained equilibrium, which constitute the priceless legacy of the Hellenic tradition. Single figure studies such as those already cited have been followed by groups, of which the most important thus far have been "The Lovers' Offering," of the last Salon, and "Earth's Offering," still fresh upon the easel, though which will doubtless be seen at the Grand-Palais during the ensuing spring and summer. While in a measure recalling Titian and Velasquez, both of whom he admires, the chief inspiration for

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these compositions derives directly from Greek art at its best period. The surfaces, it is true, sometimes suggest those of painted statuary, and the feeling is not infrequently more Roman than Attic, yet there are few who can approach him in mastery of the human form in a congenial setting, pastoral, architectural, or, as in "The Lovers' Offering," a combination of both.

There can be no question as to Caro-Delvaille's seriousness or sincerity in seeking to regain for painting certain of those qualities which have so long been neglected, if not, indeed, irretrievably lost. He is himself more of a traditionalist than a modernist in attitude and method, and lives in an atmosphere eloquent of plastic beauty. The spacious studio in the Rue de la Cure suggests a happy fusion of latter-day elegance and reverence for the more formal canons of abstract expression. Here is a choice bit of Saxe, there a piece of English furniture captured by Basque buccaneers during the Blockade, while near by are casts from the figures of the Parthenon frieze and an Antinous from Delphi. The æsthetic dualism noted at the outset of the painter's career still persists, for he is able to turn within the space of an hour from the unfinished portrait group of the family of M. Stuiller, a wealthy engineer of Bayonne, to the opulent paganism of "Earth's Offering." His art has deepened and broadened to a notable degree, yet he remains on one side a spirited student of nature and character, not without a certain touch of Spanish austerity, and on the other an almost Oriental devotee of rhythmic line and sensuous richness of tone.

It is impossible to say whether this ardent, gifted temperament will succeed in fostering any general taste for antique form. His battle is somewhat the same as that waged in England by Charles H. Shannon and others of the younger school of British painters, who are also seeking to preserve the broad continuity of æsthetic endeavor as it has come down to us through the ages, and to show, by contrast, how arid and beauty-poor is much of the art of to-day. It is obvious that Caro-Delvaille has the youth and technical

Portrait of Mme. Simone Casimir-Perier.
Possession of Mme. Simone Casimir-Perier.

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Three Musicians.

equipment to carry his pictorial programme very far, and interesting results may certainly be forthcoming. Meanwhile, his existence is singularly happy and full of varied activity. The studio adjoins that of his friend, Gaudissard, a talented young sculptor who is working along similar lines, and is also but a few paces from that occupied by the water-color painter, Jeanès.

There is a distinct atmosphere of fraternity in the relations of this little group, and their meetings are often graced by the presence of the genial and discriminating Inspector-General of Fine Arts, Monsieur Armand Dayot, who is in close sympathy with their aims and ideas. On Sunday afternoons there is usually music, and occasionally, of an evening, Delvaille will don his Spanish costume and dance native dances with an infectious abandon at once suggestive of his racial origin. Whether or not he will in the end prove successful in promoting a renaissance of the classic spirit in painting is still an open question, though in his life, at all events, he embodies not a few of those elements of poise and serenity which are among its imperishable characteristics.

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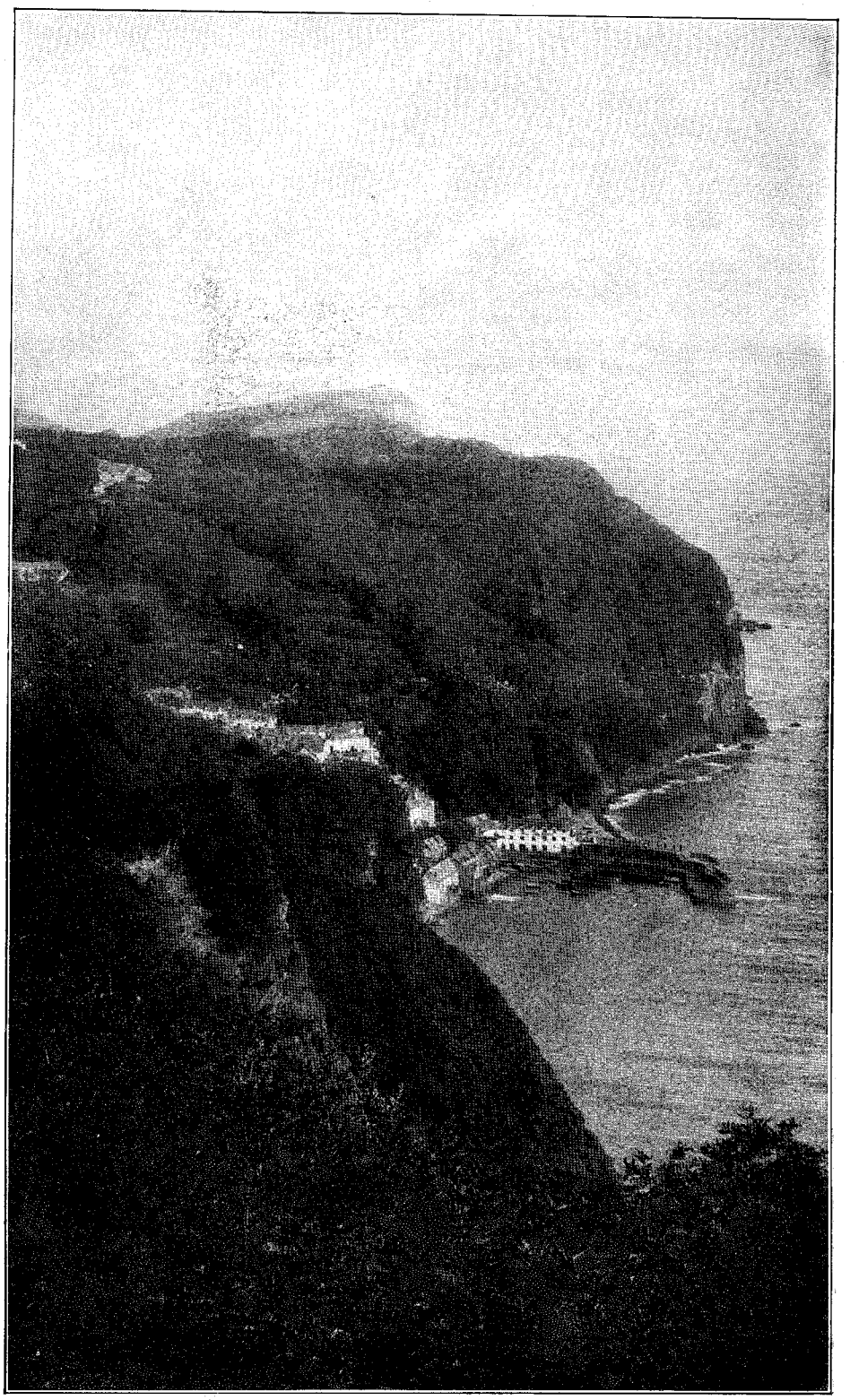

*From a photograph by G. S. Reilly, Clovelly.*

The white streak resolved itself into cottages, rising one above another from the water's edge.—Page 685.

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# NEW WINE IN AN OLD BOTTLE

## By George McLean Harper

*Keith's Diary, June* 30.

BARLOW declared Ilfracombe was "fly-blown," meaning that it was too full of people and the marks of their presence. He is over-dainty, of course, but I agreed to go with him to Clovelly. We came in a side-wheel steamer, sighting Appledore and Bideford on our left and the Welsh coast far off to the right. The voyage was rough, and many of our fellow-passengers laid aside "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" and all other matters of romantic interest before it was over. We had not long rounded the cruel reefs of Morte Point when a white streak became visible on the face of the cliff toward which we were headed. The latter grew less uniform in appearance. It showed green presently and proved to be covered from top to bottom with a tufted forest. The white streak resolved itself into cottages, rising one above another from the water's edge nearly to the top of the cliff. A gray-stone pier, mottled with rusty brown and curved somewhat like a fish-hook, hid the hulls of several sailing craft. We could see their masts rocking. A life-boat station flanked this little harbor on one side, and on the other stood a modest inn, built of stone, but comfortably softened with a cream-color wash. A long black habitation hung imminent above the water beyond the life-boat station, looking grim with its struggle to keep a foothold betwixt the wooded precipice that crowded down upon it and the waves that reached greedily at its barred windows. Between the inn and this group of buildings which spoke hoarsely of winter's danger, three or four balconied cottages stood securely behind a sea-wall. They were gay with creepers and flowering plants. Their casements were open to receive the sunlight.

A steep path, or rather stairway, wound up from the quay, passing the inn door, then going over a lime-kiln, which is constantly and excusably taken for a barbican, and then rising behind the cheerful cottages. It passed through a square hole under a house, and its further climbing could only be divined from the grouping of the white dwellings far up the combe, or cleft, above.

We were landed in boats rowed by bearded men in blue sou'westers. As it was ebb-tide, they were obliged to beach outside the harbor. In spite of half a dozen sailors who tried to pull us up by the bow, we shipped a sea over our stern and were dumped dripping on the shingle. We have now been two days in Clovelly, and this buffet was the only touch of roughness we have received. All else has been soft and caressing. We sought lodgings no farther than the Red Lion, the little inn by the quay, and have not regretted our choice.

I have been told that Clovelly was overrun with visitors, and it would not be difficult to overrun a place so tiny, but northwest winds and threatening skies have kept down the number of excursionists by water. There are a good many Americans, who come by motor-car, in unconsidering and inconsiderate haste. We prefer to be the only Americans in a place, but it is seldom possible. Barlow, who is of pure English descent and full of the English tradition, pretends to think we are not already a distinct race. To me it is plain we are. We have a national physiognomy, a national gait, not to mention, nor yet to deny, a national voice.

The Devonshire accent is delicious. It has the softness of the west wind. It is warm and open, like the sunny downs of Exmoor. Its honest burr of *r*, not quite so strong as that in Scotland and more like the best Pennsylvanian, seems to me the normal English pronunciation of that oft-maltreated letter. Milton, we know, thought it should be vigorously trilled, a real consonant. The common people of Devonshire do not drawl. Their vowels, with a few exceptions, come out clean-cut, which gives the speakers an air of bravery. They are not prolonged into diphthongs as in the fashionable speech of the midlands. I like to think that Drake managed it thus roundly, and Raleigh and Gilbert and Hawkins and Grenville. Curiously, however, there is a French *u* on this coast. Clovelly



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folk speak of Bude, a port farther down the coast, almost precisely as a Frenchman would pronounce the word. The personal pronouns are used with delightful indifference to the prerogatives of case. "Her be a-coomin' toward we" is good grammar in Clovelly.

These are not the things I came to England to observe. I ought to be in the big "fly-blown" towns, studying politics and the social order, or disorder. I was carrying out my plan quite satisfactorily in London, sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, hearing the open-air debaters in Hyde Park, and reading the newspapers. As John Burns says, London is as good as the country in summer, with the turf in the parks free to every foot, and the quiet of its asphalted streets.

It's Barlow's fault. He persuaded me that I ought to study the question of public ownership in a region abounding in large estates, where small farmers, tradesmen, and artisans have to accommodate themselves as best they can to conditions that are still virtually feudal. He was mistaken. There would have been more practical use in studying the problems of industrial centres, which present a closer analogy to circumstances at home. The old conditions of rural and village life have passed or are rapidly passing. England has adopted, very quietly but thoroughly, the principle of progressive taxation, dropping the old individualistic theory, especially in her land laws. We shall come to that, of course, but legislation to protect our industrial workers is what we need first. And here am I, in the loveliest and perhaps happiest village in England, where I should have been perfectly happy myself three years ago, and could be happy to-morrow if I allowed myself to forget my duty and the wretchedness of mankind.

*Barlow's Diary, June* 30.

Keith is a hard fellow to please. He has absolutely no cause for unhappiness except the order of the universe. He would like to change that. When he is hard at work he is gay as a lark, because he fancies he *is* changing the order of the universe. On a holiday he makes himself miserable with self-reproach. Not that he is afflicted with that mania for work which so many business men acquire. He is naturally fond of leisure. His affliction is an extraordinary self-esteem, or perhaps I should say craving for self-esteem. No, I am unjust to him. He loves mankind and has a clear conception of a perfect state of existence attainable in this world. When he is teaching his boys at school he is calm because he thinks he is helping them on to that bright day. But in the vacations he is consumed with the rage of achievement. He wants to take God's work out of His hands. I shall tell him so.

For me, Clovelly is enough. I would willingly stay here all summer. I learned something from an old sailor this afternoon. He was on the pier, scanning the horizon with his glass, which he politely offered to me for a look. He said he lived alone in the middle compartment of the long house beyond the life-saving station, and invited me to see his rooms. We had a pipe or two together, though he admitted he preferred "chawing." He is in his ninetieth year and has sailed, he said, in the four quarters of the globe. There is no mark of feebleness in his deep-seamed face nor in the sweet accents of his voice.

"I call it my cabin," he remarked, as we entered his low-ceiled kitchen. "You will notice there are cupboards all round. One of them goes the whole length of the house. That was of use in smuggling times. I keep my nets there now." He told me about the drowning of thirty Clovelly men in one night, fishing for herring, and of twenty men drowned another night, and of his own narrow escape when driven ashore in a squall, and of the starving years before Free-Trade lowered the price of food. "I don't really see," and his deep voice trembled, "how any poor man that works for his living can be a Tory. I know there is some, but I don't understand it. They never came through the hungry forties, when I declare I dunno how my poor dear old father and mother kept us alive."

He dwelt on the kindness of the lady who owns Clovelly and to whose control we are no doubt indebted for its preservation as a thing of beauty. He seems content to let God govern the world. I'll not stand it if Keith calls him a deluded victim of feudalism. He is a happier man than Keith, and a better man, I dare say, than either Keith or I. One thing, however, I can't comprehend: he is a dissenter and goes to the little bare chapel in the village rather than to the ancient church beside Clovelly Court above. Think what he loses! Association, even remote and humble, with persons of culture,

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the instruction of a rector educated at a university, the privilege of worshipping in a church that is nearly a thousand years old, where prayer has been offered by thirty unbroken generations, and where the dead lie in their eternal peace. Perhaps there is something of the Keith spirit in old Mr. B., something restless, ambitious of perfection. For I am sure Keith will glory in the "spiritual rectitude," the independence, of these sailor-folk, as I am pleased with whatever sensible conformity to good old practices lingers still in nooks like this. For have not I, too, an ideal of perfection? Is not Clovelly, aristocratically governed, an earthly paradise? And a religion that satisfies the heart, and trains the eye and ear, and responds copiously to the demands of the historic sense, and links past, present, and future in one living age, a religion practical, national, and sufficiently broad to give scope to every type and almost every mood—is not this, too, better than Keith's unrealized society, with its bare minimum of common logical ground? I say "almost every mood" because I perceive at times myself how preposterous are some of the claims put forth in behalf of these venerable institutions, and feel no less keenly than Keith that a great renovating change is impending. But I shall never move a hand to bring it about. To restore an ancient edifice involves the destruction of its ivy and its crannied flowers. Beauty has no place in Keith's plan, though I am far from denying that he appreciates it. The city park, free to all and enjoyed by all, is heavenly to him because of its common utility. The most glorious mountain-top, the loveliest glen, the fairest island, if unviewed by man, or indeed by whole troops of men, are heart-sores to him. They exist in vain and serve only to remind him of their opposites, the back yards of city slums. He has persuaded himself that humanity is all. Some French writer has said that many a man of forty carries a dead poet in his heart. Keith is drawing near the fatal *quarantaine*. He tries not to believe in abstractions, in absolutes. Ignorant of the higher mathematics, with its proud indifference to man, a rebel to the faith, which sets man in his true place, he is approaching a point where the best poetry and art and music will seem cruelly useless. Only agriculture and economics will be worth while. Social utility is to him all in all. And then if his belief in human nature should receive a shock—what ruin!

Meanwhile, the sea breathes wooingly beneath her sapphire belt; long sprays of roses waft their perfumes at the sun; every cottage along the stair that winds from harbor to cliff top is like a lovely face, shining with inward purity and peace. Beauty, an immortal goddess, vindicates her quiet claims, and all mankind are as truly strangers in the world as Keith and I in Clovelly.

*Keith's Diary, July* 1.

It is raining softly. The tide is out. The sea no longer moans on the shingle, but laps it with entreating hand. My little casement opens on the water. A fishing fleet, eleven sail in all, lies becalmed in the bay. The environing cliffs have lost their color and a certain terror they possessed last night. No visitors will arrive in Clovelly this morning. Even the gulls have flown away, and I hear a cock crowing. I feel no impulse to climb up the street. Somehow, on such days as this I am less troubled by the thought of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." To be a man, to have the power of thought, to accept one's limitations and one's place in the world, to suffer no remorse, to cherish no inordinate ambitions, to love and be loved, to be willing to work, but not to seek employment over-eagerly—can this be wrong, after all? In brilliant weather the nerves have a more elastic impulse and give more pain. I am certainly in no heroic mood, but indeed my heroic moods have ever been fruitless.

Barlow dropped his aggressive manner with me last night, when we were walking together at the pier-head and the cry of the shingle was making me suffer.

"Keith," he said in his gentlest voice, "you harm yourself and do nobody any good by thinking always of the evil in the world."

"But the evil poisons all the rest," I replied. "We have memories, we have imaginations, we cannot help being conscious of what is going on in distant places. We are cowards and renegades not to be at work for those who are weaker, poorer, more ignorant than ourselves."

"I never thought you a pessimist," he continued, "and of course you are not, or you would not consider it worth while to worry; but look out! for pessimism will come next. Unless you believe that God can take care

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of the world without your aid you will fall into despair, for you realize only too keenly your own impotence. By constantly finding fault with what exists, you are elevating criticism to a place of undue importance as the chief of virtues. There are only two commandments in your code: 'Seek evil,' and 'rest not.' "

"Oh no, Barlow!" I laughed, "that is the devil's duologue, and the difference is in the purpose. 'Seek evil to destroy it, and rest not,' were indeed a divine and not a devilish cognizance."

"No," said Barlow after a long pause, "I think you are mistaken. There is something essentially the matter with that device. 'Search out the good, and trust in God' is a better rubric. It is positive; it fronts the sunlight; it is humbler than yours and easier to follow, and yet more exalted. In your revolt against our wasteful American optimism, against the unthinking, ill-directed demand for enthusiastic action, you are in danger of withholding your hand from the common task and refusing the common refreshment of joy and hope. You will unfit yourself to be a gardener of souls, which is your chosen work. If you were a gardener of cabbages you would not fret overnight because you were not stirring the soil. You would know that the cabbages and yourself were better for the respite and that darkness and rain were part of the providential regimen of plants."

It was very thoughtful of Barlow to talk to me thus. I suppose the peace I feel this morning is due in part to his influence. It was particularly kind in him because he is not a merely passive creature. He does not live by the will and the emotions only, as most men do who speak that language. Reason too has her part in him. He would have no authority with me if it were not so. And really Barlow, when he takes pains, can make me see things as they look to him. Many men glory in the fact that their deepest life is instinctive. They believe, so they say, because they *feel*. Perhaps they overlook some obscure rational process that goes on within them. Otherwise, it seems to me, if their account of themselves be correct, they are not very different from the birds, who build nests and find food by inherited habits. It should be the glory of a man to exceed that mark. I have been disappointed to find how often a rooted distrust of reason shows itself in conversation among Englishmen. I had expected a more bracing tone from the countrymen of Mill and Morley. The conflict between habit and sentiment on the one hand and rational endeavor on the other lends an almost painful interest to travelling in England, for in no other country are these opposites so fully developed.

*Barlow's Diary, July* 1.

A fine race, these fishermen! I've been talking with several of them. They speak familiarly of Quebec and Norfolk, of Cape Town and the Mediterranean. Some have been masters of vessels, some have been mates. The main part of them are elderly. All have soft deep voices, quiet manners, and a neat appearance. Half a dozen of them are usually to be found sitting on a bench below my window. I have not heard them utter a rude word, and they are always lending a hand to somebody, a child, an old woman, an inquiring stranger. When the tide is out they look to the moorings of their boats or inspect seams and tackle, for then the armful of space inside the pier is dry. A fall from the pier-head would mean forty feet onto hard rock. Their activities are chiefly two. They row out to meet steamers, from which they land passengers and baggage. In this work they are a co-operative society, putting their profits into a common pool. Then there is the fishing. Last night when I went to bed, three sloops lay high and dry just outside my window, which opens on the harbor, while Keith's looks out to sea. This morning they were gone. It was full tide about three o'clock, and water enough then, but how silently the men must have worked! They catch sole and plaice and conger-eels. In winter they fish for herring, and Clovelly herring have a high reputation.

"When you roast them over the fire they drip oil like a rasher of fat bacon; I wish I had a-got one for my supper this evening," said old Mr. B., his face lighting up.

"The conger is the curiousest fish," he resumed, striking a match on the kitchen stove, which is not at all like an American range, being built for greater economy of fuel. "I've never been able to make out how her breeds. Cut her open, and there's nawthing inside. And her do bark like a dog, as you know."

Because of the rain, his little room looked more than ever like a ship's cabin. My

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head almost touched the ceiling, and it seemed as if nearly every necessary of life was contained within the four walls. The deep window, wider than it was high, gave sight of heaving water and no land, for the cliffs were shrouded in mist. The spaces not taken up with cupboard doors were mostly filled with pictures of vessels, one a bark of which the old man's eldest son is master, trading between Australia and Chili.

"I've worked hard, sir, in my time," he said, as he looked at the pictures. "A sailor had small wages then. What do you think of fower pound a month for a master, and two pound or two pound five for an able-bodied seaman? I useded to wonder, I did, how the missus made out. Of course I had a-got to spend a little on tobacco and washing." I had always supposed sailors did their own washing.

"I've often thought I should like to live at Norfolk, in Virginia. That's the only port in America I ever was in except Quebec. We went ashore, some of us, at Norfolk, to seek a house of worship, and found a building from which there came forth a great sound. When us looked into mun, what do you think we seed? Black men a-singing, with teeth that white I sha'n't forget 'em! And all jumping up and down and shouting and the preacher not a-heeding of them, not a bit, but a-preaching away."

It is one of the advantages of talk with Mr. B. that it need not be consecutive. There was a long pause and a relighting of pipes before he resumed: "I remember the press-gang. I recollect, when I was a boy, seeing a man—oh, I've seed mun often—they useded to call him Duckie," he chuckled, "who hid himself every time the press-gang came. That was during the French war. The press-gang would come and take men right on the beach there. In them days the sewer flowed right open through the midst of the street. And it went under his house, and there he would hide him. And when the women came to feed mun they called, 'Duckie, Duckie, Duckie,' and he always went by that name, and I've seed him, many's the time."

He said he had come near going as a midshipman in the Crimean War. "And I might have been a head shorter if I had," he reflected. And he then expressed his firm belief that arbitration would henceforth take the place of war. "Let them that make wars do the fighting, and not cause the community to suffer."

This is a truly modern note in the country of the old sea-rovers and in a village where Charles Kingsley once lived. Kingsley, Tennyson, Kipling—shall we ever again hear poets glorifying war? Poets or no poets, Parliament has voted to build five new Dreadnoughts, against the general protest of thinking men. A theme for Keith! He, by the way, is plucking up a little. I gave him a rating last night. It is a shame to come to the fairest spot in the world and turn one's eyes inward.

*Keith's Diary, July 2.*

I read in a London newspaper this morning that Americans have the habit of making superficial generalizations. The remark is not profound. In fact I should have said that Americans as a rule do not go so far as to generalize. We rest content with facts and their more obvious workings. As a teacher, my greatest difficulty has been to get my pupils to take an interest in ideas. And how often, when one meets a celebrity and hopes to hear some good conversation, one is fobbed off with stories and special cases! Anecdotes are the bane of good table-talk. It would certainly be unfair to generalize from what I have seen of Clovelly. It is clean; but not many villages have a stair instead of a street. It is quiet; but that is because the stair is too steep for traffic. It is charmingly domestic; but that is a mark of its peculiar political status, for it is all owned by one person, who tolerates the existence of only two shops. It is vain to generalize, and yet I cannot help drawing certain inferences from what I see. Clovelly is a feudal village which has come almost unscathed through the era of individualism and competitive industry. It should be easy for Clovelly to find itself at home in the coming age as a pure socialistic community. The people have been trained to mutual dependence and respect. Their chief means of livelihood is organized on a co-operative basis. I see every day many proofs of their good-will toward one another. Their faces, voices, and manners bear marks of habitual courtesy. What if there is a patroness living at Clovelly Court to whom they pay rent and whose regulations help to keep the place free from ugliness and internal rivalry? The essential

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thing is that, with practically no competition among its inhabitants, Clovelly appears happier and more prosperous than any other place I have ever seen.

And as to the effect of co-operation upon personality, the stale argument of individualists is stunningly refuted here. Clovelly sailors, from the time of Queen Bess to our own, have set their mark fairly high in manly achievement. The flashing eye, the ready hand, the frank speech of these good fellows do not belong to shirks and sluggards. Here are men who live ready at any moment to launch their life-boat, and women who pass anxious nights when the herring-fleet is out. The coast is very dangerous, and many a vessel has been crunched by the black teeth that grind and foam off Hartland Point. A curious account of the globe could be compiled in Clovelly from the stories of sailors who have been in all its quarters. I encountered a lively old chap breaking stone on the Bideford high-road this morning. He looked more like a pirate than a road-mender, and when I remarked that the sun was hot, he wiped his face and said: "I've seed mun at the equator, and him's hotter yerr." A Clovelly lad came home not long ago after spending three years on a desert island, shipwrecked with two companions.

Barlow would approve of what I have written this morning.

*Barlow's Diary, July 2.*

My plain, slow blood is all of English derivation, I believe. That may be one reason for my immense delight in this place. Where, I ask, could one find such an inn, except in England? It is as neat as a model yacht; the wood-work shines white and the brass knobs glitter. The deft maids move without sound. Up the street, in green door-ways of white cottages, canaries in their cages sing no less happy than the free robins hopping in the gardens. Gardens! They are often only green tubs filled with earth, but their overflow of roses and fuchsia makes a bower of every window.

At a certain time in the afternoon, when a steamer has landed its passengers, signs are shrinkingly hung out: "Plain Tea 6 d." or "Teas, Beds, Post-cards"; but they disappear again, as if with relief, when the emergency is over. From the upper turns of the stair, the sea, viewed through vast embrasures of foliage, already looks blue and distant, and we hear but faintly the Yo-ho of our sailor friends warping in a trawler. The characteristic red soil of Devon shows beneath the roots of elms and oaks in the high banks of the sunken road that winds away southward. Here, in the uplands, are no fences or hedges, properly speaking. The fields are divided by dykes of stone filled and topped with earth and overgrown with moss and fern. Clovelly Court, the ancient home of the Carys, played a part in sixteenth-century history, American as well as English, but its aspect has the uninteresting smoothness of youth compared with the ramparts called Clovelly Dykes, half a mile inland. This is a vast enclosure, of prehistoric antiquity, in which a whole tribe of early Britons may have sheltered themselves.

I feel perfectly justified in enjoying a place like this. My conscience does not trouble me in the least. I am not discouraged, but delighted, to find such perfection, even if the dominant influence is aristocratic and I am a believer in democracy. By patient attention to details we may at home attain in time, in much time, to an equitable and settled order and its fruits of manners and beauty. "Ripeness is all."

The contrast still troubles poor Keith, though his mind is now working less feverishly. I shall try to comfort him by pointing out the greater contrast between the clan who built and defended that encampment in the stone age and the splendid men, probably their descendants, who live to-day in Clovelly. He will argue that painfully conscious effort preceded every one of the myriad imperceptible changes and that often the improvement came with a bound, when the sum of many efforts caused a revolution. He will put himself back in imagination until he shivers with the half-clad Celt and groans with the oppressed Saxon. I, on the contrary, am able to contemplate so remote a train of sorrows with detachment, perceiving that they have, on the whole, been growing lighter, but not admitting that the self-determined struggles of any individual have made the slightest difference. I see humanity as an organism, flowering here and there, owing to causes so hidden and so grand that I call them divine. Keith feels the divinity within him, a God in pain, a God coming into being through moral strife.

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# THE HEART OF THE HILLS

## BY JOHN FOX, JR.

### VIII

ST. HILDA sat on the vine-covered porch of her little log cabin, high on the hill-side, with a look of peace in her big dreaming eyes. From the frame house a few rods below her, mountain children—boys and girls—were darting in and out, busy as bees, and, unlike the dumb, pathetic little people out in the hills, alert, keen-eyed, cheerful, and happy. Under the log foot-bridge the shining creek ran down past the mountain village below, where the cupola of the court-house rose above the hot dirt streets, the ramshackle hotel, and the dingy stores and frame dwellings of the town. Across the bridge her eyes rested on another neat well-built log cabin with a grass plot around it and running alongside and covered with honeysuckle —a pergola! That was her hospital down there—empty, thank God. With a little turn of her strong white chin, her eyes rested on the charred foundation of her school-house, to which some mean hand had applied the torch a month ago, and were lifted swiftly to the mountain-side, where mountain men were chopping down trees and mountain oxen yanking them down the steep slopes to the bank of the creek, and then the peace of them went deeper still, for they could look back on her work and find it good. Nun-like in renunciation, she had given up her beloved blue-grass land, she had left home and kindred, and she had settled, two days' journey from a railroad, in the hills. She had gone back to the physical life of the pioneers, she had encountered the customs and sentiments of mediæval days, and no abbess of those days, carrying light into dark places, needed more courage and devotion to meet the hardships, sacrifice, and prejudice that she had overcome. She brought in the first wagon load of window-panes for darkened homes before she even tapped on the window of a darkened mind; but when she did, no plants ever turned more eagerly toward the light than did the youthful souls of those Kentucky hills. She started with five pupils in a log cabin. She built a homely frame house with five rooms, only to find more candidates clamoring at her door. She taught the girls to cook, sew, wash and iron, clean house, and make baskets, and the boys to use tools, to farm, make garden, and take care of animals; and she taught them all to keep clean. Out in the hills she found good old names, English and Scotch-Irish. She found men who "made their mark" boasting of grandfathers who were "scholars." In one household she came upon a time-worn set of the "British Poets" up to the nineteenth century, and such was the sturdy character of the hillsmen that she tossed the theory aside that they were the descendants of the riffraff of the Old World, tossed it as a miserable slander and looked upon them as the same blood as the people of the blue-grass, the valleys, and the plains beyond. On the westward march they had simply dropped behind, and their isolation had left them in a long sleep that had given them a long rest, but had done them no real harm. Always in their eyes, however, she was a woman, and no woman was "fitten" to teach school. She was more—a "fotched-on" woman, a distrusted "furriner," and she was carrying on a "slavery school." Sometimes she despaired of ever winning their unreserved confidence, but out of the very depth of that despair to which the firebrand of some miscreant had plunged her, rose her star of hope, for then the Indian-like stoicism of her neighbors melted and she learned the place in their hearts that was really hers. Other neighborhoods asked for her to come to them, but her own would not let her go. Straightway there was nothing to eat, smoke, chew, or wear that grew or was made in those hills that did not pour toward her. Land was given her,



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even money was contributed for rebuilding, and when money was not possible, this man and that gave his axe, his horse, his wagon, and his services as a laborer for thirty and sixty days. So that those axes gleaming in the sun on the hill-side, those straining muscles, and those sweating brows meant a labor of love going on for her. No wonder the peace of her eyes was deep.

And yet St. Hilda, as one forsaken lover in the blue-grass now called her, opened the little roll-book in her lap and sighed deeply, for in there on her waiting-list were the names of a hundred children for whom, with all the rebuilding, she would have no place. Only the day before a mountaineer had brought in nine boys and girls, his stepdaughter's and his own, and she had sadly turned them away. Still they were coming in name and in person, on horseback, in wagon and afoot, and among them was Jason Hawn, who was starting toward her that morning from far away over the hills.

Over there the twin spirals of smoke no longer rose on either side of the ridge and drifted upward, for both cabins were closed. Jason's sale was just over—the sale of one cow, two pigs, a dozen chickens, one stove, and a few pots and pans—the neighbors were gone, and Jason sat alone on the porch with more money in his pocket than he had ever seen at one time in his life. His bow and arrow were in one hand, his father's rifle was over his shoulder, and his old nag was hitched to the fence. The time had come. He had taken a farewell look at the black column of coal he had unearthed for others, the circuit rider would tend his little field of corn on shares, Mavis would live with the circuit rider's wife, and his grandfather had sternly forbidden the boy to take any hand in the feud. The geologist had told him to go away and get an education, his Uncle Arch had offered to pay his way if he would go to the blue-grass to school—an offer that the boy curtly declined—and now he was starting to the settlement school of which he had heard so much, in the county-seat of an adjoining county. For, even though run by women it must be better than nothing, better than being beholden to his Uncle Arch, better than a place where people and country were strange. So, Jason mounted his horse, rode down to the forks of the creek and drew up at the circuit-rider's house, where Mavis and the old woman came out to the gate to say good-by. The boy had not thought much about the little girl and the loneliness of her life after he was gone, for he was the man, he was the one to go forth and do; and it was for Mavis to wait for him to come back. But when he handed her the bow and arrow and told her they were hers, the sight of her face worried him deeply.

"I'm a-goin' over thar an' if I like it an' thar's a place fer you, I'll send the nag back fer you, too."

He spoke with manly condescension only to comfort her, but the eager gladness that leaped pitifully from her eyes so melted him that he added impulsively:

"S'pose you git up behind me an' go with me right now."

"Mavis ain't goin' now," said the old woman sharply. "You go on whar you're goin' an' come back fer her."

"All right," said Jason, greatly relieved. "Take keer o' yourselves."

With a kick he started the old nag and again pulled in.

"An' if you leave afore I git back, Mavis, I'm a-goin' to come atter you, no matter whar you air—some day."

"Good-by," faltered the little girl, and she watched him ride down the creek and disappear, and her tears came only when she felt the old woman's arms around her.

"Don't you mind, honey."

Over ridge and mountain and up and down the rocky beds of streams jogged Jason's old nag for two days until she carried him to the top of the wooded ridge, whence he looked down on the little mountain town and the queer buildings of the settlement school. And half an hour later St. Hilda saw him cross the creek below the bridge, ride up to the foot-path gate, hitch his old mare, and come straight to her where she sat, in a sturdy way that fixed her interest instantly and keenly.

"I've come over hyeh to stay with ye," he said simply.

St. Hilda hesitated and distress kept her silent.

"My name's Jason Hawn. I come from t'other side o' the mountain an' I hain't got no home."

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"I'm sorry, little man," she said gently, "but we have no place for you."

The boy's eyes darted to one side and the other.

"Shucks! I can sleep out thar in that woodshed. I hain't axin' no favors. I got a leetle money an' I can work like a man."

Now while St. Hilda's face was strong, her heart was divinely weak and Jason saw it. Unhesitatingly he climbed the steps, handed his rifle to her, sat down, and at once began taking stock of everything about him—the boy swinging an axe at the wood-pile, the boy feeding the hogs and chickens; another starting off on an old horse with a bag of corn for the mill, another ploughing the hill-side. Others were digging ditches, working in a garden, mending a fence, and making cinder paths. But in all this his interest was plainly casual until his eyes caught sight of a pile of lumber at the door of the workshop below and through the windows the occasional gleam of some shining tool. Instantly one eager finger shot out.

"I want to go down thar."

Good-humoredly St. Hilda took him, and when Jason looked upon boys of his own age chipping, hewing, planing lumber, and making furniture, so busy that they scarcely gave him a glance, St. Hilda saw his eyes light and his fingers twitch.

"Gee!" he whispered with a catch of his breath, "this is the place fer me."

But when they went back and Jason put his head into the big house, St. Hilda saw his face darken, for in there boys were washing dishes and scrubbing floors.

"Does all the boys have to do that?" he asked with great disgust.

"Oh, yes," she said.

Jason turned abruptly away from the door and when he passed a window of the cottage on the way back to her cabin and saw two boys within making up beds, he gave a grunt of scorn and derision and he did not follow her up the steps.

"Gimme back my gun," he said.

"Why, what's the matter, Jason?"

"This is a gal's school—hit hain't no place fer me."

It was no use for her to tell him that soldiers made their own beds and washed their own dishes, for his short answer was:

"Mebbe they had to, 'cause thar wasn't no women folks around, but he didn't," and his face was so hopelessly set and stubborn that she handed him the old gun without another word. For a moment he hesitated, lifting his solemn eyes to hers. "I want you to know I'm much obleeged," he said. Then he turned away, and St. Hilda saw him mount his old nag, climb the ridge opposite without looking back, and pass over the summit.

Old Jason Hawn was sitting up in a chair when two days later disgusted little Jason rode up to his gate.

"They wanted me to do a gal's work over thar," he explained shortly, and the old man nodded grimly with sympathy and understanding.

"I was lookin' fer ye to come back."

Old Aaron Honeycutt had been winged through the shoulder while the lad was away and the feud score had been exactly evened by the ambushing of another of the tribe. On this argument Arch Hawn was urging a resumption of the truce, but both clans were armed and watchful and everybody was looking for a general clash on the next county-court day. The boy soon rose restlessly.

"Whar you goin'?"

"I'm a-goin' to look atter my corn."

At the forks of the creek the old circuit rider hailed Jason gladly, and he, too, nodded with approval when he heard the reason the boy had come back.

"I'll make ye a present o' the work I've done in yo' corn—bein' as I must 'a' worked might' nigh an hour up thar yestiddy an' got plumb tuckered out. I come might' nigh fallin' out, hit was so steep, an' if I had, I reckon I'd 'a' broke my neck."

The old woman appeared on the porch and she, too, hailed the boy with a bantering tone and a quizzical smile.

"One o' them fotched-on women whoop ye fer missin' yo' a-b-c's?" she asked. Jason scowled.

"Whar's Mavis?" The old woman laughed teasingly.

"Why hain't ye heerd the news? How long d'ye reckon a purty gal like Mavis was a-goin' to wait fer you? 'Member that good-lookin' little furrin feller who was down here from the settlemints? Well, he come back an' tuk her away."

Jason knew the old woman was teasing him, and instead of being angry, as she ex-

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pected, he looked so worried and distressed that she was sorry, and her rasping old voice became gentle with affection.

"Mavis's gone to the settlemints, honey. Her daddy sent fer her an' I made her go. She's whar she belongs—up thar with him an' yo' mammy. Go put yo' hoss in the stable an' come an' live right here with us."

Jason shook his head and without answer turned his horse down the creek again. A little way down he saw three Honeycutts coming, all armed, and he knew that to avoid passing his grandfather's house they were going to cross the ridge and strike the head of their own creek. One of them was a boy—"little Aaron"—less than two years older than himself, and little Aaron not only had a pistol buckled around him, but carried a Winchester across his saddle-bow. The two men grinned and nodded good naturedly to him, but the boy Aaron pulled his horse across the road and stopped Jason, who had stood many a taunt from him.

"Which side air you on *now?*" asked Aaron contemptuously.

"You git out o' my road!"

"Hit's my road now," said Aaron, tapping his Winchester, "an' I've got a great notion o' makin' you git offen that ole bag o' bones an' dance fer me." One of the Honeycutts turned in his saddle.

"Come on," he shouted angrily, "an' let that boy alone."

"All right," he shouted back, and then to his white, quivering, helpless quarry:

"I'll let ye off this time, but next time——"

"I'll be ready fer ye," broke in Jason.

The lad's mind was made up now. He put the old nag in a lope down the rocky creek. He did not even go to his grandfather's for dinner, but turned at the river in a gallop for town. The rock-pecker, and even Mavis, were gone from his mind, and the money in his pocket was going, not for love or learning, but for pistol and cartridge now.

## IX

SEPTEMBER in the blue-grass. The earth cooling from the summer's heat, the nights vigorous and chill, the fields greening with a second spring. Skies long, low, hazy, and gently arched over rolling field and meadow and woodland. The trees gray with the dust that had sifted all summer long from the limestone turnpikes. The streams shrunken to rivulets that trickled through crevices between broad flat stones and oozed through beds of water-cress and crowfoot, horsemint and pickerel-weed, the wells low, cisterns empty, and recourse for water to barrels and the sunken ponds. The farmers cutting corn, still green, for stock, and ploughing ragweed strongholds for the sowing of wheat. The hemp an Indian village of gray wigwams. And a time of weeds—indeed the heyday of weeds of every kind, and the harvest time for the king weed of them all. Everywhere his yellow robes were hanging to poles and drying in the warm sun. Everywhere led the conquering war trail of the unkingly usurper, everywhere in his wake was devastation. The iron-weed had given up his purple crown, and yellow wheat, silver-gray oats, and rippling barley had fled at the sight of his banner to the open sunny spaces as though to make their last stand an indignant appeal that all might see. Even the proud woodlands looked ragged and drooping, for here and there the ruthless marauder had flanked one and driven a battalion into its very heart, and here and there charred stumps told plainly how he had overrun, destroyed, and ravished the virgin soil beneath. A fuzzy little parasite was throttling the life of the Kentuckian's hemp. A bewhiskered moralist in a far northern State would one day try to drive the kings of his racing-stable to the plough. A meddling band of fanatical teetotalers would overthrow his merry monarch, King Barleycorn, and the harassed son of the blue-grass, whether he would or not, must turn to the new pretender who was in their midst, uninvited and self-throned.

And with King Tobacco were coming his own human vassals that were to prove a new social discord in the land—up from the river-bottoms of the Ohio and down from the foot-hills of the Cumberland—to plant, worm, tend, and fit those yellow robes to be stuffed into the mouth of the world and spat back again into the helpless face of the earth. And these vassals were supplanting native humanity as the

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plant was supplanting the native products of the soil. And with them and the new king were due in time a train of evils to that native humanity, creating disaffection, dividing households against themselves, and threatening with ruin the lordly social structure itself.

But, for all this, the land that early September morning was a land of peace and plenty, and in field, meadow, and woodland the most foreign note of the landscape was a spot of crimson in the crotch of a high staked and ridered fence on the summit of a little hill, and that spot was a little girl. She had on an old-fashioned poke-bonnet of deep pink, her red dress was of old-fashioned homespun, her stockings were of yarn, and her rough shoes should have been on the feet of a boy. Had the vanished forests and cane-brakes of the eighteenth century covered the land, had the wild beasts and wild men come back to roam them, had the little girl's home been a stockade on the edge of the wilderness, she would have fitted perfectly to the time and the scene, as a little daughter of Daniel Boone. As it was, she felt no less foreign than she looked, for the strangeness of the land and of the people still possessed her so that her native shyness had sunk to depths that were painful. She had a new ordeal before her now, for in her sinewy little hands were a paper bag, a first reader, and a spelling-book, and she was on her way to school. Beneath her the white turnpike wound around the hill and down into a little hollow, and on the crest of the next low hill was a little frame house with a belfry on top. Even while she sat there with parted lips, her face in a tense dream and her eyes dark with dread and indecision, the bell from the little school-house clanged through the still air with a sudden, sharp summons that was so peremptory and personal that she was almost startled from her perch. Not daring to loiter any longer, she leaped lightly to the ground and started in breathless haste up and over the hill. As she went down it, she could see horses hitched to the fence around the yard and school children crowding upon the porch and filing into the door. The last one had gone in before she reached the school-house gate, and she stopped with a thumping heart that quite failed her then and there, for she retreated backward through the gate, to be sure that no one saw her, crept along the stone wall, turned into a lane, and climbed a worm fence into the woods behind the school-house. There she sat down on a log, miserably alone, and over the sunny strange slopes of this new world, on over the foot-hills, her mind flashed to the big far-away mountains and, dropping her face into her hands, she began to sob out her loneliness and sorrow. The cry did her good, and by and by she lifted her head, rubbed her reddened eyes with the back of one hand, half rose to go to the school-house, and sank helplessly down on the thick grass by the side of the log. The sun beat warmly and soothingly down on her. The grass and even the log against her shoulders were warm and comforting, and the hum of insects about her was so drowsy that she yawned and settled deeper into the grass, and presently she passed into sleep and dreams of Jason. Jason was in the feud. She could see him crouched in some bushes and peering through them on the lookout evidently for some Honeycutt; and slipping up the other side of the hill was a Honeycutt looking for Jason. Somehow she knew it was the Honeycutt who had slain the boy's father, and she saw the man creep through the brush and worm his way on his belly to a stump above where Jason sat. She saw him thrust his Winchester through the leaves, she tried to shriek a warning to Jason, and she awoke so weak with terror that she could hardly scramble to her feet. Just then the air was rent with shrill cries, she saw school-boys piling over a fence and rushing toward her hiding-place and, her wits yet ungathered, she turned and fled in terror down the hill, nor did she stop until the cries behind her grew faint; and then she was much ashamed of herself. Nobody was in pursuit of her—it was the dream that had frightened her. She could almost step on the head of her own shadow now, and that fact and a pang of hunger told her it was noon. It was noon recess back at the school and those school-boys were on their way to a playground. She had left her lunch at the log where she slept, and so she made her way back to it, just in time to see two boys pounce

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on the little paper bag lying in the grass. There was no shyness about her then—that bag was hers—and she flashed forward.

"Gimme that poke!"

The wrestling stopped and, startled by the cry and the apparition, the two boys fell apart.

"What?" said the one with the bag in his hand, while the other stared at Mavis with puzzled amazement.

"Gimme that poke!" blazed the girl, and the boy laughed, for the word has almost passed from the vocabulary of the blue-grass. He held it high.

"Jump for it!" he teased.

"I hain't goin' to jump fer it—hit's mine."

Her hands clenched and she started slowly toward him.

"Give her the bag," said the other boy so imperatively that the little girl stopped with a quick and trustful shift of her own burden to him.

"She's got to jump for it!"

The other boy smiled, and it strangely seemed to Mavis that she had seen that smile before.

"Oh, I reckon not," he said quietly, and in a trice the two boys in a close, fierce grapple were rocking before her and the boy with the bag went to the earth first.

"Gouge him!" shrieked the mountain girl, and she rushed to them while they were struggling, snatched the bag from the loosened fingers, and, seeing the other boys on a run for the scene, fled for the lane. From the other side of the fence she saw the two lads rise, one still smiling, the other crying with anger; the school-bell clanged and she was again alone. Hurriedly she ate the bacon and corn bread in the bag and then she made her way back along the lane, by the stone wall, through the school-house gate, and gathering her courage with one deep breath, she climbed the steps resolutely and stood before the open door. The teacher, a tall man in a long black frock-coat, had his back to her, the room was crowded, and she saw no vacant seat. Every pair of eyes within was raised to her, and instantly she caught another surprised and puzzled stare from the boy who had taken her part a little while before. The teacher, seeing the attention of his pupils fixed somewhere behind him, turned to see the quaint figure, dismayed and helpless, in the doorway, and he went quickly toward her.

"This way," he said kindly, and pointing to a seat, he turned again to his pupils.

Still they stared toward the newcomer, and he turned again. The little girl's flushed face was still hidden by her bonnet, but before he reached her to tell her quietly she must take it off, she had seen that all the heads about her were bare and was pulling it off herself—disclosing a riotous mass of black hair, combed straight back from her forehead and gathered into a Psyche knot at the back of her head. Slowly the flush passed, but not for some time did she lift the extraordinary lashes that veiled her eyes to take a furtive glance about her. But, as the pupils bent more to their books, she grew bolder and looked about oftener and keenly, and she saw with her own eyes and in every pair of eyes whose glance she met, how different she was from all the other girls. For it was a look of wonder and amusement that she encountered each time, and sometimes two girls would whisper behind their hands and laugh, or one would nudge her desk-mate to look around at the stranger, so that the flush came back to Mavis's face and stayed there. The tall teacher saw, too, and understood, and, to draw no more attention to her than was necessary, he did not go near her until little recess. As he expected, she did not move from her seat when the other pupils trooped out, and when the room was empty he beckoned her to come to his desk, and in a moment, with her two books clasped in her hands, she stood shyly before him, meeting his kind gray searching eyes with unwavering directness.

"You were rather late coming to school."

"I was afeerd." The teacher smiled, for her eyes were fearless.

"What is your name?"

"Mavis Hawn."

Her voice was slow, low, and rich, and in some wonder he half unconsciously repeated the unusual name.

"Where do you live?"

"Down the road a piece—'bout a whoop an' a holler."

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"What? Oh, I see."

He smiled, for she meant to measure distance by sound, and she had used merely a variation of the "far cry" of Elizabethan days.

"Your father works in tobacco?" She nodded.

"You come from near the Ohio River?"

She looked puzzled.

"I come from the mountains."

"Oh!"

He understood now her dress and speech, and he was not surprised at the answer to his next question.

"I hain't nuver been to school. Pap couldn't spare me."

"Can you read and write?"

"No," she said, but she flushed, and he knew straightway the sensitiveness and pride with which he would have to deal.

"Well," he said kindly, "we will begin now."

And he took the alphabet and told her the names of several letters and had her try to make them with a lead pencil, which she did with such uncanny seriousness and quickness that the pity of it that in his own State such intelligence should be going to such broadcaste waste for the want of such elemental opportunities struck him deeply. The general movement to save that waste was only just beginning, and in that movement he meant to play his part. He was glad now to have under his own supervision one of those mountaineers of whom, but for one summer, he had known so little and heard so much—chiefly to their discredit—and he determined then and there to do all he could for her. So he took her back to her seat with a copy-book and pencil and told her to go on with her work, and that he would go to see her father and mother as soon as possible.

"I hain't got no mammy—hit's a stepmammy," she said, and she spoke of the woman as of a horse or a cow, and again he smiled. Then as he turned away he repeated her name to himself and with a sudden wonder turned quickly back.

"I used to know some Hawns down in your mountains. A little fellow named Jason Hawn used to go around with me all the time."

Her eyes filled and then flashed happily.

"Why, mebbe you air the rock-pecker?"

"The what?"

"The jologist. Jason's my cousin. I wasn't thar that summer. Jason's always talkin' 'bout you."

"Well, well—I guess I am. That is curious."

"Jason's mammy was a Honeycutt an' she married my daddy an' they run away," she went on eagerly, "an' I had to foller 'em."

"Where's Jason?" Again her eyes filled.

"I don't know."

John Burnham put his hand on her head gently and turned to his desk. He rang the bell and when the pupils trooped back she was hard at work, and she felt proud when she observed several girls looking back to see what she was doing, and again she was mystified that each face showed the same expression of wonder and of something else that curiously displeased her, and she wondered afresh why it was that everything in that strange land held always something that she could never understand. But a disdainful whisper came back to her that explained it all.

"Why, that new girl is only learning her a-b-c's," said a girl, and her desk-mate turned to her with a quick rebuke.

"Don't—she'll hear you."

Mavis caught the latter's eyes that instant, and with a warm glow at her heart looked her gratitude, and then she almost cried her surprise aloud—it was the stranger-girl who had been in the mountains—Marjorie. The girl looked back in a puzzled way, and a moment later Mavis saw her turn to look again. This time the mountain girl answered with a shy smile, and Marjorie knew her, nodded in a gay, friendly way, and bent her head to her book.

Presently she ran her eyes down the benches where the boys sat, and there was Gray waiting apparently for her to look around, for he too nodded gayly to her, as though he had known her from the start. The teacher saw the exchange of little civilities and he was much puzzled, especially when, the moment school was over, he saw the lad hurry to catch Marjorie, and the two then turn together toward the little stranger. Both thrust out their hands, and the little mountain girl, so unaccus-

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tomed to polite formalities, was quite helpless with embarrassment, so the teacher went over to help her out and Gray explained:

"Marjorie and I stayed with her grandfather, and didn't we have a good time, Marjorie?"

Marjorie nodded with some hesitation, and Gray went on:

"How—how is he now?"

"Grandpap's right peart now."

"And how's your cousin—Jason?"

The question sent such a sudden wave of homesickness through Mavis that her answer was choked, and Marjorie understood and she put her arm around Mavis's shoulder.

"You must be lonely up here. Where do you live?" And when she tried to explain Gray broke in.

"Why, you must be one of our ten—you must live on our farm. Isn't that funny?"

"And I live further down the road across the pike," said Marjorie.

"In that great big house in the woods?"

"Yes," nodded Marjorie, "and you must come to see me."

Mavis's eyes had the light of gladness in them now, and through them looked a grateful heart. Outside, Gray got Marjorie's pony for her, the two mounted, rode out the gate and went down the pike at a gallop, and Marjorie whirled in her saddle and waved her bonnet back at the little mountaineer. The teacher, who stood near watching them, turned to go back and close up the school-house.

"I'm coming to see your father, and we'll get some books, and you are going to study so hard that you won't have time to get homesick any more," he said kindly, and Mavis started down the road, climbed the staked and ridered fence, and made her way across the fields. She had been lonely, and now homesickness came back to her worse than ever, and she wondered about Jason—where he was and what he was doing and whether she would ever see him again. And the memory of her parting with him came back to her—how he looked as she saw him for the last time sitting on his old nag, sturdy and apparently unmoved, and riding out of her sight in just that way; and she heard again his last words as though they were sounding then in her ears:

"I'm a-goin' to come an' git you—some day."

And since that day she had heard of him but once, and that was lately, when Arch Hawn had come to see her father and the two had talked a long time. They were all well, Arch said, down in the mountains. Jason had come back from the settlement school. Little Aaron Honeycutt had bantered him in the road and Jason had gone wild. He had galloped down to town, bought a Colt's forty-five and a pint of whiskey, had ridden right up to old Aaron Honeycutt's gate, shot off his pistol, and dared little Aaron to come out and fight. Little Aaron wanted to go, but old Aaron held him back, and Jason sat on his nag at the gate and "cussed out" the whole tribe, and swore "he'd kill every dad-blasted one of 'em if only to git the feller who shot his daddy." Old Aaron had behaved mighty well, and he and old Jason had sent each other word that they would keep both the boys out of the trouble. Then Arch had brought about another truce and little Jason had worked his crop and was making a man of himself. It was Archer Hawn who had insisted that Mavis herself should go to school and had agreed to pay all her expenses, but in spite of her joy at that, she was heart-broken when he was gone, and when she caught her stepmother weeping in the kitchen a vague sympathy had drawn them for the first time a little nearer together.

From the top of the little hill her new home was visible across a creek and by the edge of a lane. As she crossed a foot bridge and made her way noiselessly along the dirt road she heard voices around a curve of the lane and she came upon a group of men leaning against a fence. In the midst of them was her father, and they were arguing with him earnestly and he was shaking his head.

"Them toll-gates hain't a-hurtin' me none," she heard him drawl. "I don't understand this business, an' I hain't goin' to git mixed up in hit."

Then he saw her coming and he stopped, and the others looked at her uneasily, she thought, as if wondering what she might have heard.

"Go on home, Mavis," he said shortly, and as she passed on no one spoke until

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she was out of hearing. Some mischief was afoot, but she was not worried, nor was her interest aroused at all.

A moment later she could see her stepmother seated on her porch and idling in the warm sun. The new home was a little frame house, neat and well built. There was a good fence around the yard and the garden and behind the garden was an orchard of peach trees and apple trees. The house was guttered and behind the kitchen was a tiny grape-arbor, a hen-house, and a cistern—all strange appurtenances to Mavis. The two spoke only with a meeting of the eyes, and while the woman looked her curiosity she asked no questions and Mavis volunteered no information.

"Did you see Steve a-talkin' to some fellers down the road?"

Mavis nodded.

"Did ye hear whut they was talkin' about?"

"Somethin' about the toll-gates."

A long silence followed.

"The teacher said he was comin' over to see you and pap."

"Whut fer?"

"I dunno."

After another silence Mavis went on:

"The teacher is that rock-pecker Jason was always a-talkin' 'bout."

The woman's interest was aroused now, for she wondered if he were coming over to ask her any troublesome questions.

"Well, ain't that queer?"

"An' that boy an' gal who was a-stayin' with grandpap was thar at school too, an' she axed me to come over an' see her."

This the stepmother was not surprised to hear, for she knew on whose farm they were living and why they were there, and she had her own reasons for keeping the facts from Mavis.

"Well, you oughter go."

"I am a-goin'."

Mavis missed the mountains miserably when she went to bed that night—missed the gloom and lift of them through her window, and the rolling sweep of the land under the moon looked desolate and lonely and more than ever strange. A loping horse passed on the turnpike, and she could hear it coming on the hard road far away and going far away, and then a buggy and then a clattering group of horsemen, and indeed everything heralded its approach at a great distance, and she missed the stillness of the hills, for on the night air was the barking of dogs, whinny of horses, lowing of cattle, the song of a night-prowling negro, and now and then the screech of a peacock. She missed Jason wretchedly, too, for there had been so much talk of him during the day, and she went to sleep with her lashes wet with tears. Some time during the night she was awakened by pistol-shots, and her dream of Jason made her think that she was at home again. But no mountains met her startled eyes through the window. Instead a red glare hung above the woods, there was the clatter of hoofs on the pike, and flames shot above the tops of the trees. Nor could it be a forest fire such as was common at home, for the woods were not thick enough. This land, it seemed, had troubles of its own, as did her mountains, but at least folks did not burn folks' houses in the hills.

## X

On the top of a bushy foot-hill the old nag stopped, lifted her head and threw her ears forward as though to gaze, like any traveller to a strange land, upon the rolling expanse beneath, and the lad on her back voiced her surprise and his own with a long, low whistle of amazement. He folded his hands on the pommel of his saddle and the two searched the plains below long and hard, for neither knew so much level land was spread out anywhere on the face of the earth. The lad had a huge pistol buckled around him; he looked half dead with sleeplessness and the old nag was weary and sore, for Jason was in flight from trouble back in those hills. He had kept his promise to his grandfather that summer, as little Aaron Honeycutt had kept his. Neither had taken part in the feud, and even after the truce came, each had kept out of the other's way. When Jason's corn was gathered there was nothing for him to do and the lad had grown restless. While roaming the woods one day, a pheasant had hurtled over his head. He had followed it, sighted it, and was sinking down behind a bowlder to get a rest for his pistol when the voices of two Honeycutts who had met in

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the road just under him stopped his finger on the trigger.

"That boy's a-goin' to bust loose some day," said one voice. "I've heerd him a-shootin' at a tree every day for a month up thar above his corn-field."

"Oh, no, he ain't," said the other. "He's just gittin' ready fer the man who shot his daddy."

"Well, who the hell *was* the feller?"

The other man laughed, lowered his voice, and the heart of the listening lad thumped painfully against the bowlder under him.

"Well, I hain't nuver told hit afore, but I seed with my own eyes a feller sneakin' outen the bushes ten minutes atter the shot was fired, an' hit was Babe Honeycutt."

A low whistle followed and the two rode on. The pheasant squatted to his limb undisturbed, and the lad lay gripping the bowlder with both hands. He rose presently, his face sick but resolute, slipped down into the road, and, swaying his head with rage, started up the hill toward the Honeycutt cove. On top of the hill the road made a sharp curve and around that curve, as fate would have it, slouched the giant figure of his mother's brother. Babe shouted pleasantly, stopped in sheer amazement when he saw Jason whip his revolver from his holster, and, with no movement to draw his own, leaped for the bushes. Coolly the lad levelled, and when his pistol spoke, Babe's mighty arms flew above his head and the boy heard his heavy body crash down into the undergrowth. In the terrible stillness that followed the boy stood shaking in his tracks —stood until he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs in the creek-bed far below. The two Honeycutts had heard the shot, they were coming back to see what the matter was, and Jason sped as if winged back down the creek. He had broken the truce, his grandfather would be in a rage, the Honeycutts would be after him, and those hills were no place for him. So all that day and through all that night he fled for the big settlements of the blue-grass and but half consciously toward his mother and Mavis Hawn. The fact that Babe was his mother's brother weighed on his mind but little, for the webs of kinship get strangely tangled in a mountain feud and his mother could not and would not blame him. Nor was there remorse or even regret in his heart, but rather the peace of an oath fulfilled—a duty done.

The sun was just coming up over the great black bulks which had given the boy forth that morning to a new world. Back there its mighty rays were shattered against them, and routed by their shadows had fought helplessly on against the gloom of deep ravines—those fortresses of perpetual night — but, once they cleared the eminence where Jason sat, the golden arrows took level flight, it seemed, for the very end of the world. This was the land of the blue-grass—the home of the rock-pecker, home of the men who had robbed him of his land, the refuge of his Cousin Steve, his mother, and little Mavis, and now their home. He could see no end of the land, for on and on it rolled and on and on as far as it rolled were the low woodlands, the fields of corn—more corn than he knew the whole world held —and pastures and sheep and cattle and horses and houses and white fences and big white barns. Little Jason gazed but he could not get his fill. Perhaps the old nag, too, knew those distant fields for corn, for with a whisk of her stubby tail she started of her own accord before he could dig his bare heels into her bony sides and went slowly down. The log cabins had disappeared one by one, and most of the houses he now saw were framed. One, however, a relic of pioneer times, was of stone, and at that the boy looked curiously. Several were of red brick and one had a massive portico with great towering columns, and at that he looked more curiously still. Darkies were at work in the fields. He had seen only two or three in his life, and he did not know there were so many in the world as he saw that morning, and now his skin ruffled with some antagonism ages deep. Everybody he met in the road or passed working in the fields gave him a nod and looked curiously at his big pistol, but nobody asked him his name or where he was going or what his business was, and at that he wondered, for everybody in the mountains asked those questions of the stranger, and he had all the lies he meant to tell, ready for any emergency to cover his tracks from any possible pursuers. By and by he

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came to a road that stunned him. It was level and smooth and made, as he saw, of rocks pounded fine, and the old nag lifted her feet and put them down gingerly. And this road never stopped, and there was no more dirt road at all. By and by he noticed running parallel with the turnpike two shining lines of iron, and his curiosity so got the better of him that he finally got off his old nag and climbed the fence to get a better look at them. They were about four feet apart and fastened to thick pieces of timber, and they, too, like everything else, ran on and on, and he mounted and rode along them much puzzled. Presently far ahead of him there was a sudden, unearthly shriek, the rumbling sound of a coming storm, rolling black smoke beyond the crest of a little hill, and a swift huge mass swept into sight and, with another fearful blast, bore straight at him. The old nag snorted with terror, and in terror dashed up the hill, while the boy lay back and pulled helplessly on the reins. When he got her halted the thing had disappeared, and both boy and beast turned heads toward the still terrible sounds of its going. It was the first time either had ever seen a railroad train, and the lad, with a sickly smile that even he had shared the old nag's terror, got her back into the road. At the gate sat a farmer in his wagon and he was smiling.

"Did she come purty near throwin' you?"

"Huh!" grunted Jason contemptuously. "Whut was that?"

The farmer looked incredulous, but the lad was serious.

"That was a railroad train."

"Danged if I didn't think hit was a saw-mill comin' atter me."

The farmer laughed and looked as though he were going to ask questions, but he clucked to his horses and drove on, and Jason then and there swore a mighty oath to himself never again to be surprised by anything else he might see in this new land. All that day he rode steadily and before sundown he pulled up before a house in a cross-roads settlement and asked to stay all night, for the mountaineer does not travel much after nightfall.

"I want to git to stay all night," he said.

The man smiled and understood, for no mountaineer's door is ever closed to the passing stranger and he cannot understand that any door can be closed to him. Jason told the truth that night, for he had to ask questions himself—he was on his way to see his mother and his stepfather and his cousin, who had moved down from the mountains, and to his great satisfaction he learned that it was a ride of but three hours more to Colonel Pendleton's.

When his host showed him his room, he examined his pistol with such care when he unbuckled it, that, looking up, he found a half smile, half frown, and no little suspicion in his host's face; but he made no explanation, and he slept that night with one ear open, for he was not sure yet that no Honeycutt might be following him.

Toward morning he sprang from bed wide awake, alert, caught up his pistol and crept to the window. Two horsemen were at the gate. The door opened below him, his host went out, and the three talked in whispers for a while. Then the horsemen rode away, his host came back into the house, and all was still again. For half an hour the boy waited, his every nerve alive with suspicion. Then he quietly dressed, left half a dollar on the washstand, crept stealthily down the stairs and out to the stable, and was soon pushing his old nag at a weary gallop through the dark.

(To be continued.)



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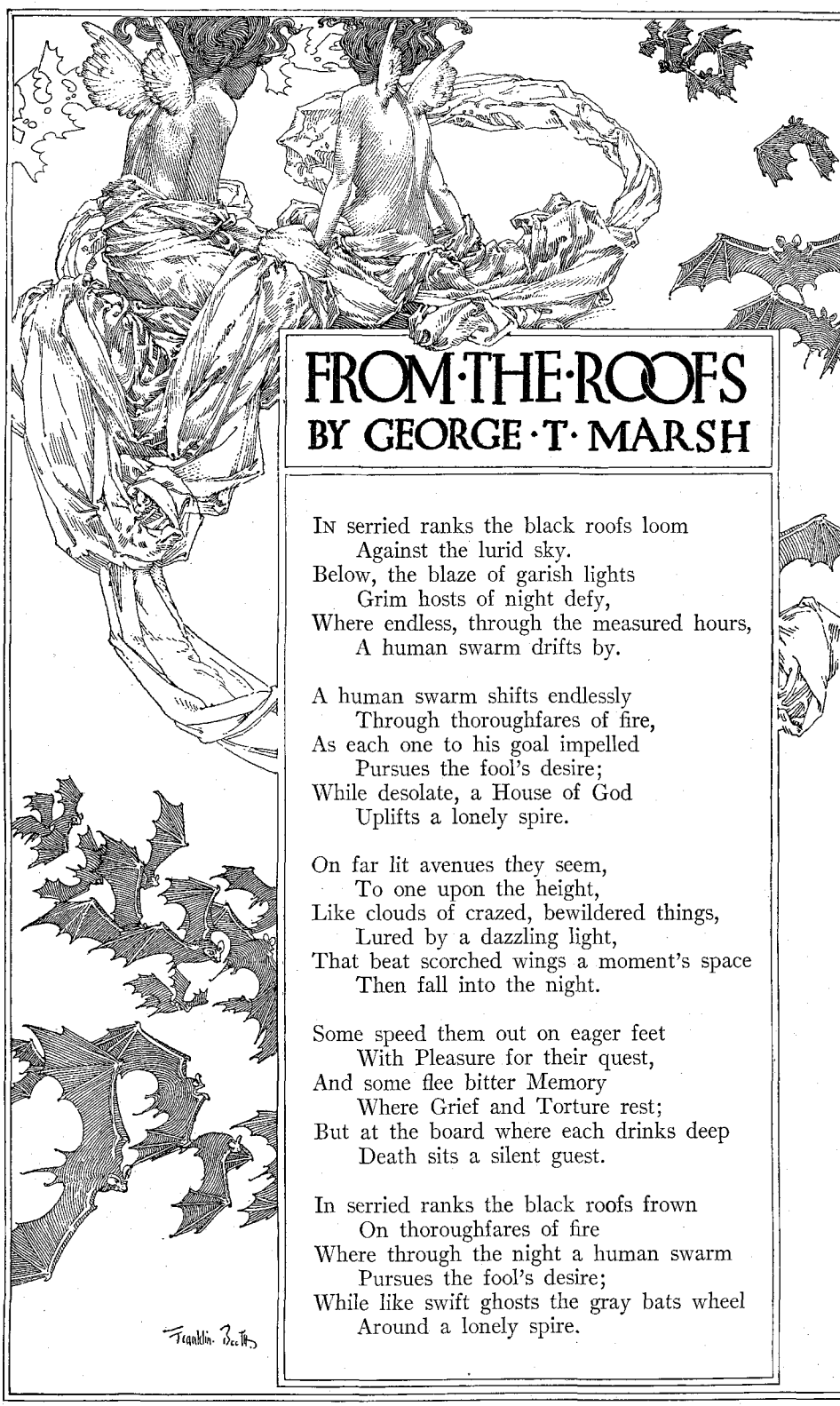

# FROM·THE·ROOFS

## BY GEORGE·T·MARSH

In serried ranks the black roofs loom
Against the lurid sky.
Below, the blaze of garish lights
Grim hosts of night defy,
Where endless, through the measured hours,
A human swarm drifts by.

A human swarm shifts endlessly
Through thoroughfares of fire,
As each one to his goal impelled
Pursues the fool's desire;
While desolate, a House of God
Uplifts a lonely spire.

On far lit avenues they seem,
To one upon the height,
Like clouds of crazed, bewildered things,
Lured by a dazzling light,
That beat scorched wings a moment's space
Then fall into the night.

Some speed them out on eager feet
With Pleasure for their quest,
And some flee bitter Memory
Where Grief and Torture rest;
But at the board where each drinks deep
Death sits a silent guest.

In serried ranks the black roofs frown
On thoroughfares of fire
Where through the night a human swarm
Pursues the fool's desire;
While like swift ghosts the gray bats wheel
Around a lonely spire.

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*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

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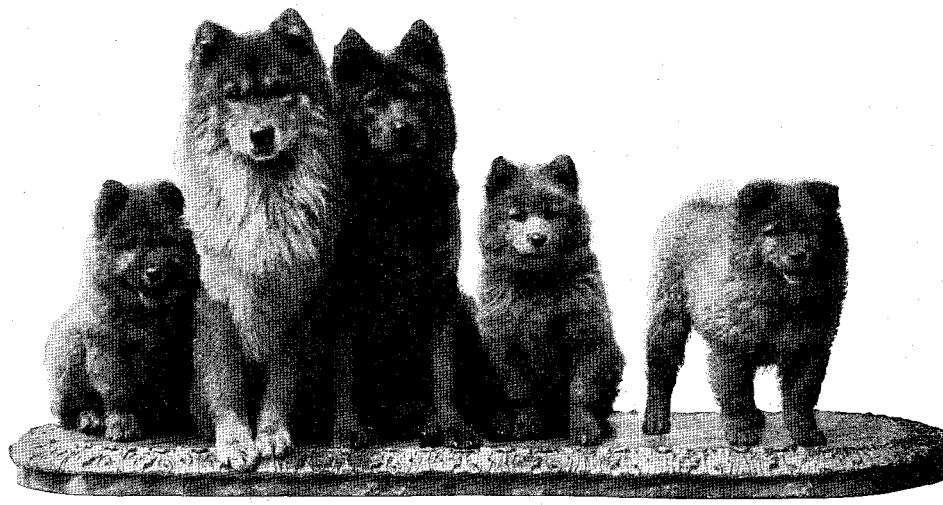

Ying, Ching, and the family.

# YING

## By Lillie Hamilton French

THE puppies began it.

Until they arrived in The Master's studio that domain had been his own, and the sofa his exclusive property.

It was a wonderful sofa, unlike any other in town, and, as if by intent, exactly adapted to maintaining dignities derived from a long line of Chinese progeniture. Silk cushions, soft as kittens, filled it, and in its carved and colored upright posts five great cathedral candles were set. When night fell, and these candles were lighted, the sofa became a kind of illumined altar where he reposed supreme, receiving the adulations of the young and fair.

Ladies invited to tea had knelt before it, struggling with each other for the favor of an extended paw, and uttering exclamations of delight when, for an instant, he turned his royal head in their direction, or deigned to answer with a look of condescending calm. To his accustomed nostrils incense was the breath of life.

As he grew older these ladies had invited him to luncheon with The Master, where, unperturbed, he sat at table like any lord, his leonine head upheld, his grave eyes and quiet dignity a rebuke to liveried flunkies who, smiling, brought him damask napkins. He had frequented many of the best houses in fact, and, like his gay and jovial Master, had never proved himself unmindful of the part a guest should play.

With easy grace he had performed his tricks, jumping over canes and through hooped arms, or, when asked, he had sprung lightly to a chair, risen on his hind legs, curved his long white-lined tail like an ostrich plume over his back, and, placing his fore-paws around The Master's neck, had proved to envying spectators how dearly he loved him; his yellow paws pressed close and his furry head nestled against the other's young and beardless cheek.

At the word of command, too—for this was the one thing over which he hesitated most, having heard good music in the studio—he had jumped to the piano stool, assumed the correct attitude, and struck the keys, modulating his base and treble notes to the moving baton of The Master's finger. The applause that always followed Paderewski himself might have envied, though he, Ying, had received it and the kisses and caresses showered upon him afterward with



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a manner as indifferent as that of one of his own Chinese gods; he knew his own power.

None of that power had been disputed by Ching when she came, with her sweet face, her smoked-amber-colored eyes and her pedigree as long as his own. Like a dutiful spouse, when at tea time the candles were lighted round the curious carved sofa, she had crept away unobserved, while he among the silken cushions sat upright, receiving his daily adulations. When the crowd had gone and the candles were extinguished, he had been gracious enough to admit her to a place beside him, but he had romped with her royally even then. A toss of his head, and she had fallen at his feet, fawning like all the others, and craving demonstrations. Her humility was particularly pleasing.

He had found her, indeed, surprisingly attractive; having until then known only the society of humans. With so adoring a companion at any rate, there were no more lonely hours waiting for the click of The Master's returning key. That which sometimes bored him were her busy-body ways while he was at rest, her nosings about corners which he had taken for granted. These femininities, however, he had been willing to overlook, she was such a sport in the open. Endangering winds meant no more to her than to him as they sailed together with their reckless master, wave-splashed and soaked with water. Glorious blood-bounding days those were, and Ching so endearing in her subtle recognition of his leadership, asking no favors, but swimming contentedly beside him when the boat capsized. Glorious, too, had been those other days when, upright on the chauffeur's seat, their collars chained together, they had driven with The Master up the crowded Riverside, the wind in their faces, the sunshine lighting up their yellow coats, and every passer-by turning to admire—him—of course!

Then, suddenly, without warning, all this was over.

The puppies had come!

Ingratitude could not have stung him more. For the first time in his life he was ignored—as meaningless to worshippers as an overthrown idol.

Ching lost her interest in him. She was completely absorbed by three wretched, wriggling little fluffs of fur, over which she was eternally busy in her basket. The ladies lost their interest in him. They, when at last admitted, had crowded round the basket as they had once crowded around him; they had even dared to lift the wretched little things to his sofa; kneeling before them and calling them darlings, while their mother, who had met his own advances timorously, stood by with quivering pride.

Yet even this he might have endured, dimly conscious of its being but an episode, had not The Lady laughed.

Accompanied by a friend she had fluttered in one morning on her way to luncheon, and without a word of greeting to him had gone to the basket, crooning over the whimpering creatures. In her delicately gloved hand, too, she had lifted one, holding it to a face in which the color came and went as she smiled over the tiny head straight into the face of The Master—Ching, out of her basket again and, standing by, a new strange light in the maternal eye as she, too, looked—but at the puppy!

Ying saw it all, though at the time feigning sleep on a chair in the farther corner, his tail down, his manner as indifferent as that of a man who, pretending to read his newspaper, misses nothing of the family talk. Yet not a sign of having seen escaped him: he was too proud for that.

Presently The Lady, blushing, glanced away from The Master and at him:

"Why, Ying!" she called in gay confusion; "what a tired old potentate you look like. Come over here and speak to your youngest."

Ying did not move, nor did he by so much as the quiver of an eyelid betray the fact of his having heard. It was a silly ruse. When really sound asleep he had been quicker to respond to that bewitching voice.

"Why—what's the matter with him? He's not happy," said The Lady.

"He is jealous," replied The Master.

"Jealous! Oh, you men! Why, Ying, aren't you ashamed? It is funny, though," then she laughed; then The Master laughed; then the other lady laughed—all three of them—and at *him!* The veriest cur in the street could not have endured it.

Summoning all the dignity he possessed, he rose, stepped quickly down from his chair and walked into an adjoining room as if he had suddenly thought of some errand there.



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He had not recovered from the affront when The Master sought him out, insisting that he go as usual to Sherry's. It was a noon-time diversion generally welcomed, for he had been accustomed, until those puppies came, to sit outside with Ching at his feet, while he, upright, received salutations from the well-dressed, though being always careful to ignore too familiar approaches from attending lackeys on the curb. To-day, however, he did not want to go, and walked behind The Master with slow, reluctant feet.

At Sherry's door he sat down, as was his habit, near the plants, while the others went inside. He was in no humor for attentions. Flattery had lost its finest savor. When any one stopped to speak to him he refused to turn his head. The luncheon, too, seemed inconsiderately long. After an hour he yawned.

Out on the street every one was in high spirits; if they laughed, it was not at him. The sunshine was so bright too, the wind so stimulating, the crisp autumn air bringing color to the cheeks of both men and women. He began to sniff it. How inviting it was! How inviting everything was, especially to one like himself so tired of life at home; so tired of Ching and her unaccountable mood; so tired of being the plaything of inconstant whims. He sniffed again—the air was certainly delightful.

Tossing his tail in devil-may-care fashion over his back, he descended the steps and sauntered gaily up the avenue, a free dog at last, bent on adventure's quest.

Meantime The Master and The Lady sat at table with their friends; wit and merrymaking had held them long, and when they left the dining-room preparations were being made for afternoon tea. At the street door they paused.

"Where's the discomfited Ying?" asked The Lady in soft, uplifting tones out of which the merry cadence had not yet flown. "I owe his royal highness an apology; it's been on my conscience. I ought not to have laughed at him—nothing hurts a dog like that."

"Ying!" called The Master cheerily; then he shrugged his broad shoulders. "Don't worry about Ying," he exclaimed; "he has probably gone back to his family cares like a dutiful dog. He knows the way as well as I do."

"Noble creature!" laughed The Lady. "An example to every man, and to me, who have been neglecting my own. I did not dream it was so late—I must fly." Once inside her carriage, however, she paused, and with that quick, impulsive kindliness which made her loved by all, she put her head out of the window calling to The Master: "Jump in with us. I am not quite satisfied about Ying. I would be happier if I went back to the studio with you."

But Ying was not at home, nor had either the door-keeper or the elevator boy seen him pass.

Instant confusion prevailed as they hurried to the studio, where anxious consultations were held. No one had a word for the irresponsible puppies trying to crawl over the basket's rim and get out to their expected fondlings. Ching, too, was ignored. She had run to the door and was rubbing her black nostril along the crack. Had Ying been left outside by mistake?

Getting no answering sniff from the hall side of the door she sought out The Master seated at the telephone—looking up at him with dog-beseeching eyes.

"Ying's gone," he said to her at last, "but don't worry, we'll find him." Then, too hurried for even a comforting pat, he called another number, and after a moment Ching sought the door again where she sniffed so loudly that The Lady, thinking wildly for an instant Ying must be there, went and opened it. The empty bareness of long corridors was all she saw.

The excitement grew; troubled faces were turned to one another as important consultations were renewed and police departments notified. Darkness was falling now and expedition must be had if Ying were to be found that night. The Master picked up his hat, the ladies their furs, and disappeared.

Ching was alone again.

She heard the elevator descend, the voices die away, and throwing herself before the door lay there moaning in short, quick, harrowing tones. The puppies did not matter now; nothing mattered. Somewhere in the invisible beyond that locked door which she could never open, had gone all she really cared for—The Master who had left her uncaressed; The Lady whose face had so often been pressed against her own; Ying!—that was the cruelest part of it all—Ying, whom she loved!

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The puppies whined themselves to sleep. The lights in the hall were turned on. Night had come. Unmindful of what went on about her she lay without moving, her weary body flat upon the floor, her nose to the crack.

The Master found her there at ten o'clock. Reckless, rollicking man as he was, a long sigh escaped him as he picked her up.

"Ying can't be found. It's hard for you, I know!" and he patted her with his fine, strong hands.

## II

In his up-town Fifth Avenue office, opening on the ground floor somewhere in the Fifties, the Wall Street Man sat, tapping his table with the point of a meditative pencil. Transactions of some importance had held him, and before he drove to his place on the Sound he was mentally reviewing the morning's proceedings. Drawn up to the curb outside his window waited his automobile, scrupulously appointed like all his other possessions, and shining in the autumn sunlight.

The day's business was over. There was no reason for his lingering, yet for some reason he still sat there, not quite pleased with certain fluctuations in the market, somewhat depressed by reason of having eaten nothing since breakfast, and ridiculously regretful that he had not dropped everything in order to lunch with The Lady at Sherry's.

That he was to meet her at dinner a few nights hence brought him scant consolation. It is the present that afflicts or enlivens, and he was aware that an opportunity had been wasted, played over, as it were, into the hands of a more jovial masculine temperament, who, counting good things first, generally came out as winner. She had been rather offended, too, by his declared inability to break into office hours, even for a luncheon with her. "It is only a few steps away," she had urged, "and you can go the moment it is over." The reward of his rectitude in declining had been a morning's transactions more or less muddled.

He was just making up his mind to be off in his car and think no more, when the door of his private room, left ajar by an out-going messenger, was quietly pushed open.

In surprise he looked up. This was a liberty never permitted. Reproof sprang to his lips but was instantly silenced.

A grave and important personage was entering.

No confusion was visible in his deportment—no hint of any—"if you please, do I disturb you?" There was an instant's pause on the threshold, that was all—while he gave a cursory glance about the room, evidently to satisfy himself as to the quality of the interior. Then the quiet gaze was turned as briefly toward the surprised proprietor. Having thus made certain that he was in the right place, he hesitated no longer, but, with the directness characteristic of all consciously endowed greatness, walked quickly forward, his head upheld, his eyes on those of the gentleman in the chair.

That gentleman waited, too stalled for speech. Had the visitor been a mandarin, three peacock feathers in his cap, his appearance, and in this room, could not have been more bewildering.

When the table was reached the visitor, disregarding all preliminaries, sat down, raised a yellow paw and laid it gravely on the trousered knee.

The Wall Street Man bowed low. His moods were as quick in their transition as those of The Lady herself.

"Glad to see you," he said, lifting the yellow paw and shaking it. "Have a chair."

Instantly the personage turned, mounted an empty chair, seated himself, his head erect, his gaze unruffled and straightforward.

"What can I do for you?" asked the Wall Street Man, his body graciously inclined as he spoke.

The yellow paw was raised again, and again the Wall Street Man shook it with becoming gravity. This time, however, a faint chuckle escaped from under his waxed moustache, and the grave eyes were turned to him in question. Rebuked, he would have apologized had not the door been thrown open at the moment and the junior partner blown in.

"Hello! What have we here?" called out the breezy junior coming to a halt.

"A new client about to buy a thousand Union," replied the senior, half rising, one hand extended toward the grave personage. "Allow me to present him. From China,

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I believe, and interested in opening up the country."

The young irreverent laughed as he hurried over:

"By Jove! he has the air of it. Was he left as a margin?"

Pleasantries were evidently distasteful to the visitor. The leonine head remained erect, the straightforward gaze never altered. Both men sat down and gazed helplessly at him.

"Where did his Imperial Highness come from?" asked the junior at last.

"Walked in."

"Recognized a good thing, I suppose, when he saw it. Clever dog."

"A very majestic dog. I never saw his equal. Strayed away, I fancy. There may be a name on the collar though," and he rose, fumbling in the yellow ruff. "But there is no collar," he exclaimed, adding with marked seriousness: "Where's your master, sir? I am sure you love him."

Love and master had a familiar sound. The dog rose quickly to his feet, the body was lifted, the white-lined tail curved over his back, the fore-paws placed on the senior's shoulders, and the bushy head nestled close to the other's cheek.

The senior looked over the furry shoulder and smiled queerly.

"What's to be done with him?"

"A clear case of affinity, I should say," roared the irreverent. "He beats anything I ever came across. You mustn't turn him off; keep him till he's called for."

"I can't. He is evidently asking me now to take him home. That's all right, old man," he added as he undid the yellow paws gently, as if they had been the arms of a child. "You are a splendid fellow, and I am flattered at your favors, but we must try and find out where you came from."

"Any objection to taking him to the police station?" asked the junior; "unless, of course, you think his feelings would be hurt."

"Let one of the boys take him; I won't," replied the senior with the brusqueness of one trying to throw off a detaining sentiment. "I ought to have been off an hour ago." His hat on, however, he paused for a last regretful word with the engaging visitor. "If I kept you longer, sir, I should never give you up. Queer how a dog like you appeals to one. I would like to steal you and say nothing." One hand was under the leonine head as he spoke, the other caressing the ears while he looked deep into the grave eyes that never swerved from his own. Then, as if fearful of a weakness in himself, he turned abruptly and left the room.

On the street he stopped beside his car for a last direction to the junior, who had followed with the dog. "Perhaps you might better take him to the station yourself. Treat him gently—he's not used to rough handling. Do it at once—I don't want to find him here in the morning. By Jove! though, where is he?"

The dog was not on the pavement.

"Vanished!" he exclaimed in consternation. "Gone as mysteriously as he came. If I were superstitious I would wonder. It's better so. Good-by," and he stepped inside and closed the door. An instant later his voice rang out: "Great heavens, see there!"

On the driver's seat, perfectly at ease and self-possessed, sat the dog, his head turned toward the street in front of him.

"Evidently been there before," jeered the junior.

"Evidently determined to remain," laughed the other in pleased fashion. "Do nothing about hunting his owner to-night."

All the way out to Westchester he kept a watch on the mysterious dog to whom the rush of the wind had lent a strange vivacity. Upright, his graceful body swaying easily to sudden turns, but never struggling to keep balanced, he resembled most a general alert in reconnoitring. Nothing escaped those keen eyes. Every passing vehicle was greeted with a glance, and when the country roads were reached not a scampering squirrel was unnoticed. Now and then, while still retaining an easy seat, the head would be turned for a glance inside the car, as if assurance must be had, or given. The Wall Street Man could not quite determine which it was—whether the turn of the head was meant as a sort of assurance to him, a kind of "All's well ahead of us—I am here to see," or whether it was to assure the dog himself, hazarding wild adventures into the unknown.

That he must keep so enchanting a personage he was determined. The partner had been right; some question of affinities

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was involved. He had read of such things —dogs walking in out of the unknown to attach themselves forever to new masters. Yet even as he determined to keep this one, he began to think of the widowed sister staying with him to whom dogs were a terror; and then of certain little nieces and nephews who would be whisked away and hidden when this one appeared. It was a difficult position, needing temporizing; experience had taught him the value of right approaches.

Fortunately, the nieces and nephews, contrary to their habit, were not on the porch to meet him. "Lucky," he thought; "the fates are still on my side." Then he drew himself together, assumed the nonchalant air of one knowing himself to be in a delicate position, stepped out of his car, and addressed the chauffeur:

"The dog's evidently been lost. Take him to the stable to-night; to-morrow——"

The sentence was never finished. There was a light spring, a flash of descending yellow upon the porch, then a leisurely movement forward toward the house door held open by the butler.

The dog had now walked in.

There he gave a careless glance about the hall, spied another open door and, satisfied with the surroundings, entered the drawing-room.

It was a charming interior, all white paint and chintzes, its high vases filled with flowers. Near the bay window, from which one could see through the oaks the gleam of water beyond, stood a grand piano also open, the music sheets still on the stand.

On that piano the brightening eyes rested. He went directly toward it, mounted the stool, lifted himself, laid his fore-paws firmly on the keys, and struck the base and treble notes.

"No stable for you, old man!" cried his astounded and enchanted host, rushing forward to caress him.

The butler disappeared into his pantry with a "Well, I'll be juggered! What'll the missus say?"

## III

To rise early was not a confirmed habit with The Lady, who had lived long enough in Paris to adopt certain of its creeds concerning even the weather, which is said never to be settled there until noon, since until then no woman of fashion can be made ready to go out.

To-day, however, eight o'clock had hardly sounded when she sprang from her pillow with the start of one roused to consciousness by a dominant thought.

"I must call him up at once," she said to herself. "Poor fellow; he has not smiled for days." Nevertheless, being a woman in whom fine shades of fitness always prevailed, she was careful first not only to brush her hair, but to cover it with a flimsy cap of lace and ribbons, arranging herself besides in a diaphanous, rose-toned garment easily likened to those of an aurora.

Thus attired, without summoning her maid, she resumed her place on the pillows, now smoothed and straightened, and, extending a white arm, lifted the telephone to her lips.

"4180 Bryant, if you please. Yes, Bryant! Ring again—it's important! Ah! is that you? Good morning! I hope I did not wake you. Me! Oh, no, I have been awake for hours. I am already dressed for a walk, but I had to call you up before I went, for a wonderful piece of news. But tell me first, have you heard anything of Ying? None? That's— What did you say? Poor Ching—naturally she's broken-hearted—mothers of families always are when the fathers run off, only you men never can understand it, the runaways are so gladly welcomed home again.

"Of course, you haven't slept much yourself, but listen—I *think* I know where Ying is. Yes—*really!* Why you poor soul! I did not mean to upset you so! Remember, I'm not sure.

"But I can't talk any faster—you interrupt. No—I haven't seen him, and I'm not sure it's Ying, but last night at dinner I sat by my Wall Street Man who would not come to luncheon with us, and he did nothing but talk of a marvellous dog who had walked into his up-town office that very afternoon—yes—on Wednesday—a very majestic dog, he said, with the manners of a prince. That's nice for you. I felt proud. I had not noticed the example you set.

"What?

"Why, he did what any other man would have done; he carried him out to his

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country house and treated him to his best. He's there now.

"Grieving? Not at all! The dog is having the time of his life, lording it over the whole establishment and apparently has not given a thought to his family. He has even won over the widowed sister, the butler cuts up his food, and the children won't let him out of their sight. They romp with him, take him boating, and insist that he sleep with them at night. No! I'm not a bit astonished. Runaway husbands are a species by themselves, and Ying's like a boy out of school. They all are. I'm not laughing, but I want you to. I don't recognize your voice with its tremble.

"If you get too excited I shall be sorry I told you. Remember, I'm not sure it's Ying, or that my Wall Street Man will ever want to give him up. Nonsense!—no, it isn't—but he's lost his heart you see. Ah! —now you laugh—but the tone is——

"Listening? Why, I haven't missed a word—but I'm interested in Ying, not you. If you go at once to my Wall Street Man's town house you'll find him in, but he told me he would be off to the country early. Don't thank me—I like patching up matrimonial difficulties; I've been at it all my life, and when Ying comes home I want to go with you to the studio to see Ching's joy.

"No!—No! No! You can't come here before ten. I tell you I have my hat and veil on and I must go out at once, but I will be back at ten. Good-by and good luck!" And The Lady hung up the receiver, straightened her flimsy cap, settled herself on her pillows, and for full five minutes smiled softly to herself.

## IV

Dreary days for Ching had followed Ying's departure and a gloom had settled on the studio such as low-blown clouds will bring to fields once bright and sunny. She still did her duty by her puppies, but in weary, automatic fashion, her eyes distrait and her thoughts elsewhere. When they attempted fun with her she cuffed them with an irritable paw, and springing off left them to their thoughtless frolics, unheeding even their tumblings, or their droll, sideways scampering after a brotherly tail already resembling that of their august father who came no more. For the most part she lay before the door moaning as she had done on that first night, in those same short, harrowing notes so human in their pain; or, attracted by a street sound, she would take a chair by the window and stare hopelessly out, seeing nothing, but watching, always watching.

To The Master, tormented by his own increasing anxiety, her grief was but an added anguish, especially her appeals to him with dog-questions in her eyes that neither he nor any other man could answer. It got on his nerves, too, already overstrung, to have her all at once so interested in the telephone, springing to the table when he talked, tipping her head at some familiar voice. Several times when the bell had rung, she had even gone so far as to hunt him out in his dressing-room, standing there with beckoning look till he followed to the receiver, as if he were not as anxious as she for news of the lost one. Yet curiously enough she had seemed to wish no comforting caresses; but had wriggled out of his detaining grasp, as if the touch hurt her, and gone back to her station at the door. She only wanted—Ying!

On this particular morning the bell had rung early, and the conversation been long. Ching close to the telephone, had heard The Lady speaking. The Master, strangely agitated, had spoken in rapid, staccato sentences, his face swept by ever-varying changes, until at last, like a burst of sunshine, a smile, merging into faint and nervous laughter, had transformed it. What was it? she had wondered. Something about Ying? She had caught his name, and then her own. The Master would certainly give her an enlightening word.

The Master had done nothing of the kind. Pushing his untasted coffee aside, he had scrambled through his dressing and rushed out.

The hours that followed were the dreariest that Ching had ever known; all the more dreary because the morning had begun so well. To add to her distress, the black, brass-buttoned elevator boy had been deputed to take her for a walk, dragging her his way on a chain while he stopped to gossip with another boy—a humiliating proceeding at any time for a dog of high degree, and intolerable now in her present state. Ying would never have per-

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mitted it; he was strong enough to pull the buttoned boy his way. How magnificent Ying was! How kingly—every one in the street always stopping to pay him reverence. How dominant he was at home, too—as a husband should be. How royal among his cushions—and what an honor it had been to be admitted there beside him. Suppose he were in the studio when she got back! And this time she pulled the boy after her, rushing down the long corridor when she reached it, her loosened chain behind her.

Ying was not there. She had been foolish to think it. Nevertheless, she must be sure that he had not dropped in while she was out, and she began again her futile searchings, as a woman will who for the hundredth time ransacks the same bureau for a jewel she has lost. Could she never find him? Where was he? What had happened? Why had he left her? His place was by her side. To his every wish, until those puppies came, she had been obedient; all that dog knew how to be; and in return, what had he done? Gone off and left her all alone, tied at home by motherhood. It was unkind! It was inexcusable! It was cruel!

Toward four o'clock, her children sound asleep, she stretched herself again before the door, her body flat, her limp tail spread out behind her. The Master, at least, must surely come. At every ascent of the elevator her ears had lifted and a slight shiver of expectancy ran through her frame, but no stop was made. Still her watchful eyes did not close, nor did her position alter by so much as a tail's breadth.

Suddenly a change came over her and the relaxed body, without moving, stiffened as if every muscle had been silently tightened. No human being could have heard that which had stirred her, but from way downstairs there had reached her rigid ears faint echoes of the street door closing with a familiar bang, then those of happy voices raised in pleasant expectation.

She sprang to her feet the better to listen, her ears cocked and her head on one side.

The elevator was coming up now, slowly, it seemed to her, as a funeral procession. At The Master's floor it stopped. The iron gate slipped back. She listened, her whole body strained. Steps followed. She knew those of The Master and bent her cocked ear lower. There was The Lady too—that light, ringing step belonged to her; and there—could she be mistaken?—there—she tipped her cocked ear still lower—there!—there at last—she caught the soft tread of a paw, delicate as the fall of a leaf on polished floors.

The Master's key fumbled in the lock.

"Do be quicker!" cried The Lady.

Then the door opened, but by that time, like a girl who, sure at last of the long-watched-for lover's coming, runs and hides, Ching had turned and fled the studio's length, springing into her basket, her head drawn down among the puppies. The suspense was over.

The Lady's face, as she entered, was aglow; The Master's wreathed in smiles. Behind them, blithe and debonair, as one still vibrating with memories of gay adventure, came Ying.

Ching lifted her head, rose to a sitting posture, and stared at him. She caught the look of proud accomplishment in his eyes. No trace of weary waiting was on *his* face! He had had a good time at any rate, while she had stayed at home, and cared nothing for what she had suffered. Her teeth went together with a little snap, and along the whole length of her spine she felt the fur rising.

"Here he is, Ching!" the joyous Lady was saying. "We have brought him home. Now kiss, both of you, and make up."

Ching did not move. The Lady's face fell. Ying alone was unperturbed as he trotted airily toward the basket, his tail wagging, his black nose extended for a conjugal rub. Now that his fun was over he was rather glad to be at home.

"It's coming out all right—didn't I tell you that it would?" whispered The Lady, laying a trembling hand on The Master's arm. The Master said nothing. He saw Ching's nose wrinkle and her fangs begin to show.

Ying must have seen it too, for when within a few feet of his wife he stopped, looking down at his assembled family, his eyes glistening—only the tip of his tail a-quiver now.

The wifely nostrils continued to wrinkle; her lips lifted higher, and her fangs showed more clearly. This time she growled.

"Bless my stars! I did not think it would be as bad as that!" exclaimed The Master. The Lady tightened her hold

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upon his arm. Ying, slightly embarrassed, twitched his shoulders.

This was not exactly the welcome he expected, freshly bathed as he was, his coat brushed and shining and still fragrant with the out-of-doors—but she would come round in a moment—everybody did, lord and master as he was wherever he went. He could afford to wait, and stretching himself lazily down, closed his eyes. Pleasures had crowded thick and fast, and he was a little drowsy, anyway!

Ching had watched every move. Several seconds passed. Her mind was made up. What a roué he looked! What a miscreant! Her gaze still fixed on him, she stepped over her puppies, walked straight to where he lay, caught his ear between her teeth, bit it with all her might, and, turning with the same measured deliberation, walked back to her basket and stepped inside.

Ying struggled to his feet with a cry of pain, looked pathetically about him, slunk across the room, his white-lined tail between his legs, and stole under the once glorious candled sofa. There he lay trembling.

"Just like a man," The Lady sighed.

"Just like a woman," said The Master, looking straight at her.

Then shouts of laughter filled the room.

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# VESPERAL

## By Charles E. Whitmore

I too behold the day and know it fair;
  I have lain silent where the noontide's spell,
Woven of leaves and waters and soft air,
  Gives the hushed solitude a peace to keep;
Where gathered hues and fragrances compel
  The willing soul along the ways of sleep.

I too exult when through a swirl of cloud
  The flaming sun thrusts forward like a shield
Whereunder all the hosts of storm are bowed,
  And the last cohorts of the smitten rain
Flee down the wide horizons, till the field
  Of hard-won sky be left without a stain.

Yet sweeter than all these the little space
  Of slowly mounting twilight, ere the night's
Dominion is accomplished, and her face
  Shadows the earth with calm; most dear to me
A dying flush of sunset, and veiled lights
  Of musing stars above a soundless sea.

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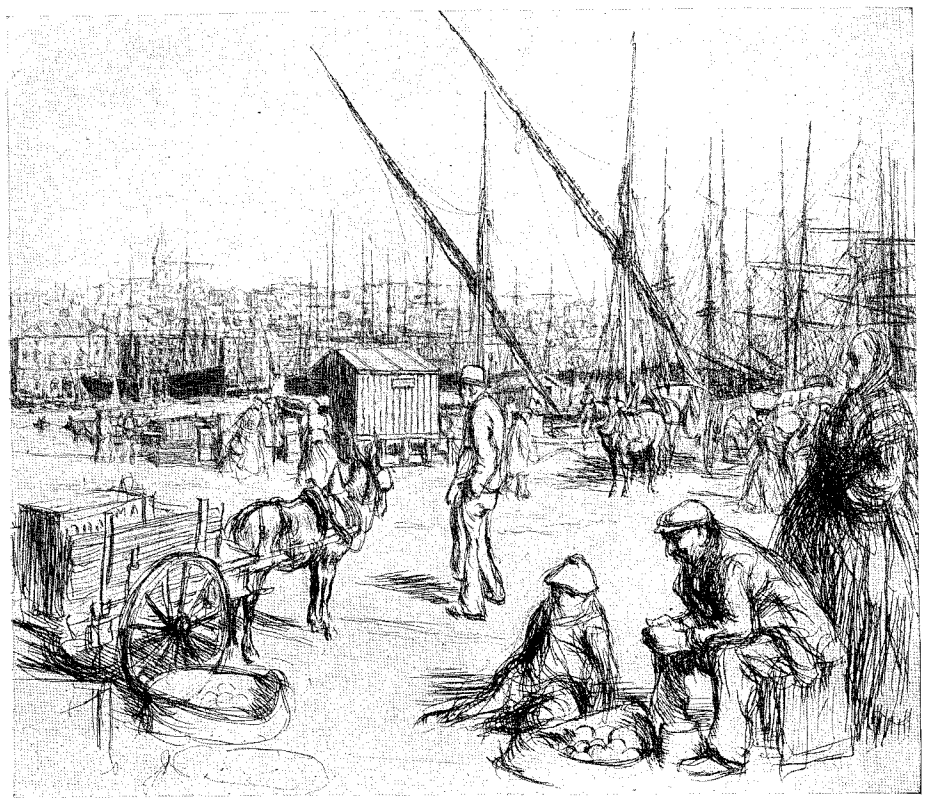

On the Quais du Rive Neuf are the markets.—Page 719.

# A MARSEILLES BOUILLABAISSE

## By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY CHARLES HUARD

WHEN we stepped from the train onto the station platform at Marseilles, wrapped in plaids and furs, our appearance afforded much amusement to the loitering coachmen who were basking in the balmy spring sunshine.

Our carriage had not gone very far when the driver turned and in the sing-song accent characteristic of all southern Frenchmen, said, "Eh, il ne fait pas chaud dans le nord?" (Not very warm up north?) His cavalier way of referring to the north made Paris seem suddenly very far away, a lost country, a sort of Greenland, and I felt that our coachman was regarding us much the same as he would a couple of Esquimaux.

We had left the capital in chill and rain; we arrived in Marseilles in warmth and sunshine. Everything was gay and luminous. The drive along the large boulevards, the Cours St. Louis bordered by the rare displays of many flower merchants, was enchanting. When we entered the Cannebière, its chief boulevard, it seemed as if we were in the presence of an Oriental vision.

"Marseille, Port de l'Orient," "Marseille, Colonie Grecque."

It is thus that Puvis de Chavannes called her when he dedicated his famous



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frescoes to this city of sunshine, perfume, and song.

The scene in and about the old port attracts one immediately. On the wharves merchants from all parts of the world, wearing native costumes, are busy haggling about their products. Markets of all descriptions are installed here. In their midst noisy wagons drive to the water's edge to receive the contents of thousands of small boats that ply between the vessels and the shore. Here and there a street-singer or a vender adds his voice to the tumult. Hundreds of sailing craft of all nations and all descriptions ride at anchor in the rectangular harbor, drying their multicolored sails while unloading their cargoes.

Napoleon Pécu's house.

A dark, shaggy-haired Marseillais offered his services as boatman, and we soon found that Napoleon Pécu—or the "Emperor," as he had been dubbed—knew much about the city. If his knowledge was less precise than Baedeker's, it was certainly more amusing. From him we learned of the founding of the city by the Phocians, and in the same breath he pointed out the "Château d'If," where Monte Cristo was imprisoned.

"I know his grand-nephew very well. He keeps a café not far from here at Catalans," Pécu informed us, his old wrinkled face lighting up, showing his kind gray eyes, but for which one might have taken him for a pirate.

As we glided among the great sailing vessels he told us the pretty legend of the "Saintes Maries de la Mer," and then showed us the City Hall and the Church of St. Victor.

Notre Dame de la Garde, which sits on a hill overlooking the city, was the subject of quite an oration, so well punctuated with gesticulations that our boat made little progress. The good deeds performed by "cette bonne dame de la ville" occupied our boatman's attention until we were nearing the pier at the foot of the principal street.

"If Paris had a Cannebière, Paris would be a little Marseilles," volunteered the Emperor, leaning on his oars, his bosom swelling with pride, as he gazed at the gayly thronged avenue.

"But it's hardly an eighth of a mile long," we objected.

"Oh, of course, you're new here, so you couldn't be expected to know that it runs over into Africa." And stretching out his hand, he motioned toward the Vieux Port and the sparkling blue sea that lay behind it.

A group of noisy people assembled near our point of landing were evidently much absorbed in something going on among them. Drawing nearer and elbowing our way into the crowd, we saw a veiled Arabian woman engaged in a fierce fisticuff with a fiery Moroccan Jewess. Farther on the two husbands were settling their dispute in the same manner. The enthusiastic onlookers were becoming more and more excited. Heated discussions arose all about us. Apparently sides had been taken by all save a couple of sober-looking Japanese youths and a huge Jack Tar, who, pipe in mouth, watched the proceedings in silence. Ara-

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Pécu, called "The Emperor."—Page 714.

bians, Nubians, Greeks, Turks, and Neapolitans mingled their shrieks, trying to convince each other. The police, arriving to restore order, were completely overwhelmed by a hundred persons, all wishing to explain the matter, in every language under the sun except French. At length the poor gendarmes, at wits' end, made a rush on the crowd, grabbed right and left, and seizing the first persons they laid hands on, marched them off to the lock-up.

Happening to mention the matter later on at the hotel, we were informed that such occurrences were not unusual, and frequently terminated less happily; that after nightfall the "quartier de l'Hôtel de Ville" became very dangerous on account of revolvers and bowie-knives used more or less discreetly to settle discussions.

Napoleon Pécu had charmed us. Before leaving his boat we had made arrangements with him to meet us daily at the foot of the Quai de la Fraternité. Next morning as we walked along the pier our eyes sought in vain the sober little boat that had conveyed us the evening before. We had just begun to think that the "Emperor," true to the legend about the Marseillais, had

Loungers on the quays.

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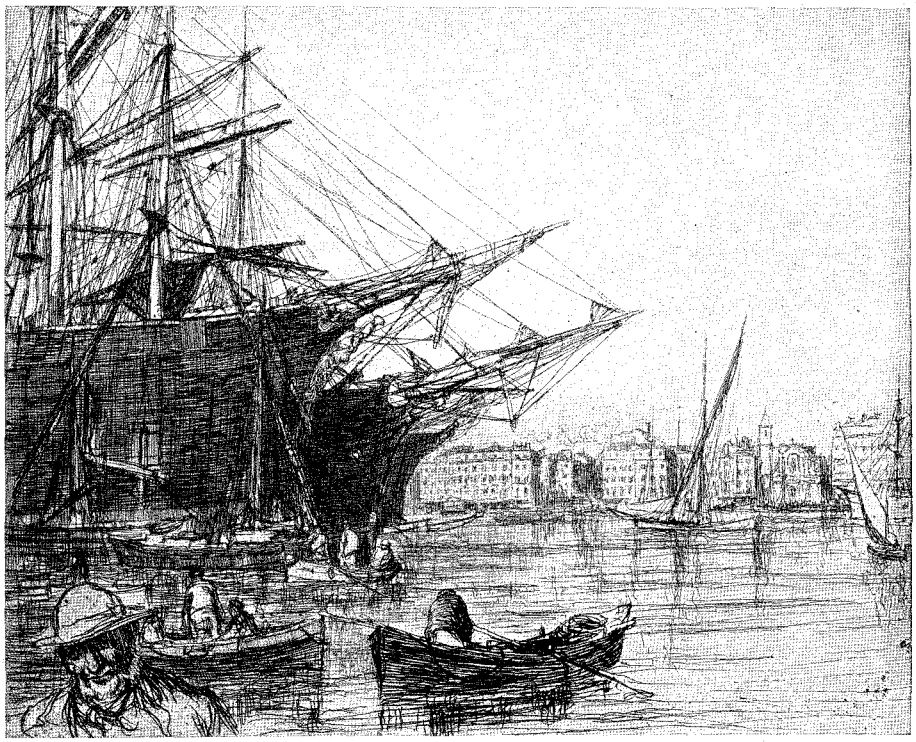
forgotten his promise, when from the bow of a scarlet-covered craft he lifted his head and beckoned us. Proud of having been engaged for a whole fortnight, he had procured some Turkey-red calico and decorated in our honor.

We arrived just as he was giving the finishing touches. The material which covered the boat from stem to stern was held in place by hundreds of brass-headed nails, and Pécu was busily engaged pounding our initials into every conspicuous space. A group of Neapolitan boot-blacks was watching the proceedings with awe, and as we passed made way for us to descend the ladder, much as the crowd lines up to let a king go by.

We glided out into the harbor, under the stern of a huge cotton-laden schooner from whose rigging the familiar strains of "I Wish I Was in Dixie" reached our ears. Our boatman had already begun telling us of his adventures on the sea. He had been a great cruiser, and knew the Mediterranean, Arabian and Chinese seas by heart. When questioned as to how far north he had been, he shrugged his shoulders and replied nonchalantly:

"Oh, as far as the Plaine."

From his manner of speaking, we took it for granted that this was some vast expanse of water in the arctic regions. We have since learned that the Plaine is a fair-ground which forms Marseilles's northern boundary.



The Old Port.

Anchoring in the shadow of a great Spanish caravel, we were much impressed by the striking picture of harmony and color that lay before us. The great green boat was laden with oranges. A couple of swarthy-skinned individuals wearing scarlet bonnets were lazily engaged filling their baskets and then carrying them on their shoulders down to the small boat waiting to receive them. As noon approached, the decks began to swarm with people of all conditions, who began eagerly devouring the fruit that lay about in heaps. In reply to our inquiries, Pécu informed us that this was the luncheon of persons who for one sou were allowed to come aboard and eat their fill, on condition that they carried nothing away with them.

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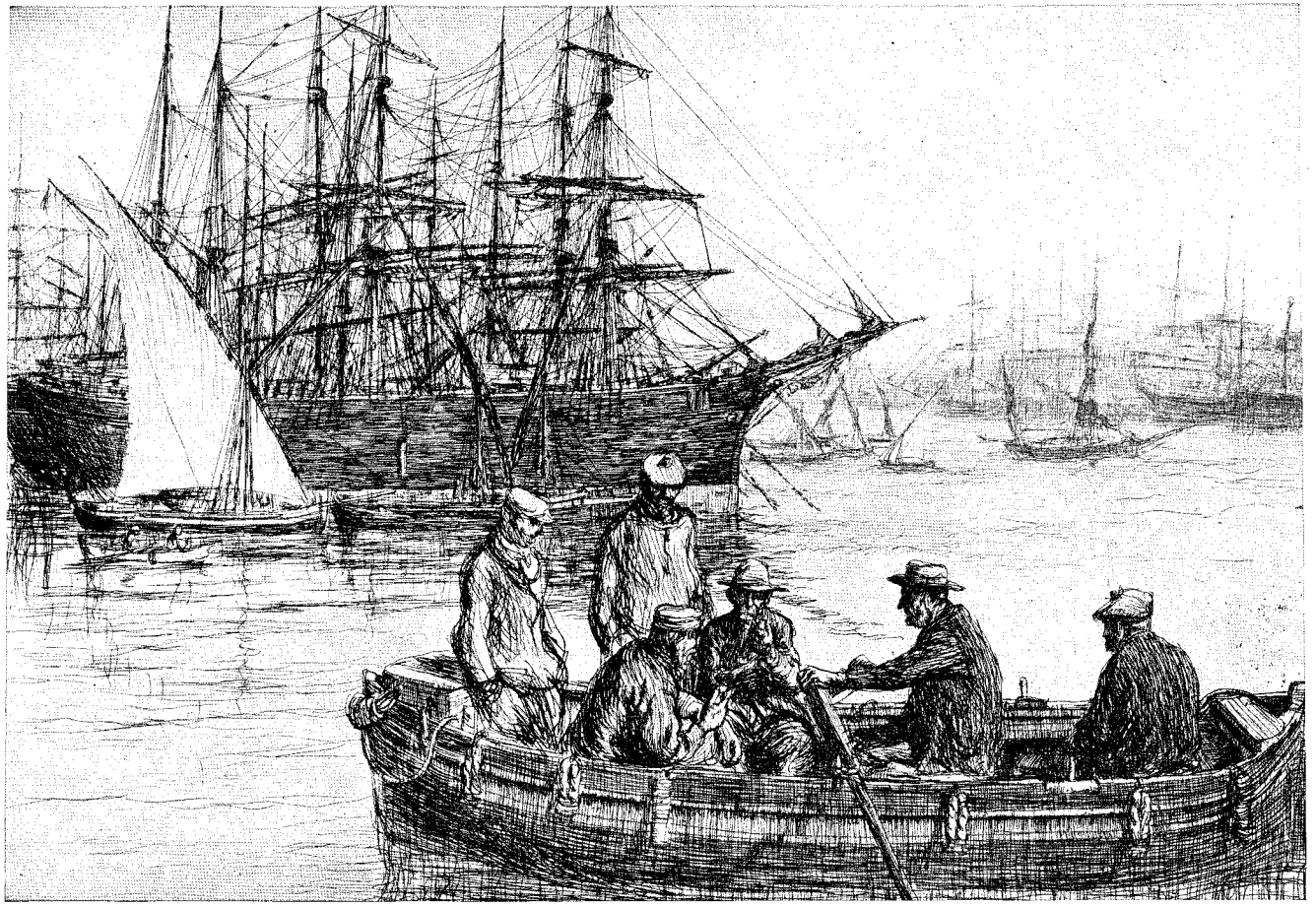

The ferry.

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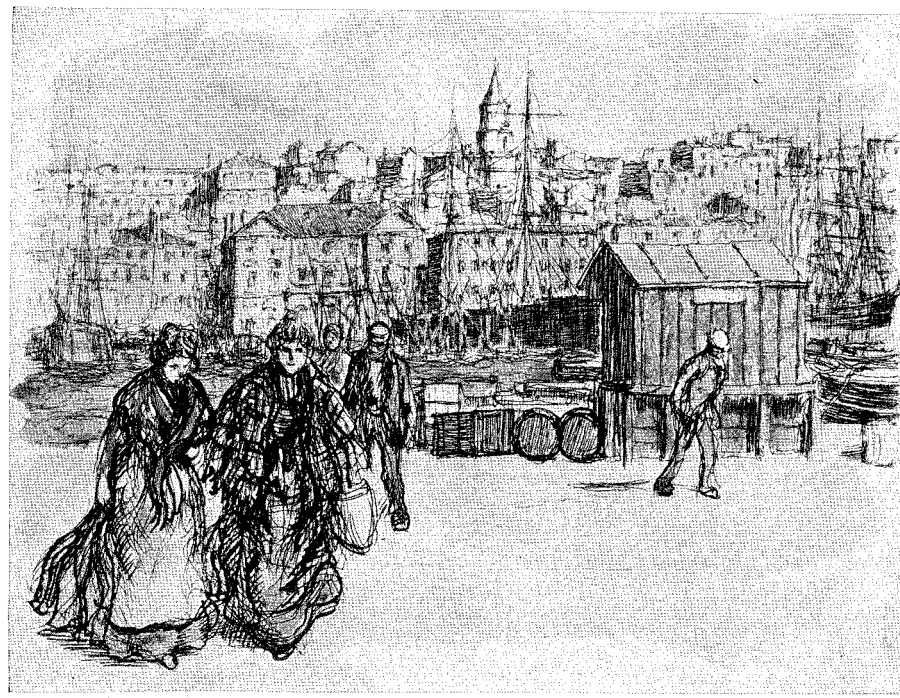

The Hôtel de Ville.

"But I thought the *bouillabaisse* was the staff of life in this country?"

"Ah, but first you must own a boat, and then you must be a clever fisherman. I will make you one if you will do me the honor of being my guests."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like."

"Agreed!"

The mistral, or African wind, was blowing strong as we set forth to fish our bouillabaise. The sea was covered with white-caps and choppy waves. Pécu had brought along his daughter and future son-in-law to help him. The former, a dark-haired, white-skinned girl of nineteen or thereabouts, held the tiller while the men rowed.

Leaving the city and the Vieux Port in the distance, we followed the coast for a mile or so, and then entered a series of rocky inlets. Halting at a small buoy, we dropped anchor, and while the men commenced to haul in the queer wicker baskets or traps which had been sunk the night before, Marie prepared a charcoal fire in a small fisherman's stove. A caldron of olive oil well seasoned with salt, pepper, tomatoes, onions, and saffron was set to boiling. Soon the bottom of the boat was covered with fish of all descriptions—lobsters, crabs, eels, and rock-fish lay wriggling among exotic varieties peculiar to the Mediterranean, such as rascasses, canadilles, and muggious, their brilliant shells and scales glistening in the sunlight.

The work of cleaning and cutting was accomplished in no time, and one by one the fish were thrown into the boiling mixture, there to cook for a quarter of an hour.

A delightful odor of saffron filled the air, and by the time the "divine golden bouillon" was ready to serve we were ready to do it justice. The wind had sharpened our appetites, and though our bowls were simple earthenware and our spoons of iron, they seemed rather to add to than detract from one of the most delightful and picturesque repasts I have ever eaten.

For several days following we were obliged to abandon our promenades on the sea, the mistral, which lasts either three, six, or nine days, continuing to blow so violently that boating was out of the question. We therefore took this opportunity to get acquainted with the city itself.

After seeing Joliette, which is no more



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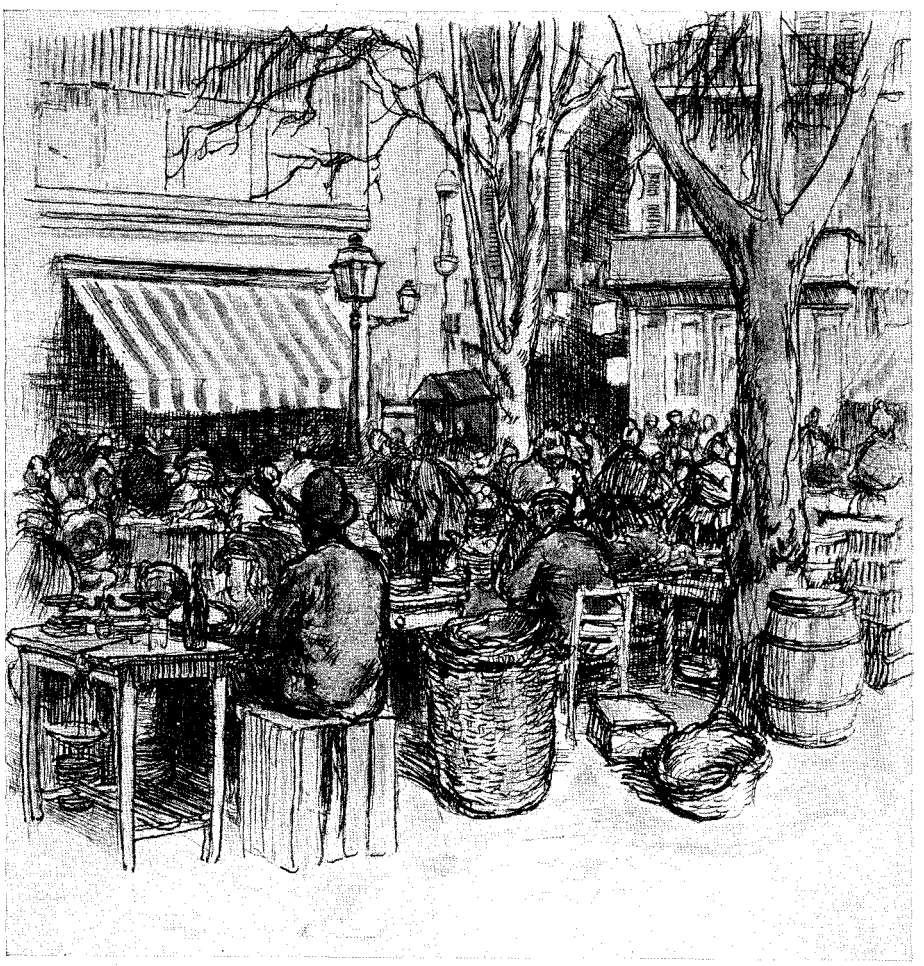
nor less than a modern harbor for steam craft, and visiting the cathedral, which dates hardly ten years back, we decided that what constitutes the charm of Marseilles is its light, its gayety, its old quarters, the out-of-door life of its people, and the ever-changing panorama in the Old Port.

"The Quartier St. Jean," with its narrow, hilly streets and small public squares, lined with markets filled with a noisy, gesticulating population, is certainly as quaint and picturesque as any quarter in Naples. On the Quais du Rive Neuf are the markets, where shell-fish of all descriptions, as well as the bouillabaisse, is sold. Here grave magistrates and beggars, fine ladies and char-women, pay one, two, or three sous for the pleasure of eating a dozen or more oysters, opened while they wait, and seasoned with vinegar shaken drop by drop from a bottle kept by the thrifty monger.

Starting from the Cours St. Louis, one may take an electric tramway and make a most delightful circular promenade on the Corniche Road. The Prado, a long, shady boulevard, resembling somewhat the Champs Elysées, leads through the fashionable residential part of the city, past the race-course, where, turning, it follows the coast back toward Marseilles. The view is marvellous, and for five miles or so the landscape is dotted with thousands of little plank shanties, known as *bastides*. These are the country homes of the Marseillais. They



You pay one, two, or three sous for the pleasure of eating a dozen or more oysters, seasoned with vinegar shaken drop by drop from a bottle.

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contain a saucepan for heating the bouillabaisse, a bed of dried sea-weed, and that is all. It is here that the city man takes refuge almost every afternoon when he is not hunting or fishing. For the Marseillais is a great sportsman—in his own opinion. Who that has read Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" can forget his "Chasse à la Casquette," the story of a number of men who met, threw their caps into the air, and then fired shots into them until nothing but rags remained?

The Marseillais of to-day is the same simple, voluble creature, who exaggerates as naturally as he sleeps, and never lets an opportunity slip by without getting in a word. A peculiar incident, illustrative of this fact, seems well worth relating.

We were listening to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," given by the Marseilles Philharmonic Society. Our attention was constantly distracted by our neighbor, a real southern type, who accompanied the whole piece by bobbings of the head, frowns, smiles, and other facial contortions. When the symphony was finished he turned toward us and exclaimed with a resolute air: "How symphonic—and my, how pastoral!"

Another amusing story was told me about a Marseillais who, while in Paris, kept boasting to his acquaintances about his baby son. This marvellous infant was a sort of prodigy who at less than two years of age could play the piano, extract a cube root, and express philosophical ideas in four different languages.

A credulous Parisian, passing through Marseilles, wished to see the extraordinary child, and sought out his friend's residence. Arriving in the garden, he saw a very dirty baby, smelling strongly of garlic, seated on the ground, licking a wooden spoon. The father appeared in the doorway.

"Doubtless that is your prodigy's brother," ventured the visitor.

"Alas, no!" replied the other, not in the least disconcerted. "It is he himself! But, you see, he was so far advanced, poor thing, that now he has fallen into second childhood!"

Fish market.

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# THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

## BY ROBERT GRANT

### XI

"WHY don't you take an automobile trip abroad, grandpapa? It's a cinch."

The inquirer was my grandson, Frederick Third (though it might have been any one of my grandsons, for they all use the same incisive vernacular), and to demonstrate what he meant he added:

"You engage your car on the other side by cable; it meets you at the steamer, and you're in Russia or Constantinople in no time. Only five pounds a day, and the driver, as they call him over there, feeds himself and the car. I'd love to be one of the party, but I've motored on the other side twice, and this summer I've planned to take hydroplane lessons during my vacation. I'll arrange, though, to get you a first-class machine to hold five, if you say the word."

Far from being the magnate which my namesake's language suggests, he is simply a wide-awake and industrious employee in a banking house, plus a thorough working knowledge of the automobile, which entitles him to be listened to whenever the word is mentioned. By way of emphasizing his inability to understand why Josephine and I should remain so singular as not to own one, he informed me plaintively some time ago that any vehicle not propelled by gasoline is an "ice-cart"—a gratuitously invidious reference to the newly varnished buggy in which I continue to take his grandmother to drive. It is correct that he has motored twice in Europe. The first time just after graduation, when, having crossed the ocean as a deck-hand on a cattle ship, he "blew in" (to preserve his own phraseology) at the Ritz in London the day after landing, and was invited by a millionaire classmate to tour Europe in a high-powered racing machine; the other a year ago when, happening to be a little run down, he was given the opportunity to recuperate by accompanying my friend Hugh Armitt Dawson in the very latest model of luxurious limousine. Consequently, though I put him off on the spur of the moment with the counter inquiry, "Why not a trip in a monoplane to the moon?" I was conscious of pricking up my ears.

It seems only the other day when the limit of the conventional vacation was a fortnight, and absence from one's business for six months, unless because of mortal illness, denoted lack of serious purpose. To amuse one's self deliberately, except on rare occasions, was synonymous with levity. Yet so revolutionary has been the change that any grandfather must be a Spartan who has not, unconsciously at least, fallen under the spell of the modern craving for recreation. We live to-day under the sceptre of King Hygiene and Queen Nepenthe, whose revels tempt even the most ascetic grandfather to kick up his heels. Now that a Sabbatical year for the professor and the clergyman, constantly renewed moving pictures for the many, and a winter on the Riviera for any one able to shuffle off the fetters of his treadmill have become commonplaces of our civilization, it is difficult to avoid, even if one would, auto-intoxication, as the doctors call it, with the prevalent consciousness that the corner-stone of the science of living is perpetual variety. Indeed may we not hope, with the aid of new, element-conquering mechanisms, to learn presently the art of perpetual motion, and thus live forever?

Hence I was more or less prepared for the retort which my analogy of a trip to the moon elicited:

"I expect to take it some day, grandpa. And you may live to see me do it, if you follow my advice this summer."

The next moment I became the target for a quiverful of exhortation.

"You're looking fagged; it would do you lots of good."



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"Give the problems a rest. Variety of scene will broaden your horizon."

"Grandmama needs a change as well as you."

"If you should decide to go and can take Winona, it would do her a world of good. Three cases of scarlet fever in the house are a strain on any woman."

"As the car holds five, I wonder if there would be room for Dorothy Perkins. To cover so much ground in so short a time would be immensely stimulating for the dear child."

"If you need another man—some one to act as a buffer between responsibility and grandpa—I dare say Harold could get away for a portion of the time and occupy the seat beside the chauffeur."

As if this were not disconcerting enough, Josephine capped these proddings of the conspirators with the pathetic words:

"We haven't been abroad, Fred, for nearly five years. I think it would be a perfect experience." And she added: "I've set my heart this time on seeing the English cathedrals."

When Josephine sets her heart on anything, experience has taught me to prepare for the inevitable I will do her the justice to state that this stand on her part is infrequent, and is associated principally in my mind with travel for the purpose of seeing cathedrals—travel I must confess at rather wide intervals. Comparatively early in our married life she set her heart on seeing the French cathedrals. Some years after our return, when I had fully recovered my normal animal spirits, she gave me to understand that she yearned to see the Italian cathedrals. Now it was obvious that she would never be completely happy until she should gaze upon the English.

There is a certain domestic advantage to be gained by throwing upon others the onus of any undertaking to which one is ready to submit.

"Freddy," I exclaimed, addressing my grandson, "I authorize you to engage a suitable machine. Grandmama has taken the bit of travel between her teeth."

Thus it happened that some two months later I found myself gliding along the Knightsbridge road, the pseudo owner of a capacious touring car, the other occupants of which besides my wife were my daughter Winona and my grandchildren Dorothy and Harold. We were headed for a cathedral—which one I scarcely knew nor cared, seeing that I was already basking in the warmth of the conviction that an automobile is a vast improvement on a carry-all, and that I had been "a bit" hasty in dismissing as a truism my friend Gillespie Gore's favorite epigram that the automobile has annihilated time and distance.

While listening with proper awe to his enlargement on this theme I have been disposed to fancy that if this genial and well-read gentleman is not so brisk as formerly, it is because of the cherished belief that motoring is exercise. He used to be an ardent pedestrian; now he never walks at all; and I have not a shadow of doubt that the increasing corpulence of one of my sons-in-law, who was once an ambitious golfer, is directly traceable to his reluctance to move except in his automobile. It has been my self-righteous tendency, as I trudged along on foot, nimbly dodging the swiftly passing machines of my friends, to be grateful that, having ridden in horse-cars not so very long ago, Josephine and I are not dependent on constant velocity. Yet here I was within the first ten minutes almost ready to recant, or at least to barter green old age for a moving picture show of endless variety.

How promptly, too, as I sped through the lovely English landscape, did I range myself—unconsciously yet firmly—on the side of injured innocence. At home I have been a sedulous supporter of the society to incarcerate careless automobilists. Yet when I learned from our driver that the uniformed scouts, who from time to time gave him a military salute from the highway, were emissaries hired to indicate that the "peeler" of the neighborhood was at the other end of his beat and the road clear, I beheld the speed indicator quicken (for I do not allow Harold to appropriate the front seat the entire time) with a sense of elation. Was not our chauffeur the most careful as well as the most expert of drivers? There was scarcely a nook or cranny of the United Kingdom which he had not explored—with princes, dukes, or candidates for Parliament as his employers. Indeed, so intoxicating were my sensations that I felt I might be easily mistaken for our mutual friend Hugh Armitt Dawson—an American millionaire disguised by a linen dust coat.

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It was the passing of a flock of motor cyclists—close to a hundred from the numbers on their backs—tearing by us at a furious pace in a cloud of dust, followed by laggards until the noisy procession seemed to have no end, which prompted the reminiscent philosopher within me to expatiate upon the doubtful triumph of gasoline over the poetry of motion displayed by the sylph-like Josephine when she rode on her bicycle not so very long ago in search of the cathedrals and chateaux of sunny France. Then all the world was on the wheel—a horrid irk nowadays my grandchildren inform me, and relegated to the impecunious or humdrum. These motor bicyclists were trying out their engines—a rude object-lesson in the survival of the fittest—not racing, and the machines which stood the test would be exposed for sale and desecrate with their noise and smell the highways of old England.

But Josephine on her wheel was a pleasure to the eye, and lulled to rest every other sense. I can see her now gracefully erect, flying not "scorching" along the perfect roads of Normandy and Touraine, indifferent to hill mounting and almost scornful of the ever recurring "descente dangereuse" by which the sign-post of the Touring Club of France foretold the gentlest incline. To ride with a bundle on one's handle bars was still a novelty and regarded with suspicion both by pedestrians and those who travelled by train. Is it possible to journey so fast and remember what you see? So asked the wiseacres then; and if, leaning back in my touring car, a magnate incognito in a linen dust coat, I mentally endorse my grandson's stricture that a bicycle to-day is an "ice-cart," I can at least vouch that our memories still retain that delightful panorama.

Our route, now worn and dusty from the tires of countless automobiles, was still a novelty. Will either of us ever forget the fascinating Norman inn at Dives with its quaint kitchen and white cockatoos perched above the eaves? Or Mont St. Michel, church, fortress, prison, torture chamber, and monastery all in one, where the tide rises and falls with weird rapidity and the gleaming plane of sand invites the imaginative visitor to test if it be true that he will sink to his waist and then out of sight forever; where Madame Poulard, still alive and comely, dispensed her famous omelette to a group of hungry pilgrims not yet become a ravenous horde? Or the monuments of Château land, all of which save one Josephine succeeded in beholding, deploring even to this day that she missed that one? Chinon's ruin which still bade us picture the first meeting of the Maid of Orleans and the King of France. Gloomy, mediæval Loches, fit symbolizer of Louis XI, around the dungeons of which lingers the retributive if doubtful tradition that Cardinal Balue ended his days in the iron cage of which he was the inventor. Stately, artistic Blois, reminiscent of the salamander of Francis I, where one still shudders at the murder of the Duc of Guise in spite of the beauties of the famous outer staircase. It was at the inn at Amboise that we ordered "deux œuefs à la coque" and after an interminable delay the proprietress reappeared bearing radiantly in her apron twelve boiled eggs as her interpretation of what "ces Anglais" had demanded for breakfast. Then, by way of graceful Azay le Rideau and Chenonceau, whose five arches span the limpid stream, we came to Chartres, the resplendent glories of whose windows made all the praise which Josephine had lavished upon other cathedrals seem almost blasphemy. Thence through the shady alleys of the forest of Fontainebleau, one of which brought us to the meeting place of Napoleon and the Pope whom a few years later he made captive, we bicycled into Paris.

I can see her now—Josephine, I mean—flying along the Champs Elysées, a svelte figure fearlessly winding her way through the afternoon confusion of every variety of vehicle. Why she was not many times a mangled corpse I have never ceased to wonder and did wonder as I followed timorously in her wake. She wore a skirt suitably short and narrow, yet still a skirt, and this to the populace of the day, who doted upon "bloomers" and mistook us for English, was an incentive to satire; impoliteness, so it seemed, from the politest people in the world. "Yes—yes—yes, all right—all right—l'Anglaise," varied by a prolonged "Oh!" was the method employed to disapprove of us as foreigners. Most emphatic of course on race days, a chorus of these jibes, invariably the same, was apt to accompany us through the Bois and along the Avenue de la Grand Armée. Yet Josephine rode deftly as any, sitting erect

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on her wheel. Most of the French women leaned forward on their bars, but not so far as our most inveterate "scorchers." The epidemic of bicycling was at its height and the cafés in the Bois were thronged at certain hours by hundreds of riders, many of whom aimed at striking effects. I can still see one Frenchman at the Chalet des Cycles who wore white shoes, brown stockings with red plaid tops, knickerbockers and a coat of another shade of brown, a pinkish white pink in his buttonhole, a huge red bow tie, white gloves, and a white straw hat with a red-and-black band.

"And the time we went abroad to visit the cathedrals of Italy, first you had your pocket picked, then we lost our trunks," remarked Josephine as I paused in the reminiscences of foreign travel which I was imparting to my grandchildren.

I thought it a little vicious of her, and that it suggested an endeavor to get even with me for my allusion to the dozen eggs. But realizing that the Sherlock Holmes-sharpened wits of the third generation would probe this sensational disclosure to the core, I concluded that the best hope of a lenient judgment lay in utter frankness.

"Tell us all about it, grandpa," said Harold. But the twinkle in his eye was offset by a wrinkle of the brow which too plainly concealed the insinuation that nothing less was to be expected of an elderly gentleman allowed to wander over Europe without an attendant.

"We were leaving Florence for Venice, Harold. Your grandmother's parcels promised by the haberdasher had not been delivered at the hotel, so my pocket-book was full of Italian *lire* drawn to pay for them. Our porter had deserted us just before the crowded train from Rome came in. While endeavoring to make my way through the corridor car and secure a compartment, I was pushed by a stout German so hard that I dropped involuntarily into a seat. Some instinct caused me to clap my hand on my breast pocket, and I discovered that my pocket-book was gone. It happened to contain, besides the money, our letter of credit, our circular tickets through Italy, the checks for our baggage on the train, and the receipts for other trunks which had been left in Paris."

"Whew!" ejaculated Harold. "All in one basket, and a regular omelette. Worse than the dozen boiled eggs that time."

"What did you do, grandpa? You must have acted like a wet hen," said Dorothy sweetly by way of sympathy.

"I'm afraid I did, dear." I assented with meekness. "My first impulse was to hint that the stout German was the culprit —which caused some unpleasantness; but being bereft of money, I realized the importance of leaving the train before it started; and it would never do to let the thief claim our trunks at Venice if we remained behind. So I tore up and down the platform proclaiming my loss in a mixture of English and French to the Italian officials who volubly expressed polite dismay or shrugged. Having leapt into the baggage car, I was not permitted to handle our trunks, as I was anxious to do; and before any one else displayed energy enough to tumble them out the train was under way."

"With the stout German in possession," said Harold.

"I'm sure it was the porter," said Dorothy Perkins.

"As for the trunks on the train," I continued, "an Italian friend had them put off at the next station. I was immediately conducted before the authorities and invited to select from the entire force of porters who trotted past me in single file the man who had left me in the lurch. He triumphantly exculpated himself by proving an alibi and that his desertion was due to the orders of a superior. I was then carried before a police official who, having carefully taken down the name of my father, who had been dead many years, and the street and number of my house at home, informed me with a tragic air—thereby disposing of the whole occurrence from his stand-point as deplorable but an act of God or the King's enemies—that there was a gang of thieves operating on the trains between Rome, Florence, and Venice. No less than a hundred other cases, precisely similar to mine, of travellers despoiled of their pocket-books had been recorded by him during the previous three months. It was epidemic—and he assured me of his profound consideration and distress. Do something? He would gladly do everything in his power. But what could he do? It was fate—unavoidable circumstance."

"I admire his nerve," said Harold.

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"I hurried from his presence in order to warn the local bankers and telegraph 'urgente' to my own in Paris of the loss of my letter of credit, lest the thief avail himself of the facsimile of my signature to forge a draft and draw the balance. Some days later I received word in Venice by leisurely post that in a long experience my bankers knew of no instance where a pick-pocket had attempted this, but that I would probably be legally liable if he succeeded, and that if I felt nervous they would notify all their correspondents at my expense. Your grandmother was ready to take the chance, but I telegraphed them to send out the notices."

"Yes, and by the end of a week," broke in Josephine, "they and I were vindicated. The same kind Italian friend who put off our trunks at the next station, forwarded to us the lost pocket-book with all its contents intact, letter of credit, circular tickets, baggage receipts, and everything—except the money. The miscreant who took it had retained that."

"He took the cash and let the credit go," I murmured, but my grandchildren, not recognizing the quotation, regarded me impatiently, suspecting me of an obscure pun.

"How was it found?" they cried simultaneously.

"In a door-way near the station in Florence," I answered. "A little girl picked it up, and it was handed over to the police who promptly advertised for the owner. Our friend saw the notice and presented my claim."

"What a very considerate, gentlemanly thief!" remarked Harold. "He could have sold the circular tickets and made a bluff at securing the trunks and the funds in the bank even if he didn't succeed. Such a chivalric practitioner wouldn't earn his salt if he came over here."

"Ready cash was what he was after," I replied, "and I imagine he didn't care to be found with some one else's pocket-book in his possession, if he should happen to be caught an hour later plying his trade in a corridor car."

"The experience was annoying," said Josephine, "and got on your grandfather's nerves, mainly because he had imagined that no one could pick his pocket without his knowing it. Besides, he was losing most of what he had won at Monte Carlo. But it was a bagatelle compared with the loss of our luggage. After those heavenly days in Venice, Fred, I can hear you say, as the train started for Milan, 'the only contretemps which can happen now is to lose our trunks.' And you added: 'I've just seen them labelled with the flimsy bits of paper which pass for checks and are called *scontrini*.' And so it proved, dears. When we arrived in Milan there were no trunks. Every stitch I had with me was in them except the steamer things in Paris. And there we stayed at Milan—your grandfather a full week and I three days, for I had to fly to Paris for the sheer necessities of life—trusting every hour that the trunks would arrive, but warned from the first by compatriots who ought to know that they had either been stolen or sent to the wrong destination in order that they might be rifled later. Although the railroad officials held out hopes, we heard many whispers that a gang of thieves had control of the baggage cars between Venice and Milan, and that scarcely a week passed but some traveller reported the loss of valuables. Our trunks were so insignificant in number and size that the only explanation why they should have been tampered with was that we had been mistaken for multimillionaires, who had been buying laces in Venice."

"As Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote might say, 'What a very unpleasant confusion of identity,'" remarked Winona in parenthesis.

"I hope you got busy—and didn't merely fold your hands and lament," said Dorothy Perkins.

"Yes, indeed. Your grandfather was suitably fierce and energetic. Even Harold could have done no more. He sought successively the aid of consuls, the ambassador, the Department of State at Washington. The Italian officials, led to believe that he was a person of importance, ransacked Italy from top to bottom and extended their search beyond the frontier as far as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Yet all in vain, and the only remedy was a suit. There is no liability for jewelry under the Italian law, but indemnity may be had for the loss of a traveller's clothing, so our English lawyer informed us; and the first requisite was the filing of a sworn inventory. You should have seen that lawyer's expression when I showed him our list. By good rights the valuation should have been twice what I made it, considering all our mental anguish.

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But out of deference to your scruples I appraised at only half price all the things which had been used, and at cost only those actually new. He said he believed us implicitly, but that a decision in our favor for any such sum—and it was a comparatively small one—would inevitably be set aside on appeal, for the prices which Americans have to pay their tailors and dress-makers at home would seem incredible to any Italian. The bill was absolutely honest, but the upshot was that after all the strain, including the refusal of the agent who held our steamer trunks in Paris to surrender them because he feared I was an accomplice of the thief who had stolen our letter of credit, so that I had to be identified by our bankers, who were horribly suspicious also—we received the munificent offer that, in view of your grandfather's excellent reputation for honesty, our sworn statement would be accepted at somewhat less than half its face value. We had returned home by this time, and our lawyer's advice was to agree to the terms, which he regarded as rather brilliant, on the theory that most travellers recover nothing. So we forwarded an acceptance and supposed the matter ended, when suddenly the electrifying cablegram was received 'Luggage found'! And where, do you suppose? At Villach, a town in the Austrian Tyrol just beyond the Italian frontier, one of the places already thoroughly searched. How they got there, why they were sent there, no one seems to know to this day. The paper labels, *scontrini* (shall I ever forget the word?), plainly showed that their destination was Milan. The most plausible theory is that they were sidetracked in order to be claimed after the agitation caused by their disappearance had subsided. But we made such a rumpus that some one had to find them."

"And what of their contents?" exclaimed Dorothy Perkins feelingly.

"Intact; so far as a wardrobe which is lost in May and not found until December can be said to be intact," answered Josephine. "Fresh complications presented themselves which involved more weeks of waiting. By way of self-protection the Austrian authorities must needs prepare a complete inventory before permitting the trunks to cross the frontier. The Italians insisted on another—and then came the bitterest experience of all. The law allows for delay damages of ten per cent on the value of the contents. Little enough, when the fashions change in the interim, if based on the true worth. But despite our sworn appraisal and the testimonials to your grandfather's character, they appraised everything at such a ridiculously low figure—cutting values more than completely in two—that the sum total on which the percentage was assessed proved so pitifully small that all we recovered after six months of agony was sufficient to pay our lawyer and the express charges for sending the trunks home. There wasn't a thing missing. But I could weep to think that they were ever found. It was a gruesome experience, and there were moments when I felt that our Government ought to send a war ship. As for cathedrals, I shall never see the spires of the Cathedral at Milan without thinking of how atrociously we were robbed."

"Yet we must remember," I added by way of teaching philosophy to my grandchildren, "that I was told at the time by some one of authority and experience that I was the only American traveller who had ever recovered a dollar from the Italian Government, though the loss of pocketbooks and the rifling of trunks were everyday incidents."

And I further pointed out as a moral—for so long and harassing an adventure would not be complete without one—that Josephine's and my misfortunes would seem to be fundamentally traceable to Italian misconception of the meaning of the brotherhood of man—that world impulse which has become the guide to all modern social progress. While the other nations are endeavoring zealously to lessen the inequalities of existence by Old Age Pensions, Workingmen's Compensation Acts, and kindred humanitarian measures, the Italian political authorities seem to regard adroit thieving from foreigners intent on visiting cathedrals as an industry which should be winked at because it serves to keep contented a certain element of the population which would otherwise be without means of support. There is economic plausibility in this, for a direct tax on the stranger augments the public revenues. Moreover, one must recognize that the officials of a country, where a generation ago the bandit was a national figure, could not single out the eighth commandment for

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enforcement without being accused of lack of sympathy with the impecunious masses. Yet may not the visiting foreigner pertinently point out that the brotherhood of man is a world creed, not a local relief measure? And so arguing, justly decline to view either as sincere or humanitarian the helplessness of a police power palsied by the notorious activities of a coterie of pickpockets operating between Rome, Florence, and Venice or unable to protect personal luggage in transit from being rifled or sent astray by those in charge? In these halcyon days of peace propaganda, Josephine's reference to a war ship sounds hysterical. Yet, if conditions do not mend, may not the rest of civilization properly unite in requesting the Hague Conference to consider whether Italy's internal policy of non-interference against those who pilfer from the stranger within her borders can be justified, either as a tariff law or a Workingmen's Compensation Act for the relief of Industrial Sneak Thieves?

## XII

As every one knows, there is no brass or paper checking system in England. One's luggage travels without apparent identification; and the constant mystery is why it is not carried off by chance or design. Yet such mishaps are so infrequent, and the energetic contrition shown so superlatively efficient when they do occur, that the recording visitor instinctively sets down on his tablets with other commonplaces like the courtesy and discipline of the London police, at whose slightest gesture the entire traffic of a neighborhood pauses or proceeds on the instant, the triumph of a method which to the uninitiated eye appears haphazard.

From such surface indications of firmly established order, an unsuspecting grandfather from across seas, seeking immunity from problems in an automobile, might well expect to be unmolested by the brotherhood of man. Were there problems here which a triumvirate so eminent as Scotland Yard, an Established Church, and the *Times* could not solve to every one's satisfaction? So it came as a shock to my sensibilities, already agreeably smoothed by a panorama of the landscape at thirty miles an hour, to hear from my daughter-in-law Lavinia's brother, Luther Hubbard, whom we encountered at Gloucester just after we left the cathedral and were strolling through the close, that the House of Lords was to be abolished within a few days, and that he had applied for a ticket to our ambassador so as to be in at the death. If I would join him in London, he would try to squeeze me in. He added gleefully: "This strike of the dockmen and railway porters which has tied up traffic so tight is a protest against starvation wages. The English aristocracy are in the last ditch. Their only hope of delaying the popular programme lies in distracting public attention by a war. But the Jewish bankers who control the finances of Christendom won't let them fight."

Musing over this sensational announcement, somewhat sadly I must confess, for I had planned to exhibit the House of Lords to my grandchildren before the end of our travels, I returned to the hotel where I found a letter, the tenor of which was very melancholy, from Hugh Armitt Dawson, who had preceded us by six weeks for the coronation festivities, written from the ancestral country-seat of his son-in-law, the Earl of Batterbrook.

"England" (he wrote) "is in a bad way. Her institutions, the best in the world, are tottering to a fall, their foundations sapped by this infernal wave of radicalism. Poverty through taxation stares the landed proprietor in the face, and the death duties are so onerous that any one with ready money is hastening to invest it in America, where, in spite of government hostility to corporations for political effect, we have a little sense left. The English radical has none. I used to think the lot of the English gentleman the most enviable in the world. To-day, alas, even the climate seems in revolt, for the vegetation is burned yellow from drought, the heat is abnormal, and the nation is afflicted by a plague of wasps."

To a grandfather, one of whose chief objects in crossing the ocean was to escape all problems, but especially those appertaining to the betterment of human conditions, these disclosures were dismally disturbing. A sudden panic seized me, the ruling impulse of which, far from being a desire to take sides, was the eager resolve to behold as many landmarks as possible before they vanished forever. For what was the House

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of Lords but a symbol? Would not its abolition necessarily involve the disappearance of most of the beautiful and inspiring monuments which we had come expressly to see? We are here in the nick of time, I reflected, and it is fortunate that an automobile will enable us to cover a large area. Otherwise the progress of the brotherhood of man might demolish everything historic before we could feast our eyes on it.

Under the spur of this narrow escape from missing so many of the impressions which I wished my grandchildren to experience, I found myself, despite previous chronic faith in the social doctrines of which human brotherhood is the goal, harboring a revolutionary or, more aptly speaking, reactionary frame of mind. "A plague on the brotherhood of man—for the time being," I soliloquized. If there was one point of view which I had hoped to leave behind me, it was the perspective which would see in every landmark only an emblem of the oppression of the weak by the mighty or an outlet for social service. Indeed so obstreperous became my mood that, as I resumed my touring goggles, I not merely closed every avenue to my brain against an access of concern for the down-trodden, but deliberately sought to foster telepathic sympathy with some of the most splendidly arrogant and egoistic characters who have ever lived. When, at Canterbury, Josephine stood rooted by pity and early piety at the spot where the saintly but cantankerous Becket was assailed by his cowardly murderers, I felt a glow of kinship with Henry which informed me that, in his shoes, I, too, might have murmured, "Is there no one who will rid me of this troublesome priest?" And I will own, as I stood with my grandchildren before Tantallon's battered towers and bearded by rote the Douglas in his hall (though no copy of "Marmion" could be discovered in golf-ridden North Berwick) that I would fain have recalled the disreputable but valorous hero to life that he might wreak the awful vengeance, which he outlined before expiring, on the triumvirate who immured his wanton but adoring Constance de Beverly.

It requires some moral courage in an age when the trial balance of one's daily emotions is supposed to include constant solicitude for those who work for starvation wages to abandon one's self to a reckless spirit of Christian charity toward picturesque despots who squandered all they could clutch, and romantic villains who broke like perfect gentlemen all the ten commandments, especially the sixth and the tenth. Save for the incentive supplied by the alarming disclosures at Gloucester, I should never have revelled in an historical horizon rid of every scruple—a mental attitude which (if not forbidden by law as noxious to morals) I can eagerly recommend to those who follow our itinerary. This frame of mind served me as a lode star and rejuvenator as we pursued our course past the mouth of the Severn and along the lovely Wye and through deep valleys of surpassing beauty, o'er the grandest of which towered Snowdon, and paused amid the fascinating ruins of Raglan Castle and Harlech to repicture portcullis, drawbridge, and all the grisly glories of armored knighthood. So freely, indeed, did I revel in the mood that, on the night we rested at charming Bettws-y-Coed before leaving Wales, my granddaughter Dorothy Perkins summed up my tendencies to quote poetry by the yard and to brandish my staff as a battle-axe in the words—

"It's lucky grandpapa didn't live then, or he would have waded up to his saddle-bows in gore."

They had never suspected me of it. Nor did they suspect that the cunning old grandfather on the rampage, who had thrown to the winds for the nonce Trusts and Syndicates, Workingmen's Compensation Acts and Old Age Pensions, Knights of Labor and Industrial Magnates, was liable to develop method in his madness. When by degrees they learned to tolerate and even rather enjoy my quotations, I felt that I had gained the first vantage point in an endeavor to make them realize democracy's—and especially American democracy's—indifference to background. A hard task in my case, for my grandson's complacency had received a fresh fillip from the boast of a keen but busy fellow-countryman whom he had encountered just after landing, that one can see London completely in a single day in a taxi-cab and miss nothing; which so impressed Harold that he apologized for his failure, after playing thirty-six holes at golf at Stoke Pogis, to visit the church-yard of Gray's Elegy, almost within a brassy shot of the fair green. And the excuse seemed to him exhaustive—he had to catch the train.

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The ambition to wade up to the saddle-bows in gore, be it at the instance of one's liege lord or merely to give the finishing touches to one's bitterest foe, is at least imaginative, however truculent. Even the historic sense of the poet who penned

"Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind"

would have shrunk from the smug and cautious inertia which sees in all adventure nothing but an interference with individual creature comfort. Yet having aroused the attention of my companions, I found the surroundings inviting me to soften the warlike note when, leaving the Rows of walled Chester behind us, we sped through the modern marts, Preston and Lancaster, into the romantic solitudes of Westmoreland and Cumberland—solitudes peopled by the ever-living genius of the immortal dead despite the horde of stall-fed pilgrims. Again in spirit, though not literally (for the cost of the automobile was £5 per diem), "I climbed the tall brow of the mighty Helvellyn" and had a narrow escape from collision with the brotherhood of man as I reached the lines—

"When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the Courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."

Fortunately the interest of Dorothy and Harold in "the young gentleman of talents" who perished by losing his way and whose remains were found three months later still guarded by a faithful terrier, prevented any further reference to the funeral pomp of the "idle" (then "haughty") rich. But Harold's legal mind could not refrain from the inquiry, "How did the dog manage to keep alive?"

Yet still I persevered—for they were making progress in spite of occasional slips. As I have intimated, Josephine will linger in a church indefinitely, spellbound by the endeavor to discover evidences of the Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular under the same roof. So I have acquired the habit of slipping out after a decent interval into the church-yard, where it is more peaceful and the atmosphere is fresher, and where I often find myself in nearer communion with the illustrious dead than when I gaze on them in effigy. The little church at Grasmere is as simple and rustic as the vision of Poor Susan. But the solemn moment came when I stood with my grandchildren in a grassy angle and looked down on the graves of the Wordsworths—the resting-place of William and his wife marked by a single stone, his sister Dorothy, his daughter Dora, and his other children close beside them, while but a step beyond the reverently musing eye beholds with astonishment and then with joy the horizontal slab to the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough, who sleeps just outside the walls of Florence. How strange yet stirring an association, this of the pious poet of exalted meditation and the entranced but perplexed poet of wistful doubt!

"What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'"

Thus I quoted. But though my grandchildren betrayed no impatience, the lines were evidently new to them. Clough? Arthur Hugh Clough? Dorothy Perkins had seen the name in the anthologies, but had read it as if rhyming with plough.

"I see, now," she said, "it's just like chough—the birds which are always calling in desolate English love poetry, and would be crows, as you explained the other day, but for their red beaks and legs and toes."

I did not choose at the moment to compete with orthoepy and natural history; but later I recited for them "Say not the struggle naught availeth" and "As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay" on that most marvellous of summer evenings when the elements united to make Lake Windermere the loveliest spot on earth. While the mellow twilight lingered I rowed Josephine on the tranquil roseate waters in the spirit of youth. We watched the radiance slowly fade out and deepen until the stars appeared and only a faintly glowing fringe of caramel defined the undulating mountain line. Then exchanging our shallow skiff for the launch in which the others were disporting, we wooed the whispering stillness of the night until the moon rose behind a tall black belt

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of trees and shed its heavenly lustre far and wide.

The young read Clough no more—so alluring to us because he epitomized the anguish of the soul which revolts with fervor but reluctance from orthodoxy. We are constantly told that the America of to-day is more deeply imbued with the spirit of religion than ever before. In spite of the absence of my grandchildren (and yours) from the Protestant churches, this is undeniably true if it means that human nature is more insistently curious as to its origin and destiny and more sensitive as to mundane moral responsibilities. You will recall the plaint of the Rev. Bradley Mason, that social service must not be made a substitute for religion. Yet, we are all aware that the divines of every creed have received a hurry call to the effect that the fate of the Christian Church will be atrophy if it declines to modify its traditional "stand pat" policy in respect to appalling human conditions.

No grandfather, however obtuse, can fail to observe, despite the building of cis-Atlantic cathedrals and the creation of cardinals, the many signs of ferment in the orthodox firmament. The church of Rome stands calmly recalcitrant—but no one of my grandchildren shows the slightest symptoms of conversion. As for the other creeds, it is significant that the clergy are throwing away their impedimenta, as rapidly as is consistent with avoiding a trial for heresy, in order to proceed in light marching order. "That isn't one of the fundamental essentials—but for obvious reasons don't mention my name," has become the favorite pastoral formula. Consequently, it would be unsafe to conclude—and I as a progressive grandfather am far from believing—that the absence of our grandchildren from the churches, whether because they do not credit what they hear or from preference for week-end recreation, is indicative of a lack of aspiration or serious ideals. But the youth of half a century ago is constantly impressed by the subsidence of the torments of doubt. From such a different angle does the world approach polemics today that people either believe or they do not; and the failure to succumb to faith has in the main ceased to involve that poignancy of distress which bade us vindicate the bitter glory of the reproach.

The puncturing of a tire during our cross-country run from Keswick to Durham by way of the Yorkshire moors permitted us to pause at Bowes (the scene of Dotheboys Hall) and chance upon (for again my propensity to wander in graveyards stood me in good stead) this inscription:

> "Roger Wrightson, jun$^{r}$ and Martha Railton both of Bowes buried in one grave: He died in a fever and upon tolling his passing bell she cry'd out my heart is broke and in a few hours expired, purely through love.
> March, 15, $17\frac{14}{15}$."

There these lovers lie, the victims of parental opposition, just outside the west end of the church, directly under the bells, it is said, and unchronicled until their fell pathetic tragedy inspired a century and a half later David Mallet's poem, "Edwin and Emma."

The first attitude of my grandchildren was one of scepticism, Harold gravely pronouncing that Martha's heart might have been congenitally weak, while Dorothy ascribed the weakness to her head, adding, "If she cared so desperately, why didn't she elope like my namesake, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall?" Yet it was interesting to observe how often that day they returned to the episode notwithstanding the interest of our itinerary. Lunching at Barnard Castle (the scene of Rokeby), in the inn to which Dickens and "Phiz" resorted while gathering materials for Nicholas Nickleby, we could see directly across the way the shop which from the former owner's name and the huge timepiece which used to surmount it supplied a title for "Master Humphrey's Clock." A little later we were touring through the heart of a mining region, a landscape of smoky collieries the animate figures of which were smutty-nosed miners who trudged past us with bare legs above their woollen socks.

Lack of romantic sensibility—is not this a third charge which our democratic age must meet? No grandfather but a misanthrope would venture to insinuate that love no longer makes the world go round. Yet I could see that this quaint record from the past had cast a spell over my grandchildren despite their incredulity, and that they were wondering whether the youths and maidens of to-day love so ardently and completely as those of long ago. And if

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they entertain a wistful doubt, may not a philosopher detect as causes the modern solicitude for material comfort, more exacting than the world has ever known, which erects a frowning barrier between mating souls, and the falling thermometer in woman's bosom, first fruits of her emancipation, which congeals fancy into matter-of-fact wisdom at the expense of all her radiant follies? Thus it happens that to save all else many miss the great adventure—life's most precious experience—though the price be sometimes a broken heart.

So we came to Durham cathedral, the noblest exemplar of Norman columns inviolate, and under the shelter of sanctuary foregathered with St. Cuthbert and The Venerable Bede. Thence downward by Ripon and lovely Fountains Abbey to stately York minster, a pilgrimage through English cathedral land which did not terminate until Josephine had gazed at Canterbury on the seat of Becket's shrine.

One need not dote like her on triforiums and clear-stories to bow the knee in speechless homage to the master harmony of beauty and aspiration which these slowly crumbling monuments symbolize. What wealth of imaginative and poetic ardor, of adoring faith and lavish penitence—quintessence of noblest human emotions—their soaring lives express! No mushroom growth, these solemn, splendid churches—the imitative conception of a hasty mechanical age—but the handiwork of dreamy centuries, rising slowly stone on stone responsive to the touch of inspired genius, though the hand which commissioned it was steeped in blood. Our pageant-instructed eyes behold again the mighty tyrant kings, proud priests, and gallant knights which peopled them, in all their gorgeous ceremony, and, musing, ask if the spirit of creative beauty has vanished forever with those sanguinary but imaginative aristocrats of crown and church. When will democracy, the spires of whose cathedral are the yearnings of the common heart, its corner-stone the brotherhood of man, evolve the genius which will interpret once more to the outer eye in transcendent terms of artistic beauty its sound but disillusionizing creed?

Spellbound by the sacred aisles and arches which tell of human searching for the infinite, the rising generation fails not to note, nevertheless, the ruthless signs of the challenging spirit. The church pavements, stripped of their brass effigies, record the march of sacrilege, the reproach of which my grandchildren are told by more than one confidential verger rests on Thomas Cromwell, servant of a rapacious monarch, no less than on Oliver Cromwell, advance agent of the brotherhood of man. Among the countless names impiously scored on the sculptured tombs of the illustrious dead, sparing neither saint nor crusader, we stumble in Westminster Abbey on that of no less famous a scribbler than Izaak Walton, cut in 1658.

At least there is no illusion as we pause to read amid the vast spaces of St. Paul's the late inscription, "who at all times and places gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." It was well that my grandchildren should linger of their own accord by the cenotaph of the warrior-saint, Gordon. For what crumbling marble in all England commemorates one more possessed by the poetic fire of true chivalry? "A veray parfit gentil Knight" in the first crusade of the brotherhood of man.

I should have carried away this as the last memory of Josephine's and my holiday, but for our taxi-cab driver who, on our way to the station (and we were not pressed for time), barely escaped running down a poor devil of a pedestrian who was doing his utmost to avoid him.

"Yes," said the despot gloomily when I touched on his good fortune. "Some people have no respect for property. If that fellow had hit me, it would have taken the paint off my radiator."

Thus my final conviction, as I turned my face homeward, happened to be that the vested interests over there are likely to be in the saddle for some time to come despite the emasculation of the House of Lords. But what a pity that they have lost so much of the old picturesqueness!

THE END

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# WITCHING HILL STORIES

## BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

### V.—UNDER ARMS

IT must have been in my second year of humble office that the burglary scare took possession of Witching Hill. It was certainly the burglars' month of November, and the fogs confirmed its worst traditions. On a night when the street lamps burst upon one at the last moment, like the flash of cannon through their own smoke, a house in Witching Hill Road was scientifically entered, and the silver abstracted in a style worthy of precious stones. In that instance the thieves got clear away with their modest spoil. It was as though they then made a deliberate sporting selection of the ugliest customer on the estate. Their choice fell upon a Colonel Arthur Cheffins who not only kept fire-arms but knew how to use them, and gave such an account of himself that it was a miracle how the rascals escaped with their lives.

The first I heard of this affair was a volley of gravel on my window at dead of night. Then came Uvo Delavoye's voice through the fog before I quite knew what I was doing at the open window. Colonel Cheffins lived in the house opposite the Delavoyes', where he had lately started a cramming establishment on a small scale; and on his rushing over the road to the rescue, at the first sound of the fusillade, poor Uvo had himself been under fire in the fog. The good colonel was in a great way about it, I gathered, although no harm had been done, and it was only one of the pupils who had loosed off in his excitement. But would I care to come along and inspect the damage then and there? If so, they would be glad to see me, and as yet there was whiskey for all comers.

I turned out instantly in my dressing-gown and slippers, found Uvo shivering in his, and raced him to the scene. It took some finding in the fog, until the lighted hall flashed upon us like a dark lantern at arm's length. In the class room at the back of the house, round the gas fire which obtained in all our houses, pedagogue and pupils were still telling their tale by turns and in chaotic chorus. Their audience was smaller than I expected. A little knot of unsporting tenants seemed more disposed to complain of the disturbance than to take up the chase; but indeed this was hopeless in the fog and darkness, and before long Uvo and I were the only interlopers left. We remained by special invitation, for I had made friends with the colonel over the papering and painting of his house, while Uvo had just shown himself a would-be friend indeed.

"It's a very easy battle to reconstruct," said the crammer at the foot of his stairs. "I was up there on the landing when I took my first shot at the scoundrels. You'll find it in the lower part of the front door. One of them blazed back, and there's the hole in the landing window! I had last word from the mat, and I've been looking for it in the gate, but I begin to hope we may find a drop or two of their blood instead tomorrow morning."

Colonel Cheffins was a little bald man with a tooth-brush mustache, and bright eyes that danced with frank delight in the whole adventure. He looked every inch the old soldier, even in a Jaeger suit of bedroom overalls, and I vastly preferred him to his two young men; but scholastic connections are not formed by picking and choosing your original material. Delavoye and I, however, made as free as they with the whiskey bottle as a substitute for adequate clothing, and the one who had nearly committed manslaughter had some excuse in his depression and remorse.

"If I'd hit you," said he to Uvo, "I'd have blown my own silly brains out with the next chamber. I'm not kidding. I wouldn't shoot a man for twenty thousand pounds!"



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And he shuddered into the chair nearest the glowing lumps of white asbestos licked by thin blue flames.

"God bless my soul, no more would I!" cried the crammer heartily. "I aimed low on purpose not to do more than wing them; there's my bullet in the door to say so, whereas theirs fairly whistled past my head on its way through that upstairs window. They're a most desperate gang of sportsmen, I assure you."

"There's certainly something to be said for keeping a revolver," observed Uvo, eyeing the brace now lying on the cast-iron chimney-piece.

"Do you mean to say you haven't got one?" cried Colonel Cheffins.

"I do. I wouldn't keep one even out in Egypt. I hate the beastly things," said Uvo Delavoye.

"But why?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's something so uncanny about them. They lie so snug in your pocket, and you needn't even take them out to send yourself to Kingdom Come!"

"Why yourself, Mr. Delavoye?"

"You never know. You might go mad with the beastly thing about you."

"God bless my soul!" cried the colonel with cocked eyebrows. "You might go mad while you're shaving, and cut yourself too deep, for that matter!"

"Or when you're waiting for a train, or looking out of a window!" I put in, to laugh Uvo out of the morbid vein which I understood in him, but others might easily misconstrue. I could see the two young pupils exchanging glances as I spoke.

"No," he replied, laughing in his turn, to my relief; "none of those ways would come as easy, and they'd all hurt more. However, to be quite serious, I must own it isn't the time or place for these little prejudices against the only cure for the present epidemic. And yet, for my part, I'd always rather trust to one of my Soudanese weapons, with which you couldn't have an accident if you tried."

Over the way, his own rooms were freely hung with murderous trophies acquired in the back-blocks of the Nile; but I felt more and more that Uvo Delavoye was wilfully misrepresenting himself to these three strangers; and the best I could hope was that a certain dash of sardonic gaiety might lead them to suppose that it was all his chaff.

"Well," said the colonel, "if those are your views I only hope you haven't many valuables in the house."

"On the contrary, colonel, everything we've got over there is a few sizes too big for its place, and our plate chest simply wouldn't go into the strong-room of the local bank. So where do you think we keep it?"

"I've no idea."

"In the bath-room!" cried Uvo Delavoye, with the shock of laughter which was the refreshing finish of some of his moodiest fits. But you had to know him to appreciate his subtle shades, especially to separate the tangled threads of grim fun and gay earnest, and I feared that the gallant little veteran was beginning to regard him as a harmless lunatic. A shake of his bald head was all his comment on the statement that moved Delavoye himself to sudden mirth, and on the whole I was thankful when the return of a man-servant with a nervous constable, grabbed out of the fog by a lucky dip, provided us with an excuse for groping our way across the road.

"What on earth made you talk all that rot about revolvers?" I grumbled as we struck his gate.

"It wasn't rot. I meant every word of it."

"The more shame for you, if you did; but you know very well you don't."

"My dear Gilly, I wouldn't live with one of those nasty little weapons for worlds. I —I couldn't, Gilly—not long!"

He had me quite tightly by the hand.

"I'm coming in with you," I said. "You're not fit to be alone."

"Oh, yes, I am!" he laughed. "I haven't got one of those things yet, and I shall never get one. I'd rather thieves broke in and stole every ounce of silver in the place."

So we parted for what was left of the night, instead of turning it into day as we often did with less excuse, and for once my powers of sleep deserted me. But it was not the attempted burglary, or any one of its sensational features, that kept me awake: it was the lamentable conversation of Uvo Delavoye on the subject of fire-arms, and that no longer as affecting other minds, but as revealing his own. I had often heard him indulge his morbid fancies, but never so gratuitously or before strangers. To me

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he could and would say anything, but of late he had been less free with me and I more anxious about him. He had now been over eighteen months on the shelf. That was his whole trouble. It was not that he was ever seriously ill, but that he was always well enough to worry because he was no better or fitter for work. His mind raced like an engine, and the futile wear and tear was beginning to tell on the whole machinery. To be sure, he had written a little in a desultory way, but I never thought his heart was in his pen, and his fastidious taste was a deterrent rather than a spur. Yet he railed about the bread of idleness, said a man should be fit or dead, and that his mother and sister would be better off without him. That mother and sister were again from home, and the fact did not make it easier to dissociate those sayings from an unhealthy horror of loaded revolvers.

So you may think what I felt the very next evening—which I did insist on spending at No. 7—when the distasteful conversation was renewed and developed to the point of outrage. Daylight and less fog had failed to reveal any trace whatever of the thieves, and it became evident that the colonel's moral victory (he had lost a few spoons) was also a regrettably bloodless one. I saw no more of him during a day of vain excitement, but at night his card was brought up to Uvo's room, and the old fellow followed like a new pin.

I was in those days none too nice about my clothes, and both of us young fellows were more or less as we had been all day; but the sight of the dapper coach in his well-cut dinner jacket, with shirt-front shining like his venerable pate, and studded with a couple of good pearls, might well have put us to the blush. Under his arm he carried a big cigar box, and this he presented to Delavoye with a courtly sparkle.

"You rushed to our aid last night, Mr. Delavoye, and we nearly shot you for your pains!" said the colonel. "Pray accept a souvenir which in your hands, I hope, and in similar circumstances, is less likely to end in so much smoke."

Uvo lifted the lid and the gas-light leaped from the plated parts of a six-chambered revolver with a six-inch barrel. It was one of the deadly brace that we had seen on the colonel's chimney-piece in the middle of the night.

"I can't take it from you," said Delavoye, shrinking palpably from the pistol. "I really am most grateful to you, Colonel Cheffins, but I've done nothing to deserve such a handsome gift."

"I beg to differ," said the colonel, "and I shall be sorely hurt if you refuse it. You never know when your turn may come; after your own account of that plate chest, I shan't lie easy in my bed until I feel you're properly prepared against the worst."

"But my poor mother would rather lose every salt-cellar, Colonel Cheffins, than have a man shot dead on her stairs!"

"I shouldn't dream of shooting him dead," replied the colonel. "I shouldn't even go as far as I went last night, if I could help it. But with that barrel glittering in your hand, Mr. Delavoye, I fancy you'd find it easier to keep up a conversation with some intrusive connoisseur."

"Is it loaded?" I asked as Uvo took the weapon gingerly from its box.

"Not at the moment, and I fear these few cartridges are all I can spare. I only keep enough myself for an emergency. I need hardly warn you, by the way, against pistol practice in these little gardens? It would be most unsafe with a revolver of this calibre. Why, God bless my soul, you might bring down some unfortunate person in the next parish!"

I entirely agreed, but Delavoye was not attending. He was playing with the colonel's offering as a child plays with fire, with the same intent face and meddlesome maladroitness. It was a mercy it was not loaded. I saw him wince as the hammer snapped unexpectedly; then he kept on snapping it, as though the sensation fascinated ear or finger, and just as I found myself enduring an intolerable suspense, Uvo ended it with a reckless light in his sunken eyes.

"I'm a lost man, Gilly!" said he, with a grim twinkle for my benefit. "I was afraid I should be if I once felt it in my paw. I'm really very grateful to you, Colonel Cheffins, and very sorry if I seem to have been looking your gift in the barrel. But the fact is I've always been rather chary of these pretty things, and I must thank you among other things for the chance of overcoming the weakness."

His tone was sincere enough. So was the grave face he turned upon Colonel Cheffins.

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But its very gravity angered and alarmed me, and I was determined to have his decision in more explicit terms.

"Then the pistol's yours, is it, Uvo?" I asked, with the most disingenuous grin that I could muster.

"Till death us do part!" he answered. And his laugh jarred every fibre in my skin.

I never knew how seriously to take him; that was the worst of his elusive humor, or it may be of my own deficiency in any such quality. I confess I like a man to laugh at his own jokes, and to look as though he meant the things he does mean. Uvo Delavoye would do either—as the whim took him, and I used sometimes to think he cultivated a wilful subtlety for my special bewilderment. Thus, in this instance, he was quite capable of assuming an alarming pose to pay me out for any undue anxiety I might betray on his behalf; therefore, I had to admire the revolver in my turn, and even to acclaim it as a timely acquisition. But either Uvo was not deceived, or else I was right as to his morbid feeling about the weapon. He seemed unable to lay it down. Sometimes he did so with apparent resolution, only to pick it up again and sit twisting the empty chambers round and round, till they ticked like the speedometer of a coasting bicycle. Once he slipped in one of the cartridges. The colonel looked at me and I perched myself on the desk at Uvo's side. But the worst thing of all was the way his hand trembled as he promptly picked that cartridge out again.

We had not said a word, but Uvo rattled on with glib vivacity and the laugh that got upon my nerves. His new possession was his only theme. He could no more drop the subject than the thing itself. It was the revolver, the whole revolver, and nothing but the revolver for Uvo Delavoye that night. He was childishly obsessed with its unpleasant possibilities, but he treated them with a grim levity not unredeemed by wit. His blood-thirsty prattle grew into a quaint and horrible harangue eked out with quotations that stuck like bees. More than once I looked to Colonel Cheffins for a disapproval which would come with more weight from him than me; but decanter and syphon had been brought up soon after his arrival, and he only sipped his whiskey with an amused air that made me wonder which of us was going mad.

"Talk about bare bodkins, otherwise hollow-ground razors!" cried Uvo, emptying his glass. "I couldn't do the trick with cold steel if I tried; but with a revolver you've only got to press the trigger and it does the rest. Then—I wonder if you even live to hear the row?—then, Gilly, it's a case of that 'big blue mark in his forehead and the back blown out of his head'!"

"That wasn't a revolver," said I, for he had taught me to worship his modern god of letters; "that was the Snider that 'squibbed in the jungle.'"

Delavoye looked it up in his paper-covered copy.

"Quite right, Gilly!" said he. "But what price this from the very next piece?

> "'So long as those unloaded guns
> We keep beside the bed,
> Blow off, by obvious accident,
> The lucky owner's head.'

"That's a bit more like it than the big blue mark, eh? And my gifted author is the boy who can handle these pretty things better than anybody else in the class; he don't only use 'em for moral suasion under arms, but he makes you smell the blood and hear the thunder!"

Colonel Cheffins seemed to have had enough at last; he rose to go with rather a perfunctory laugh, and I jumped up to see him out on the plea of something I had to say about his damaged door and window.

"For God's sake, sir, get your revolver back from him!" was what I whispered down below. "He's not himself. He hasn't been his own man for over a year. Get it back from him before he takes a turn for the worse, and—and——"

"I know what you mean," said the colonel, "but I don't believe it's as bad as you think. I'll see what I can do. I might say I've smashed the other, but I mustn't say it too soon or else he'll smell a rat. I must leave him to you meanwhile, Mr. Gillon, but I honestly believe it's all talk."

And so did I as the dapper little coach smiled cheerily under the hall lamp, and I shut the door on him and ran up to Uvo's room two steps at a time. But on the threshold I fell back, for an instant, as though that accursed revolver covered me; for he was seated on his desk, his back to the room, his thumb on the trigger—and the muzzle in his right ear.

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I crept upon him, and struck it upwards with a blow that sent the weapon flying from his grasp. It had not exploded; it was in my pocket before he could turn upon me with a startled oath.

"What are you playing at, my good fellow?" cried he.

"What are *you?*"

And my teeth chattered with the demand.

"What do you suppose? You didn't think I'd gone and loaded it, did you? I was simply seeing—if you want to know—whether one would use one's forefinger or one's thumb. I've quite decided on the thumb."

"Uvo," I said, pouring out more whiskey than I intended, "this is more than I can stick even from you, old fellow! You've gone on and on about this infernal shooter till I never want to see one in my life again. If you meant to blow out your brains this very night, you couldn't have said more than you have done. What rhyme or reason is there in such crazy talk?"

"I didn't say it was either poetry or logic," he answered, filling his pipe. "But it's a devilish fascinating idea."

"The idea of wanton suicide? You call that fascinating?"

"Not as an end. It's a poor enough end. I was thinking of the means: the cold trigger against your finger—the cold muzzle in your ear—the one frightful bang and then the Great What Next!"

"The Great What Next for you," I said, as his eyes came dancing through a cloud of bird's eye, "is Cane Hill or Colney Hatch, if you don't take care."

"I prefer the village mortuary, if you don't mind, Gilly."

"Either would be so nice for your mother and sister!"

"And I'm such a help to them as I am, aren't I? Think of the bread I win and all the dollars I'm raking in!"

"It would be murder as well as suicide," I went on. "It would finish off one of them, if not both."

He smoked in silence with a fatuous, drunken smile, though he was as sober as a man could be. That made it worse. And it was worst of all when the smile faded from the face to gather in the eyes, in a liquid look of unfathomable cynicism, new to me in Uvo Delavoye, and yet mysteriously familiar and repellent.

"Yes; they're certainly a drawback, Gillon, but I don't know that they've a right to be anything more. We don't ask to be put into this world; surely we can put ourselves out if it amuses us."

"If it amuses us!"

"But that's the whole point!" he cried, puffing and twinkling as before. "How many people put themselves out for no earthly reason that anybody else can see, and have their memory insulted by the usual idiotic verdict? They're no more temporarily insane than I am. It's their curiosity that gets the better of them. They want to go at their best, with all their wits about them, as you or I might want to go to court. If they could take a return ticket, they would; they don't really want to go for good any more than I do. They're doing something they don't really want to do, yet can't help doing, as half of us are, half our time."

"They're weak fools!" I blustered. "They're destructive children who've never grown up, and they ought to be taken care of till they do."

He smiled through his smoke with sinister serenity.

"But we all are children, my dear Gilly, and on the best authority most of us are fools. As for the destructive faculty, it's part of human nature and three parts of modern policy; but our politicians haven't the child's excuse of wanting to know how things are made—which I see at the back of half the brains that get blown out by accident!"

"Good-night, Uvo," I said, just grasping him by the arm. "I know you're only pulling my leg, but I've heard about enough for one night."

"Another insulting verdict!" he laughed. "Well, so long, if you really mean it; but do you mind giving me my Webley and Scott before you go?"

"Your what?"

"My present from over the way. It's one of Webley and Scott's best efforts, you know. I had one like it, only the smaller size, when I was out in Egypt."

I thought he had forgotten about the concrete weapon, or rather that he did not know I had picked it up, but expected to find it in the corner where it had fallen when I knocked it out of his hand. My own hand closed upon it in my side pocket, as

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Even as it was I went down on all fours.—Page 738.

I turned to face Uvo Delavoye, who had somehow slipped between me and the door.

"So it's not your first revolver?" I temporized.

"No; you've got to have one out there."

"But you didn't think it worth bringing home?"

I was trying to recall his very first remarks about revolvers, after the burglary the night before. And Delavoye read the attempt with his startling insight, and he helped me out with impulsive candor.

"You're quite right! I did say I hated the beastly things, but it was a weakness I



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always meant to get over, and now I have. Do you mind giving me my Webley?"

"What did you do with the other one, Uvo?"

"Pitched it into the Nile, since you're so beastly inquisitive. But I was full of fever at the time, and broken-hearted at cracking up. It's quite different now."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. I'm not going to do anything rotten. I was only ragging you. Don't be a silly ass, Gillon!"

He was holding out his hand. His face had darkened, but his eyes blazed.

"I'm sorry, Uvo——"

"I'll make you sorrier!" he hissed.

"I can't help it. You couldn't trust yourself in your fever. It's your own fault if I can't trust you now."

He glared at me like a caged tiger, and now I knew the wild sly look in his eyes. It was the look of the Kneller portrait at Hampton Court, but there was no time to think twice about that, for the tiger was gnashing his teeth in very impotence.

"Oh, very well! You don't get out of this, with my property, if I can help it! I know I'm no match for you in brute strength, but you lay a finger on me if you dare!"

He was almost foaming at the mouth, and the trouble was that I could understand his frenzy perfectly. I would not have stood my own behavior from any man, and yet I could not have behaved differently if I had tried, for his insensate fury was all of a piece with his delirious talk. I kept my eye on him as on a wild beast, and I saw his roving round the uncouth weapons on the wall. He was edging nearer to them; his hand was raised to pluck one down, his worn face bloated and distorted with his passion. Neither of us spoke; we were past the stage; but in the grate the gas fire burnt with a low reproving roar. And then all at once I saw Uvo turn his head as though his sensitive ear had caught some other sound; his raised hand swept down upon the handle of the door and, as he softly opened it, the other hand was raised in token of silence, and for one splendid second I looked into a face no longer possessed by the devil, but radiant with the newest joy.

Then I was at his elbow, and our ears bent together at the open door. Gas was burning on the landing as well as in the hall below; everything seemed normal to every sense. I was obliged to breathe before another sound came from any quarter but that noisy stove in the room behind us. And then it was more a vibration of the floor, behind the curtains of the half-landing, than an actual sound. But that was enough; back we stole into Uvo's room.

"They've come," he whispered simply; "they're in the bath-room—now!"

"I heard."

"We'll go for them!"

"Of course."

He reached down the very weapon he had meant for my skull a minute before. It was a great club, studded with brass-headed nails, and also a most murderous battle-axe, so that the same whirl might fell one foe and cleave another. I had taken it from Uvo, and his dancing eyes were thanking me as he loaded the revolver I had handed him in exchange.

There were three stairs down to the half-landing, but Uvo sat up too late at nights not to know the one that creaked. We reached the old maroon curtain without a sound; behind it was the housemaids' sink on the right, and straight in front the bath-room door with a faint light under it. But the light went out before we reached it, and then the door would not open, and with that there was a smothered hubbub of voices and feet within. It was like the first shot from an ambuscade, but it was no ambuscade, and Uvo's voice rang out in triumph.

"Down with the door or the devils 'll do us yet!"

And they sounded as though they might before bolt or hinges gave. As we brought all our weight to bear, we could hear them huddling out of the window and somebody whispering sharply, "One at a time; one at a time!" And at that my companion relaxed his efforts inexplicably, but I flew at the key-hole with flat foot and every ounce of my weight behind it; the crash fined off into the scream of splintered wood, and I should have entered head-foremost if the man on the other side had not stemmed the torrent of torn wood-work. Even as it was I went down on all fours, and was only struggling to my feet as his figure showed dimly in the open window. Delavoye fired over my head at the same instant, but his revolver "squibbed" like that far-away Snider, and before I could hack with his battle-axe at their rope-ladder, the last of

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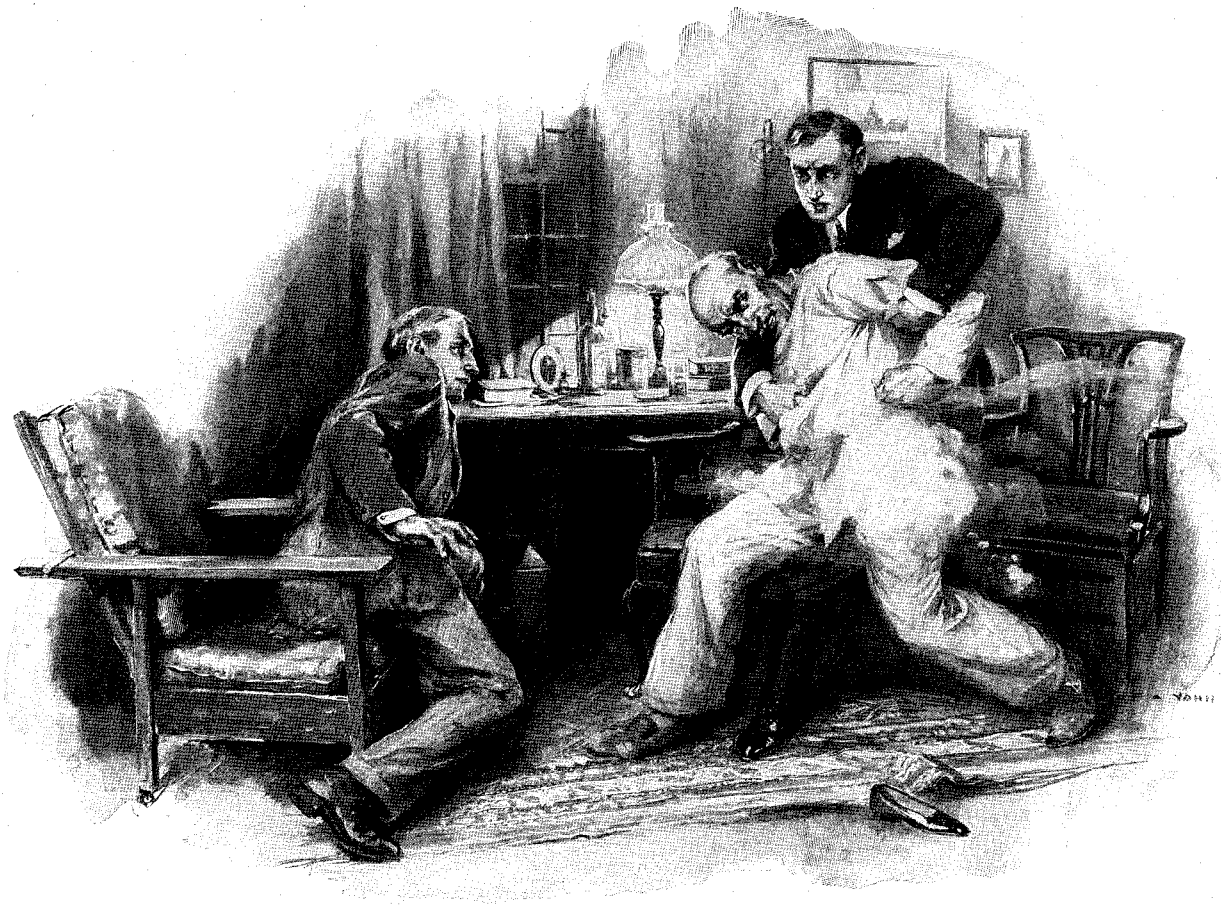

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

That same second my arms were round him.—Page 742.

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the thieves was safe and sound on *terra firma*.

"Don't do that!" cried Delavoye. "It's our one chance of nabbing 'em."

And he was out of the window and swinging down the rope-ladder while the ruffians were yet in the yard below. But they did not wait to punish his foolhardihood; the gate into the back garden banged before he reached the ground, and he hardly had it open when the last of the bunch of ropes slid hot through my hands.

"After them!" he grunted, giving chase to shadowy forms across the soaking grass. His revolver squibbed again as he ran. They did not stop to return his fire; but across the strawberry bed, at the end of the garden, the high split fence rattled and rumbled with the weight of the flying gang, and there was a dropping crackle of brushwood on the other side as I came up with Delavoye under the overhanging branches of the horse-chestnuts.

"Going over after them?" I panted, prepared to follow where he led.

"I'm afraid it's no good now," he answered, peering at his revolver in the darkness. The chambers ticked like the reel of a rod. "Besides, there's one of them cast a shoe or something. I trod on it a moment ago." He stooped and groped in the manure of the strawberry bed. "A shoe it is, Gilly, by all that's lucky!"

"You wouldn't like to dog them a bit further?" I suggested. "The fellow with one shoe won't take much overhauling?"

"No, Gilly," said Delavoye, abandoning the chase as incontinently as he had started it, but with equal decision; "I think it's about time to see what they've taken, as well as what they've left."

Their rope-ladder was still swaying from the bath-room window, and it served our turn again since Uvo was without his key. He climbed up first, and the window leaped into a square of gas-light before I gained the sill. The scene within was quite instructive. The family plate chest was clamped right round with iron bands, like the straps of a portmanteau, and the lock in each band had defied the ingenuity of the thieves; so they had cut a neat hole in the lid and extracted the contents piecemeal. These were not strewn broadcast about the room, but set out with some method on a dressing-table as well as in the basin and the bath. Apparently the stage of selection had been reached when we interrupted the proceedings, and the first thing that struck me was the amount of fine old plate and silver, candelabra, urns, salvers, and the like, which had not been removed; but Delavoye was already up to the right armpit in the chest, and my congratulations left him grim.

"They've got my mother's jewel case all right!" said he. "She has one or two things worth all those put together; but we shall see them again unless I'm much mistaken. Come into my room and hear the why and wherefore. Ah! I was forgetting young ambition's ladder; thanks, Gilly. I hope you see how hard it's hooked to the wood-work on this side? It's only been their emergency exit; we shall probably find that they took their tickets at the pantry window. Now for a drink in my room and a bit of Sherlock Holmes work on the lucky slipper!"

I wish I could describe the change in Uvo Delavoye as he sat at his desk once more, with his eager face illumined by the reading gas lamp with the smelly rubber tube. Eager was not the word for it now, neither was it only the gas that lit it up. At its best, for all its bloodless bronze and premature furrows, the face of Uvo was itself a lamp, that only flickered to burn brighter, or to beam more steadily; and now he was at his best in the very chair and attitude in which I had seen him at his worst not so many minutes before. Was this the fellow who had toyed so tremulously with a deadly weapon and a deadlier idea? Was it Uvo Delavoye who had deliberately debauched his mind with the thought of his own blood until, to my eyes at least, he looked capable of shedding it at the morbid prompting of a degenerate impulse? I watched him keenly examining the thing in his hands, chuckling and gloating over a trophy which I for one would have taken far more seriously; and I could not believe it was he whom I had caught with a revolver, loaded or unloaded, screwed into his ear.

It was in a silence due to two divergent lines of thought that we both at once became aware of a prolonged but muffled tattoo on the door below.

"Coppers ahoy!" cried Uvo softly. "But I thought you hauled their ladder up after us?"

"So I did; but how do you know it's a copper?"

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"Who else could it be at this time of night? Stay where you are, Gilly. I'll go down and see." And in a moment there was a new tune from the hall below: "Why, it's Colonel Cheffins! . . . How sporting of you, colonel! . . . Yes, come on up and I'll tell you all about it."

The colonel's answer was inaudible until he entered; but on the stairs he was explaining that he had awakened about an hour ago with a conviction that yet another house had been attacked, that in his inability to get to sleep again he had ultimately risen, and, seeing a light still burning across the road, had ventured to come over to inquire whether we were still all right. And with that there entered the Jaeger dressing suit and bedroom slippers, containing a very different colonel from the dapper edition I had seen out on the other side of midnight, and for that matter but a worn and feeble copy of the one we had both admired the night before.

"That's Witching Hill all over!" cried Uvo as he ushered him in. "You dreamed of what actually happened at the very time it was actually happening. And yet our friend Gillon can't see that the whole place is haunted and enchanted from end to end!"

"I'm not sure that I should go as far as that," said the colonel, sinking into a chair, while Delavoye mixed a stiff drink for him in his old glass. "In fact, now you come to put it that way, I'm not so sure that it was a dream at all. I sleep with my window open, at the front of the house, and I rather thought I heard shots of sorts."

"Of such a sort," laughed Uvo, "that you must be a light sleeper if they woke you up. Do you mind telling me, colonel, where you used to keep those cartridges you were kind enough to give me?"

"In my wash-stand drawer. I hope there was nothing the matter with them?"

"They wouldn't go off. That was all."

"God bless my soul!" cried Colonel Cheffins, putting down his glass.

"The caps were all right, but I am afraid you can't have kept your powder quite dry, colonel. I expect you've been swilling out that drawer in the heat of your ablutions. Devil a bullet would leave the barrel, and I tried all three."

"What an infernal disgrace!" cried the colonel, springing to his feet. "God bless my soul, why, the damned things ought to go off if you raised them from the bottom of the sea! I'll let the makers have it in next week's *Field*, libel or no libel, you see if I don't! But that won't console either you or me, Mr. Delavoye, and I can't apologize enough. I only hope the rascals were no more successful here than they were at my house?"

"I'm afraid they didn't go quite so empty away."

"God bless my soul! Those cartridge makers ought to indemnify you. But perhaps they left some traces? That was the worst of it in my case—neither foot-mark nor finger-mark worth anything to anybody!"

"I'm afraid they left neither here."

"But you don't know that, Mr. Delavoye; you can't know it before morning. The frost broke up with the fog, you must remember, and the ground's as soft as butter. Which way did the blackguards run?"

"Through the garden and over the wall at the back into——"

"Then they *must* have left their card this time!" said Colonel Cheffins, ten years younger in his excitement, and even more alert and wide-awake than we had found him the night before. He did not conceal his anxiety to conduct immediate investigations in the garden. But Uvo persuaded him to wait till we had finished our drinks, and we got him to sit down at the desk, trembling with keenness.

"You see," said Uvo, leaning forward in the arm-chair and opening a drawer in the pedestal between them, "one of them did leave something in the shape of a card, and here it is."

And there lay the cast shoe, in the open drawer, under the colonel's eyes and mine as I looked over his shoulder.

"Why, it's an evening pump!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"Made by quite a good maker, I should say. All in one piece, without a seam, I mean."

"I see. I hadn't noticed that; but then I haven't your keen eye, colonel. You really must come out into the garden with us."

"I shall be delighted, and we might take this with us to fit into any tracks——"

"Precisely; but there's just one thing I should like you to do first, if you would,"



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said Uvo deferentially, and I bent still farther over the colonel's shiny head.

"What's that, Mr. Delavoye?"

"Just to try on the glass slipper—so to speak, Colonel Cheffins—because it's so extraordinarily like the one you were wearing when you were here before!"

There was a moment's pause in which I saw myself quite plainly in the colonel's head. Then, with a grunt and a shrug, he reached out his left hand for the shoe, but his right slid inside his Jaeger jacket, and that same second my arms were round him. I felt and grabbed his revolver as soon as he did, and I held the barrel clear of our bodies while he emptied all six chambers through his garments into the floor.

Then we bound our fine fellow with his own rope-ladder, reloaded both revolvers with unexpurgated cartridges discovered upon his person, and prepared to hold a grand reception of his staff and "pupils." But those young gentlemen had not misconstrued the cannonade. And it was some days before the last of the gang were captured.

They were all tried together at the December sessions of the Central Criminal Court, when their elaborate methods were very much admired. The skilful impersonation of the typical Army coach by the head of the gang, and the adequate acting of his confederates in the subordinate posts of pupils and servants, were features which appealed to the public mind. The taking of the house in Mulcaster Park, as a base for operations throughout a promising neighborhood, was a measure somewhat overshadowed by the brilliant blind of representing it as the scene of the first robberies. It was generally held, however, that in presenting a predestined victim with a revolver and doctored cartridges, the master thief had gone too far, and that for that alone he deserved the exemplary sentence to which he listened like the officer and gentleman he had never been. So the great actor lives the part he plays.

It is a perquisite of witnesses to hear these popular trials with a certain degree of comfort, and so it was that I was able to nudge Uvo Delavoye, at the last soldierly inclination of that bald bad head, before it disappeared from a world to which it has not yet returned.

"Well, at any rate," I whispered, "you can't claim any Witching Hill influence this time!"

"I wish I couldn't," he answered in a still lower voice.

"But you've just heard that our bogus colonel has been a genuine criminal all his life."

"I wasn't thinking of him," said Uvo Delavoye. "I was thinking of a still worse character, who really did the thing I felt so like that night before we heard them in the bath-room. Not a word, Gilly! I know you've forgiven me. But I'm rather sorry for these beggars, for they came to me like flowers in May."

And as his face darkened with a shame unseen all day in that doleful dock, it was some comfort to me to feel that it had never been less like its debased image at Hampton Court.

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# A SUN-DIAL

## By Frank Dempster Sherman

Each morning sees my task begun,
Each evening finds my duty done:
    The shadows on my dial show
    Only the joyous hours that go
Along the pathway of the sun.

Only the happy hours I write,
Between the daybreak and the night:
    My records all are golden rhyme;
    I am the troubadour of Time,
And all my songs are of delight.

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# THE TURNSTILE

## BY A. E. W. MASON

### XXXIII

#### A LETTER FROM ABROAD

THE session passed, and Devenish's land bill, as Rames had foretold, was postponed. It figured again in the address at the beginning of the following year, but as late as March no definite date had been assigned for its introduction. On a Saturday morning of this month Cynthia and her husband were breakfasting in the dining-room of the white house, when the morning's letters were brought in by the butler. Harry Rames tossed one or two aside.

"Circulars, pamphlets," he said. He opened some of the others, taking them from the top of the pile. "Here's one from the Chamber of Commerce—railway rates. I'll answer that this morning. Here's another—the committee of a school wants a grant from the treasury. Here's a third—" and as he was beginning to tear open the envelope, his voice suddenly stopped.

Cynthia looked up from her own letters and saw that while he was holding the third letter in his hand he was not looking at it. His eyes were fixed upon that one which was now uppermost on the heap. He sat and stared at the envelope for an appreciable time. Then dropping the letter which he held, he picked up this new and startling one and carried it swiftly over to the window. Cynthia followed his movement with her eyes, just curious, but nothing more. Her eyes indeed travelled beyond him and noticed the sunlight in the garden, the yellow and purple crocuses and the first of the daffodils, noticed them with an upspringing lightness of heart. Then the stillness of her husband's attitude caught her attention. She saw something in his face which she had never seen there before, which she had never thought to see there at all. He wore the look of a man quite caught out of himself. He was as one wrapped in visions and refined by the fires of great longings. It seemed to her that she saw a man whose eyes, brimful of light, looked upon the Holy Grail.

He turned back to her. He brought her the letter still unopened and placed it in her hands. Cynthia received it as though written upon its cover she would read the revelation of his secret. Yet she saw nothing but a soiled envelope with a foreign stamp. She gazed up at her husband mystified.

"Look at the stamp, Cynthia!" said Rames in a queer voice.

Cynthia looked. It wore the head familiar to English people. But the lettering about the head was strange. She spelled it out.

"Rexland."

With a start she turned to him.

"That is the country you discovered."

"Yes. A stamp was struck to commemorate my discovery of it."

"A stamp?" cried Cynthia. "Wait a minute, Harry! You once spoke of a stamp to me before. Yes, on the morning of the day when you were to deliver your speech—the speech which failed. It was this stamp of which you were speaking?"

"Yes."

"You remembered it on that morning, even when your thoughts were full of the speech you were going to deliver."

"I remembered it by accident," he said sharply. "I can't think why. It had been out of my thoughts for so long. Yet it was that stamp." His voice softened. "It is issued by the post-office—for a penny. Just think of it! A penny stamp brings a letter from the Antarctic seas to us here in Warwickshire."

"Mr. Hemming sent it?"

"Without a doubt. When he came to see me in London fifteen months ago, he told me that if I intended to go out again he would not use my harbor."

Harry was standing just behind his wife. Cynthia was not looking at him any longer. But she was listening with a curious intentness as though the words which he spoke



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were of less importance to her than the accent with which he spoke them. She put questions to him to make yet more sure of it.

"And you gave him permission!"

"Of course. I had not the right to refuse it. I was never going South again. Nothing was further from my thoughts. I told him to use not only my harbor, but the depots of food I had made along my sledge-route from the harbor toward the Pole."

"You think that he reached the harbor?"

"I am sure of it. Otherwise he would not have used this stamp. He must have wintered there. I did not think that he would reach it before winter closed in upon him. The summer last year must have been very late."

Cynthia nodded her head.

"Yes."

Her attention was relaxed. Harry Rames had been striving to keep from his voice any note of regret, to speak in the ordinary level tone suitable to a matter of only ordinary interest. But in spite of his efforts he was not sure that he had succeeded. Cynthia handed to him the letter. He took it and turned it over in his hand.

"He has had time since he wintered in that harbor. One summer would be enough. He may have done it—if his dogs lived. There's always that condition. If his dogs lived! Mine didn't. Perhaps—perhaps—" He broke off abruptly and thrust the letter back into Cynthia's hand.

"You open it! You can tell me what he says."

Harry Rames walked again to the window and stood with his back to the room. Cynthia's eyes followed him and travelled past him once more to the garden. She was sure that she would never forget those daffodils and the purple crocuses waving in the sunlight for one day as long as she lived. A minute ago she had noticed them; now she noticed them again; and within that minute had been revealed to her the great secret Harry Rames had been at so much pains to hide. She knew her rival now, and was appalled. "Such men are broken by a torment of their souls." It was Harry himself who had said that. The wish came to her, "If only this man has succeeded." She tore open the envelope.

Harry Rames stood at the window waiting for the letter to be read to him; and it seemed to him that he waited for an eternity. He had heard the tearing of the envelope. The letter was open in Cynthia's hands. Yet she did not speak a word. Rames's heart sank.

"Then he has reached the Pole?" he asked with a studied carelessness.

"I don't know," Cynthia replied in perplexity.

"Read it."

"There is nothing to read."

Rames turned round and came swiftly toward her.

"He must have forgotten to enclose his letter. There is nothing but this," said Cynthia. She was holding a single blank sheet of note-paper in her hand. She turned it over. "No, there's not a word written anywhere. Do you understand it?"

"Yes. He has failed."

There was no doubt left to her of her husband's joy. The cry which broke from his lips was not to be denied. It was a real cry of exultation. Cynthia turned pale as she heard it. But she would not acknowledge that she understood it, nor would she look into Harry's face lest she should see the same exultation blazoned there.

"Poor Hemming," said Rames. "That's bad luck. The disappointment must have hit him hard."

"You can understand that," said Cynthia steadily.

"Yes. He would have written, you see, if he had taken it more lightly. He has nothing to say. That is what his blank sheet of paper means. That is what it must mean. Well, I must go and write to the Chamber of Commerce, Cynthia"; and gathering up his letters he went out of the room.

As for Cynthia, she remembered that the North Warwickshire met that morning at eleven o'clock four miles from the house. She rode to the meet and followed the hounds over a good grass country flying her hedges on a big horse which old Mr. Daventry had given to her on the very first day when she had hunted over six years ago. It had always been her experience that when troubles and fears overburdened her, a hard day's hunting was her best medicine. It smoothed out the creases of her mind, whipped up the blood in her veins, set her pulses dancing with the joy of living and

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unrolled her courage like a banner. The sunlight, the swift rush through the air, the rhythm of movement, the keenness of the animal beneath her, the flight over hedge and ditch, had never failed her up till now. It always seemed to her that by some process, of which she was quite unconscious, the direct and simple thing to do emerged from the confusion of her thoughts and shone out unmistakably. And it shone out to-day. But she could not bring herself to accept it. As she rode homeward through the lanes she was at her arguments again.

"No! With time contentment will come to him. He will be subdued to the matter he works in. And I cannot let him go."

Mr. Benoliel's warning obstinately confronted her.

"One party doesn't keep the bargain or keeps it half-heartedly as an irksome thing and day by day the separation grows more complete until you are living with your enemy or living quite alone."

But she would not be convinced; she battled against it. "There was a saving clause. 'Unless on both sides there is love.' In that case a way could be found. And on both sides there may be love."

She had treasured up little acts of thoughtfulness on Harry Rames's part, the merest small things which women are quick to notice and to build upon; such as having a cloak ready for her shoulders almost before she was aware that she was cold. She ran these trifles over in her mind, clutching at them for proof that the longed-for change was coming—nay, perhaps, had come. There had been a constant watchfulness, a constant care for her shown by her husband during this last year. It might be, of course, that a certain remorse was stirring in him—remorse that he was only keeping his side of the bargain in the letter and not the spirit.

"But I cannot let him go," she insisted. The perils, the hardships, the dangers of snow-storms and cold and shipwreck and famine which had all seemed so trivial to her in her days of romance when she had blamed him for not going back to the South and completing the work which he had begun, now loomed up before her terrible and dark. It was no use to argue that other men had gone that road and had come back. This one might not. She reached her home with her distress as heavy upon her as when she had set out; and was told that Mr. Benoliel was waiting to see her.

She went at once into the drawing-room and gave Mr. Benoliel some tea.

"Will you tell Mr. Rames," she said to her butler, "that Mr. Benoliel is here?"

"He's not in the house," said Benoliel. "He's in Ludsey. I asked for him when I heard that you were out. I am glad. For I should like to tell you my news first."

The butler left the room and Mr. Benoliel became at once mysterious and omniscient.

"Sir George Carberley is going to resign," he said.

Cynthia looked at him in surprise.

"The member for our division?"

The white house was not within the borough limits of Ludsey. It stood in the Heckleton Division of the county of Warwickshire and Sir George Carberley, an important unit of the opposition, was Harry Rames's representative in the House of Commons.

"Yes," said Mr. Benoliel. "He has sat for the division for forty years now and he is tired. He intends to resign when this session is over."

"Are you sure?" asked Cynthia. "How do you know this?"

"Ah!" said Benoliel with a smile. "You mustn't ask me that, Cynthia. Indeed I am not quite sure that I ought to have told you the news at all. But I thought that it was so important for you to know it at once that I stretched a point of confidence."

"Thank you," said Cynthia. "But what I don't understand is why it is so important for us to have the news before the others?"

"Captain Rames is on the executive of your association, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then he will have a voice in the selection of the candidate who will fight the seat from your political point of view."

"Of course."

"Very well," said Mr. Benoliel. "If he has a candidate ready when the news of the approaching resignation is published, and if that man is willing to follow not simply the government's policy, but also your husband's policy as regards Devenish's land bill, don't you see what a chance he gets? If Rames can secure the selection of his man as candidate and then can win over the seat, he strengthens his position with the

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government enormously. He has put his views about Devenish's bill to the test of an election, and he has won."

"Yes I see that," said Cynthia doubtfully. She was considering the prospect Mr. Benoliel held out to her from a quite different point of view. If Harry succeeded in this plan, his victory would be one more link in the chain of obligation which bound him to his present life. If he failed, his failure would be another disappointment weakening it.

"But can we win?" she cried. "The seat's supposed to be impregnable."

"That's one of your advantages. Overconfidence loses more seats than bad candidates lose. Besides, the mere fact that one man has held a seat for forty years is against the probability of another man of the same color succeeding. There are lots of people who will be ready to say 'It's time we gave the other fellows a look-in.' Your husband has only got to throw himself heart and soul into the fight and he will stand a very good chance. No doubt of that."

Cynthia reflected. "Why did you wish to tell me this news before you told it to Harry?" she asked, bending her brows upon Mr. Benoliel in a steady frown which had before now warned him to walk with circumspection.

"I wasn't quite sure," he explained, "that you would wish him now to undertake a further obligation of political service."

"Indeed!" said Cynthia icily. "And why shouldn't I wish it now, Mr. Benoliel?"

Mr. Benoliel had no intention to allow himself to be browbeaten by a slip of a girl for whose happiness he was in a measure responsible.

"Because, my dear Cynthia," he answered, "it has seemed to me on the last few occasions when I have met your husband that he was feeling the strain of a Parliamentary life. He has looked worn and tired. I could almost fancy that he was disheartened."

Cynthia's thoughts did Mr. Benoliel some injustice at this moment. Certainly he was suggesting to her that his neglected warning had been justified, that Harry's Parliamentary ambition had been a mere phase in his life, which was now passing or had already passed. But she went further and assumed in him a kind of triumph at the accuracy of his diagnosis. Right underneath his sympathetic words she seemed to hear the whisper of a question,

"Am I not a clever man?"

The whirr of a motor car grew loud and ceased. Harry had returned from Ludsey. Mr. Benoliel sat patiently in front of her, awaiting her decision. Was he to break his news to Harry Rames or was he not? Cynthia felt that Harry's destiny and hers were in her hands. She must make her choice and by that choice it seemed to her they would be both inextricably bound, their happiness or their misery allotted to them for the whole span of their lives.

She sat with her chin propped in the palm of her hand and her eyes brooding darkly on Mr. Benoliel. A door was shut somewhere in the house. She rose and pressed the bell.

"Howard," she said to her butler, "was that Mr. Rames?"

"Yes ma'am."

"He is in his study I think?"

"Yes."

"Will you show Mr. Benoliel in to him?" And as Benoliel rose, she said to him, "Will you come back after you have told your news? You will have an opportunity of reconsidering your judgment. I should like to hear whether you still think him disheartened."

Cynthia was in her most aggrieved and stately mood. She usually was when she knew herself to be in the wrong. She would not admit Mr. Benoliel's sympathy or affection for her. She had an epithet for him very near to the tip of her tongue at this moment. Mr. Benoliel was officious. With a distant bow she dismissed him.

She had the satisfaction half an hour later of hearing Mr. Benoliel's complete recantation.

"I was quite wrong, Cynthia. He was in the best of spirits. He was elated. The look of strain had gone if it was ever there. I have been mistaken. I am happy to admit it."

Cynthia relaxed from her frigidity. But her satisfaction was a poor one and had little life in it. She had merely tricked Mr. Benoliel into the belief that his insight had been at fault. For in truth, as she knew very well, it had never been more shrewd. What had led Mr. Benoliel into error was

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his ignorance of the letter with the "Rexland" stamp which had arrived at the white house by the morning's post. Hemming's failure was a kind of reprieve for Harry Rames. In a sudden revulsion he had been lifted out of his discouragement. His exultation had remained with him all that day. Cynthia had counted upon it when she had sent Benoliel to his study.

## XXXIV

### THE CONVICT AT THE OAR

A LONG account of Hemming's expedition, sent by a New Zealand correspondent, appeared in one of the morning papers the next day. Hemming had travelled a couple of hundred miles further south than Harry Rames. Then he had been compelled to return. But it was Harry Rames who had made it possible for him to get so far. For he used Rames's depots of provisions and was able to save his own for the stretch of new ice-covered country.

Harry lighted upon the account unexpectedly when he opened his newspaper at the breakfast table, but the moment he saw the head-line he folded the sheets quickly again and pushed the paper away from him. He shrank from reading it, hardly daring to trust himself, and he began to talk over with Cynthia the names of suitable candidates for the Heckleton Division.

"The Whips, of course, will have a man ready who will be pledged to swallow the whole of the government policy, land bill and all. We must be beforehand with them. What do you say to young Burrell, Cynthia?"

"Sir James Burrell's son?"

"Yes. His father is anxious that he should do something," said Harry with a laugh. "And since he has been ploughed for the army, he doesn't see that there is anything much open to him, except to govern the country."

"But isn't he rather young and rather insignificant?" asked Cynthia.

"Youth's a good quality in the House of Commons. The older men become suspicious of change and want life stereotyped as it is. And young Burrell isn't without brains. I don't say that he's a flyer, but then, like the government, I prefer docility to brains in my followers. I think that I will run round to Sir James when we go back to town on Monday."

But though Harry Rames neglected his newspaper at the breakfast table, he came back for it at eleven in the morning. He could keep the drawer in his bureau locked upon his charts, but he could not quench his fever to read the details of Hemming's expedition. For an hour he tried to occupy himself with the business of Cynthia's estate, and then he gave up the attempt. When and how Hemming failed, how far he had travelled with his sledges, what new lessons were to be learnt from his experience—here were questions which he could not silence. He got the paper and read the account through. "The dogs gave out," he said to Cynthia. "The dogs are the trouble. You can't carry enough food for them and for the sledging-party as well. Of course, it's bad luck on Hemming. But I doubt if he followed the highest traditions of British exploration."

"Why?" asked Cynthia.

"He should have chosen a different base, converged upon the Pole from a different angle, and covered ground altogether new. Then, whether he failed or not, he would have brought back a hundred new facts of interest to the scientist and the geographer. As it is he adds very little I should think to our knowledge."

Cynthia was silent for awhile after he had finished. Then she said in a low voice, bending over some embroidery at which she was working:

"And if you were to go back, Harry, where would you make your base?"

"I?"

Harry Rames sprang eagerly up.

"Oh, I should search for a harbor a long way to the east of my old one. At least," and he caught himself up, "I think that is what I should do. I am speaking at random of course. But I should at all events have considered that possibility carefully, if I had been going out again."

Again a spell of silence followed upon his words and Cynthia did not raise her eyes from her work. She was wearing a hat with a wide brim and Harry Rames could see nothing of her face.

"Won't you get your charts out and show me?" she asked. She had mastered her voice so that there was no sound of effort in it.

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"I haven't got them here," said Harry with a fine indifference. "They are in London I believe, somewhere or other."

Cynthia's needle stopped.

"In London," she said. An idea had occurred to her. "Locked up?"

"Very likely. I may have locked them up. I have done with them altogether, you see."

"Of course," said Cynthia.

This time it was Harry who did not at once reply. The finality of that "of course" brought a flush of anger into his face. He almost blamed her for her blindness, though all his efforts aimed at keeping her blind.

"I will ride into Heckleton this afternoon," he said, "and make sure that the chairman of our association has no pet candidate of his own."

"That will be a good plan," said Cynthia; and with a glance at the crown of that broad hat and a surprise at the obtuseness of the head which it so effectually concealed, he went out of the room. Not until the door was closed did Cynthia lift her face from her work. Her eyes were brimming with tears and she let her hands lie idle on her lap while the tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks. She was not much given to tears, but to-day they had their way with her. She was wretched. Their marriage had been a mistake. From first to last Mr. Benoliel had been right, but she would not listen to him and be warned. Even this afternoon he had accused her—for so she now looked upon his words—with his pitiless truths. It was true that Harry was discouraged, that his face had grown thin and worn, that despite the brave show which he was making, he was utterly unhappy. Harry's words, "The men who go South are driven on by a torment of their souls," lived with her night and day. They were written in fire upon every wall of her house. In that torment Harry Rames was now tossing and must toss, enduring the anguish of his longings silently—just as silently as she herself was weeping in the empty room.

She was afraid of herself and dissatisfied with herself. Afraid because she had been perilously near to one wild outcry, "Since your heart is set on it, go!" Dissatisfied, because she had stifled the words before they were spoken, because she could not bring herself to speak them, and never would.

From that day a change came over her. She flung herself with a veritable fever of energy upon those opportunities which enable a woman to identify herself with politics. The work she had undertaken in Ludsey, she undertook in London on a wider scale, and with infinitely greater effort. She was elected upon the central committees of the various women's associations connected with her husband's party; she travelled far and wide throughout the country on the business of organizations; she made speeches; she sought the presence of cabinet ministers at her dinner-table; she lost her color, her buoyancy. What she did was done doggedly. To go to bed each night tired out, that was her ambition.

"If Harry wears himself out, why should not I?" she said when any of her friends remonstrated with her, but not one of them was allowed to guess that the secret of all her energy was remorse. She was seeking her rest in fatigue. For her remorse grew. Night after night Harry sat faithfully, as he had promised to Hamlin, in his seat on the front bench below the gangway. He took his part in the debates, he recovered the ground which he had lost. He was once more a man marked for high office. But it was all labor now, and unloved labor. And the strain of it was visible. He went out and in without that happy mien of confidence which once Cynthia had been wont to resent, but for which she vainly hungered now.

There was one Friday evening toward the end of June when she was impelled to approach the dangerous subject of her own accord. She and Harry had been dining with the prime-minister in Downing Street. All that week the House had been sitting into the small hours. The prime-minister himself had taken her aside and given her a warning. They returned home soon after eleven, and as they sat over a final cigarette in Harry's study, Cynthia could not shut her eyes to his restlessness, the nervous flickering of his fingers, the unsteady intonations of his voice.

"Aren't you doing too much, Harry?" she asked.

"Not more than you, Cynthia," he replied as he poured himself out a whiskey and soda.

"Much more. And women who are doing what they want to do can stand a great deal more than men who are not."

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Harry looked across at her quickly.

"But, of course, I am doing just what I have always planned to do, just what you are helping me to do—just what I sought your help to enable me to do."

"Sure?"

"Of course."

Cynthia had crossed the room to his side and was standing with a hand upon his shoulder. She was in a mood of indecision and the touch of her hand revealed her mood to Rames. A change came over him. She felt a tremor of his body, a sudden quickening of the muscles beneath her hand. He became intensely expectant. She could read the question in his mind. Was she by some wonderful inspiration going to release him from the torment of his soul? But the mere sensation of his movement was enough for Cynthia. She withdrew her hand. She repeated unconsciously words which he had once used to her.

"After all we get some fun out of it, don't we, Harry?" she said; and Harry rose quickly from his chair.

"We get much more out of it, Cynthia," he said with a face which had suddenly grown very grave and tender; and the next moment she was in his arms, held there tightly, clasped against him. Cynthia was carried out of herself. She was swept away unexpectedly upon a swirl of passion.

"Harry! Oh Harry!" she whispered in a low voice of happiness. His right hand touched and stroked her hair. Then he tilted her chin backward and he looked into her eyes and a smile transfigured his face.

"Oh, much more, Cynthia," he cried, and he bent his head and kissed her. He put her away from him and looked her over from her delicate feet to the fair crown of her hair. She wore a satin gown of white with her diamonds in her hair, and a rope of pearls about her neck.

"There! That's that!" he said, and Cynthia with a laugh and the blush of a girl answered, "Thank you." Harry Rames lit a cigarette and Cynthia's eyes followed each movement and followed it with incredulity. The change so ardently longed for by her had come then? He loved—he actually loved!

"Since when?" she asked gently.

"Do you remember one evening when you stood there by the door, very wistful, and told me something about yourself which I did not know?"

"Yes, I remember. I was unwise."

"You were not. For it began then."

"Really?"

She went up to him, and he caught her hand in his and held it tightly clasped.

"I looked at you to-night as we sat at dinner. There was no one but you at the dinner-table. How on earth you could have brought yourself to marry me, I can't think."

"I told you," said Cynthia, "I was afraid," and there was a note of exultation in the confession as though now at last she was freed from fear. Harry Rames lifted her suddenly from the ground and held her close to him. She hung inert in his arms.

"That's over," he said.

"Quite."

"I love you, Cynthia."

Cynthia threw her head back and closed her eyes, giving to him her face, her throat.

"I wanted to hear you say that," she whispered. He carried her over to the sofa and laid her down.

For a week or two after that evening Cynthia walked in a dream. The great trouble which had weighed upon her thoughts incessantly was altogether gone. Mr. Benoliel had been right in his conjectures. He must still be right, she reasoned. He had foreseen the trouble accurately. "You will be living with your enemy or living quite alone." But he had added a saving clause. If on both sides there was love, then salvation would be found. Cynthia did not inquire very deeply into Mr. Benoliel's meaning. The salvation would come automatically, following upon love. She was content to think that and she walked in a world of roses as in the days of her girlhood in the estancia before James Challoner had come to claim her.

But after a fortnight she waked from her dream. Life was different: it was intensified. There was a little more sunlight on a sunny day, a little more sparkle in the summer, one walked to music. But the trouble was not gone, in spite of the fact that on both sides there was love. For with love, contentment had not come to Harry Rames. He watched himself, but she watched him closer and she knew. His sleep grew disturbed. The torment of his soul was not appeased. Daily he became

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more and more the convict at the oar. There grew up between them a loving enmity.

A morning came in the middle of July when to Cynthia the strain became intolerable. She was riding under the trees in the Row. It was not yet half-past nine and the air was still fresh with the dews of the night. A light haze hung near to the ground, the sunlight touched the green alleys of trees to gold, and far off across the Park soldiers were marching to the drums and fifes. She had reached the cross-road which leads to the Albert Gate when the impulse seized her. Mr. Brook was riding at her side, dilating enthusiastically on the importance of their group in the House of Commons, while Cynthia from time to time said mechanically "yes," and again "yes," and wished with her whole heart that all the bores in London would not take their exercise at half-past nine in the morning. Mr. Brook was in full swing when Cynthia abruptly reined in her horse.

"Good-by," she said, "I am afraid I have something I must do," and to Mr. Brook's astonishment she turned and cantered quickly back to Hyde Park Corner. Thence she rode to Grosvenor Square, gave her horse to her groom, and burst into Mr. Benoliel's dining-room where he sat breakfasting delicately amidst his silver and flowers. She waved the butler from the room and sat down at the table at right-angles to Mr. Benoliel.

"I am very unhappy," she said. "I was riding in the Park. It seemed ridiculous to be unhappy on a day like this. Yet I am. So I put my pride in my pocket."

She spoke with a kind of petulance, like one aggrieved and surprised at the contrariness of things. But Mr. Benoliel recognized that her distress was very real. His face clouded over; he laid his hand upon her arm.

"Have some breakfast, Cynthia."

"Food!" cried Cynthia in contempt. Then she changed her tone. "Well, I haven't had any breakfast. Perhaps—yes."

She was a girl with a healthy appetite and very unhappily she ate a big breakfast.

"Now light a cigarette and tell me about it."

He pushed over a silver box lined with cedar wood from which Cynthia took a cigarette. She tapped the end upon the table and lighted it. Mr. Benoliel's cigarettes were famous for their freshness and the delicacy of their aroma. Cynthia inhaled the tobacco and was a little comforted.

"No," she said. "I can't tell you all about it. I just want to ask you a question."

"Yes."

"You remember the warning you gave me at Culvers when you didn't know that I was married?"

"Quite well," said Mr. Benoliel regretfully. "It came too late."

"I am glad that it came too late," Cynthia observed quietly. "For I might have taken it."

Mr. Benoliel looked perplexed.

"Yet you are unhappy, Cynthia?"

"Very. None the less I wouldn't go back. But I don't want you to ask me questions. I will tell you at once that you were right—quite right up to a point. And the happiness both of Harry and myself depends upon your being right all through."

Mr. Benoliel's eyes flashed into life.

"There is a chance then?"

"Oh yes! If you are right."

"Let me hear!"

Cynthia put her question.

"What did you exactly mean when you said that even if the change you feared should come and some latent ambition should spring to life and snatch him back, separation need not follow, provided that on both sides there was love?"

A gravity overspread Benoliel's face.

"I meant, my dear, that sooner or later," he said gently, "after much tribulation, much revolt, one of the two will make the necessary sacrifice, and will make it wholeheartedly."

Cynthia was silent for a little while.

"Yes," she said at last in a low voice. "Of late I have begun to think that that is what you meant."

She dropped her cigarette upon a plate and rose. "Thank you, Mr. Benoliel," she said, and she walked with a trailing step to the door. At the door she paused.

"And is it always the woman who must make the sacrifice?" she asked; and Mr. Benoliel lost in a moment all that second-hand aspect of the dilettante which habitually cloaked him.

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"Always," he said, with a ringing gravity of voice. "That is the law of the world, and neither man nor woman shall change it."

Cynthia opened the door and went out.

## XXXV

### THE LITTLE BIT EXTRA

YET that August when Parliament had risen, Harry Rames and Cynthia were cruising in the Solent and no word had been spoken by her to remedy their trouble. It was Cynthia who had proposed this holiday and Harry had fallen in with her plan eagerly. They had chartered a small steam yacht of a hundred tons. Rames navigated the boat himself and slipping their moorings one afternoon, they left Cowes behind them and steamed away through the north channel of the Shingles to Poole. Cynthia had ceased to wrestle with herself. She was content to lie in her deck chair and put into and out of the harbors of the West.

"This shall be the perfect holiday," she had said. "Whatever the future may hold for us, we will have this month together without visitors, without any shadows."

They were tossed in Portland race; they steamed across the West Bay over a sea smooth and bright as a steel mirror. They dropped their anchor at Dartmouth. They rounded the Start on the next day and crossed the Bar of Salcombe harbor under the shadow of Bolt Head on just such an evening of sunset as that which the poet fixed in a few lines of deathless verse. Cynthia stood with her arm through Harry's, as very slowly with the lead going in the bows he set the boat over the shallows.

"Sunset and evening star," Cynthia quoted.

"And one clear call for me," Harry Rames continued and abruptly broke off like a guilty person who has spoken without thought. Cynthia walked to the end of the bridge. After all, this cruise had made a difference to Harry. She consoled herself by the reflection. He had recovered something of his buoyancy of spirits since he had trodden the planks of this little yacht and looked down from its flimsy bridge onto its narrow deck and tapering bow. He was interested in the boat, quick to induce her to give him of her best, and her brass shone like a woman's ornaments. They put out from Salcombe the next day and, keeping clear of Plymouth and Polperro and Fowey, heard the bell upon the Manacles in the afternoon and dropped anchor between the woods of Helford River. They stayed there for a day and made a passage thence to Guernsey on a night of moonlight. Cynthia sat late upon the bridge while Rames in his great-coat kept the boat upon her course. Toward morning he came to her side and stooped over her.

"I thought you were asleep."

"No."

"Aren't you tired?"

"No."

"You were lying so still."

"Yes," said Cynthia. "I am storing this night up."

The swish and sparkle of the water along the boat's sides, the rattle of the chain as the helmsman spun the wheel, the quiet orders of her husband, the infinite peace of sky and sea, and the yacht like a jewel between them, were indeed to dwell long in Cynthia's memories. For their holiday was at an end. A sailor was sent ashore at Guernsey for the ship's letters and he brought them on board whilst Harry and Cynthia were at breakfast in the deck cabin. There was one for Rames with the Heckleton postmark stamped upon the envelope. Harry tore it open reluctantly.

"Carberley has resigned," he said. "There will be a meeting of the executive on Friday night to adopt young Burrell."

Cynthia looked out across the harbor.

"We ought to go back, oughtn't we?" she said slowly.

Harry glanced at his letter.

"It is not expected that the election will take place for five weeks," he answered.

Cynthia shook her head.

"We shall want all that time, Harry." Then she cried with a sudden vehemence: "You have got to win this fight, Harry. So much hangs on it for you and me."

"I know, Cynthia," he answered.

"More than you know."

Harry rose from his chair.

"I'll give orders. We will steam back to Southampton at once. But it's a pity, isn't it? Old Carberley might have waited for another month. I am sorry."

"So am I," said Cynthia. Her eyes had wandered from him and were once more

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fixed upon the shipping in the harbor. Her face had grown white. "More sorry than you can know."

A little white dinghy, gay with a sailor in a white jersey and a red cap, was just leaving the side of a big yacht moored across the water. The picture of that little boat was fixed for life in Cynthia's recollections. It had nothing to do with her, she never knew who sailed in the yacht, or on what business the boat put off to shore. But the picture of it was vivid to her long after important memories had grown altogether dim.

The fight for the Heckleton Division was memorable in the political history of that year. From first to last it was Rames's fight. The candidate was young, and a halting speaker, and unknown to the constituency. But he lived in Rames's house and when he appeared upon a platform he appeared with Rames at his side. When he spoke he uttered the words which Rames had prepared, and when he had finished Rames was on his legs to fill up the deficiencies and whip the assembly to a fire of enthusiasm. From the great guns of his own party, no assistance came. Indeed, most of them would have been well pleased had the seat not been won. For in the forefront of his programme Mr. William Burrell put hostility to the land bill. The two men left the white house early in the morning to return there late at night. For five weeks the lights of Rames's motor flashed on the hedges of the country roads in Warwickshire, and the constituency was won. The result was declared at noon, and half an hour later Mr. William Burrell, M.P., a slim, fair young gentleman with a small gift of flippancy made his one memorable speech in the big room of the club.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the British public, as a whole, is indifferent to politics. It wakes up, to be sure, at the time of an election. But if I were asked to define politics in relation to the British public I should define it as a spasm of pain recurring once in every four or five years. What, then, is it which arouses the enthusiasm of which I am a witness? What is it which achieves these triumphs? Need I say? It is personality. Character—that's what they want in public life—and now, gentlemen, they have got it."

The speech was received with a very tornado of laughter. Rames turned to his wife who sat by him on the little raised platform at the end of the room.

"I told you he wasn't a fool," he said, and Mr. Arnall, who had come over from Ludsey, cried out with a chuckle of delight that he had now a companion speech to match the famous one of Taylor the democrat.

"You won't go back to London until tomorrow, will you?" said Rames to young Burrell. "It's best not to hurry away the moment you've won the seat."

They returned accordingly to the white house, and when the two men were left by Cynthia to their wine after dinner, Rames turned inquisitively to his guest.

"I have noticed a change in you, Burrell, during these five weeks. You came into the contest as though it was a joke, didn't you?"

"Yes I did," said Burrell, blushing.

"And though you laughed at it again today, as a matter of fact it ceased to be a joke very quickly."

Burrell agreed. "Very quickly."

Rames fetched a box of cigars from the sideboard.

"Now light a cigar," he said, "and tell me just as clearly as you can what brought about the change, and what this election really means to you."

Mr. William Burrell, M.P., shied at the proposal.

"Oh, I say, Rames," he began, but Rames cut him short.

"I really want to hear," he said earnestly. "I ask for a particular reason."

Burrell lit his cigar. The contest had impressed him deeply. But like most men he was shy of revealing any strength of feeling. But the eager eyes of Rames kept him to his task. He looked back over the five weeks, gathering up his little sheaf of recollections.

"What remains in my mind," he said with hesitation, "is not the excitement, nor the applause, is not the difficulty of making speeches about subjects with which one is not half acquainted, nor the fear of being asked questions for which one has no reply ready, but something quite different. It is the memory of little bare raftered schoolrooms, hot with gas-light, crowded with white faces, faces so hopeful, so—intolerably hopeful—the faces of people who look confidently to candidates and Parliaments

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for so much more than it seems to me Parliaments and candidates can ever do."

"Ah!" said Rames curiously. "You felt that too. I remember that I did."

Burrell leaned forward.

"Did you too, though you shouted yourself hoarse with the rest, feel a little ashamed?"

Rames reflected. "No," he said; "never." Then he added with a smile, "but I think I should now."

"I did," said Burrell. "There were times when I wanted to stop my speech in the middle and cry out, 'Don't look at me with such high hopes. It's no use! It's no use!' But I held my tongue. For there's always the little that governments *can* do. That's the consolation, isn't it?" Burrell was finding it easier to speak out his thoughts now. The false shame with which he had begun had quite left him. His words tumbled out hot from his soul. The strangely curious, almost envious look with which Harry Rames, his tutor and leader, waited upon him encouraged and urged him on.

"The fight, the excitement, the victory—oh yes, they are worth having, even though one owes them to another, just as I owe them, Captain Rames, to you. But now, after the victory, there's still the little which can be done; and there's still the memory of the raftered school-rooms, the hot gaslight, and the rows of eager, hopeful, pallid faces to help one on to do it."

He stopped and leaned back in his chair. The shame of a young man who has let his tongue wag before his elders and masters seized hold upon him.

"But why did you lead me on to talk this sort of blatter to you?" he asked in an aggrieved voice. "All that I have just learnt you knew long since."

Harry Rames shook his head.

"Your opposition to Devenish's land bill shows it," Burrell insisted. "Oh, we'll have a real policy of land reform, not an act of revenge."

Harry Rames leaned across the corner of the table toward young Burrell. To the youth's eyes he looked at this moment extraordinarily haggard and old.

"I'll tell you, Burrell, why I asked my question. I wanted to recapture from you if I could something of a man's enthusiasm at his first political victory."

Burrell looked at his leader with astonishment. Of the man of fire who had blazed through the constituency from corner to corner with clear ringing phrases and an inexhaustible good-humor there was now nothing left. He was burnt out. He sat with brooding eyes and a white face all fallen into despair. The tale of his years was suddenly written large upon him. Burrell had wit enough to understand that fatigue did not explain the change. A mask was withdrawn; he saw misery like a cancer. Rames sat and betrayed himself like a man in his cups.

"You tell me you felt ashamed in the school-rooms. I never knew anything of such shame. To win, to win, to win! That was all I thought about. That was all the desire I felt. That was what I hoped you would help me to recapture to-night. But you haven't helped."

Rames's eyes dwelt angrily upon his colleague.

"No. You have made me feel ashamed too." Then his face relaxed and he added in a friendlier voice: "I believe that I have helped you—really helped you. Oh, not to win a seat in the House of Commons. That's nothing to be so proud about. But to find your vocation."

"Where you have found yours," said Burrell firmly.

"Not a bit of it," said Rames, and then he woke from his moodiness to a savage outburst of contempt. "Oh, I am going on with it. Don't be alarmed, Burrell. I'll lead you. We'll put up a fight. We'll make the fur fly. Very possibly we'll pull the whole government down with a run. But—" and drawing his chair nearer to the youth he changed his tone. "I'll tell you the truth about the House of Commons. It's the place where the second-rate gets the finest show in the world. In no walk of life does second-rate intellect reap so high a reward or meet with such great esteem. But it won't lift you to the very top. Nor will first-rate intellect either. Remember that!"

"What will then?" asked Burrell in perplexity, and Harry Rames shrugged his shoulders.

"The little bit extra. Character, perseverance! I don't know. Something anyway. It's the same everywhere now. There are too many clever people about. Faith

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in a cause, I think. That's why the sentimentalists do so much harm in public affairs. They get their way, because they believe. They are not playing the political game. Cleverness is twelve for a penny nowadays. To get up to the top you must have the little bit extra. Now in the sphere of politics I haven't got it. I don't say office is out of my reach. It isn't. I have been offered it. I have refused it. But I haven't got the little bit extra. Outside politics—in quite another sphere—I believe I have. But that's all done with. I was warned when I went into politics—warned by a shrewd, wise man. But I wouldn't listen and so some day amongst the second-rate Right Honorables half a dozen lines will announce my demise in the *Times*."

Young Burrell had no great experience of the intenser emotions, and the bitterness with which Rames spoke appalled him. He saw a man in torture, and he listened to a cry of pain grown intolerable. Then in a second all was changed again. Rames was on his feet replacing the stoppers in the decanters, taking the shades from off the candles, performing the little conventional acts of a host in his dining-room. The chasm in the ordinary level surface of things which had yawned for a moment and given Burrell a glimpse of the pit where misery gnawed had closed up.

"We will join my wife," said Rames. "Bring your cigar in. Cynthia doesn't mind. By the way," and a smile of tenderness transfigured his face, "not a word of this to her. She thinks I am going to be a great man. She's wrong, but I don't want her to know before she needs must." Burrell consented at once. He followed Rames from the room with all joy in his victory quite overcast. He looked beyond the surprising revelations of his host and obtained a glimpse into a new side of life. He was the spectator of one of the grim comedies of marriage. Here was the wife —so it seemed to him—believing joyfully in the great destiny of her husband; and the husband laboring in torment to sustain her belief, while all the while he knew that his destiny was thwarted and that the true current of his life ran through other fields.

They went along the passage into the drawing-room. It was a warm night of September and the windows stood open upon the garden. Cynthia was not in the room. Harry stepped out onto the lawn. The night was dark and he could see no one. But the light in the drawing-room had revealed him as he stepped out, and whilst he was standing peering into the darkness Cynthia came softly over the grass to his side.

"You'll catch cold," he said. "The dew's heavy and your satin slippers will be drenched."

Cynthia took his arm. "Hush," she said. "Listen!" and through the still air the chimes of the great clock in Ludsey steeple floated with a silvery and melodious sound to their ears. A tune was struck out by the bells, then another.

"I heard that," said Cynthia in a whisper, "on the night my father died. I was sitting alone with him in the darkness while his life drifted away. It was winter."

Harry put his arm about her and pressed her to his side.

"I heard them again," she continued, "one night when I was waiting for you to telephone to me, Harry. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I waited a long time for you that night, Harry," and there was a catch in her voice. "Ludsey chimes have meant very much to us. Let us hear them out!"

They stood together in the darkness until the last distant note had died away. It seemed to Rames that Cynthia listened as though she was taking a farewell of them.

## XXXVI

### THE TELEGRAM

HARRY RAMES and Cynthia travelled up to London the next day. Cynthia was restless and excited.

"Let us dine at a restaurant and go to a theatre, Harry," she said. "I can't sit still and stay at home to-night."

"Very well. What shall we go and see?"

"Oh something with bright colors and movement and music."

But there ran through the piece she chose a melody of a haunting wistfulness and Harry Rames, happening to glance at his wife in the darkness of the auditorium, saw that the tears were raining silently down her cheeks.

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"What's the matter, Cynthia?" he asked in a whisper.

Cynthia smiled at him through her tears and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Hush!" she answered. "It's all right, Harry."

As the curtain descended at the end of the act she said, "Let us go now quickly, do you mind? Before the lights are turned up."

They were, fortunately, near to the end of their row of stalls, and they were able to slip out while the curtain was still ascending and descending upon the lighted stage, and the auditorium still dark. Rames left Cynthia in the lobby while he went in search of his carriage. When he returned he found her standing with her face carefully turned to the wall in front of a commonplace engraving, which seemed to be demanding from her the most meticulous study.

"Have you found it?" she asked, and she hurried with him across the pavement. "Let us go home, Harry. It was nothing except nerves. I was stupid. We have been doing a good deal lately, haven't we?"

"That's all right, Cynthia. You poor little girl," said Rames as he crossed her cloak over her throat. He knew her too well to make the mistake of plying her with questions, and they drove to their home in silence.

"You had better go to bed, Cynthia," he said. "I'll send your maid to you."

"No. I am all right now," she answered. "I have something to say, Harry."

She went forward to his study—that room with the mahogany panels where both had faced the hardest crises of their lives, had known the worst of their sorrows, the sweetest of their joys. Harry followed her, turned on the lights, and closed the door. Cynthia was already standing by the fireplace with a foot upon the fender; and she shivered as though she was cold.

"Yes, it's chilly," said Rames. "I'll light the fire."

He struck a match, dropped upon his knees beside her, and set light to the paper. The wood crackled, the flames spurted up. Cynthia threw off her cloak and, crouching before the fire, warmed herself. Harry Rames drew up an arm-chair for her.

"Won't you sit here, Cynthia, and be comfortable?" he asked, and his voice seemed to rouse her from a gloomy contemplation. She stood up and walked over to his bureau.

Harry's eyes followed her movements closely. With a growing consternation he saw her grasp the handles of a locked drawer and try to open it.

"What do you keep in here, Harry?" she asked.

"Oh, some old forgotten things."

"Your charts?"

"My word, yes. I believe they *are* there," he said with an air of surprise.

"Will you show them to me?" Cynthia asked. "I should like to see them."

"I don't know where the key is. It's quite lost."

"Are you sure?"

"For all the chance I have of finding it, dear, it might just as well be at the bottom of the Serpentine."

Harry had not moved away from the fireplace. Cynthia, her back toward him, had been playing with the brass handles of the locked drawer. Now she swung round suddenly. Often she had wondered what errand had taken him from the house at one o'clock of the morning after she had revealed her heart to him in this very room. Now she guessed the truth. It was on that night that he had begun to build up his dykes against the encroachments of his longings. She faced him; her eyes burned steadily upon his face, thoughtful, but betraying nothing of her thoughts.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose it might as well be in the Serpentine." She turned again to the drawer.

"A knife will open it easily, Harry."

Harry Rames moved uncomfortably.

"It had better be left alone, Cynthia," he said. But she insisted and, opening a blade of his knife, he went reluctantly across the room to her side.

"It is your wish, Cynthia. You will remember that?" he said gravely. "For myself I would much rather that it should never be unlocked until both of us are dead."

Cynthia showed no surprise at the gravity of his voice. But now she, too, paused. "There is still time," she was saying to herself in feverish trouble of mind, though her face was calm. "There is still time. He is giving me my chance—my last chance." Her eyelids were lowered over her eyes and she glanced at him under the thick lashes.

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"You are afraid to open it, Harry?"

"Yes, I am afraid."

It was not merely the outrush of old and overwhelming memories which he dreaded. But that locked drawer had become to him a symbol of his own self-mastery. So long as it remained locked, and no longer, he would dominate his torments and be the captain of his soul. For so long he would keep locked a frail door against his yearnings. Cynthia, in a voice so faltering and low that it was hardly audible, said:

"Still I should like it opened."

"Very well."

She stood with her fingers clenched upon her palms whilst Harry inserted the blade of his knife in the chink of the drawer, ran it along until it touched the lock, and then pried open the fastenings. There was a crack as of splintering wood. Harry Rames replaced his knife in his pocket, pulled out the drawer, and carried it over to his writing-table.

"There it is," he said, moving away from it to the fireplace. Cynthia bent over the drawer and turned on the light of a reading lamp which stood upon the table.

"This is your own chart upon the top, Harry?"

"Yes. It is the last one, you see. Hemming may be bringing back another."

"Will you show me exactly the point you reached?"

It seemed to Harry as if she was bent on trying him to the last point of endurance.

"It is marked there quite plainly, Cynthia," he said.

Cynthia leaned over the drawer—for a long time. Harry Rames was quite surprised at the closeness of her scrutiny. It was so long since she had shown any interest in his journey or indeed in anything except his political career. As a matter of fact, Cynthia saw of that map nothing but a blur: for her eyes were dim with tears, and she bent so low over its curves and configurations simply because in that attitude her face was hidden.

She moved.

"What is this?"

She took up an envelope, tied up with string, which lay in a corner of the drawer.

"May I open it?"

"Of course."

She cut the string and, one after another, perhaps a score of brown telegraph envelopes slipped out in a cascade and fell upon the table in front of her.

"Telegrams," she said curiously. "Unopened, too! Oh, Harry!" this with a mocking laugh of reproach. Then she looked at the address of one of the telegrams. It ran:

RAMES,
S. S. PERHAPS,
TILBURY DOCKS.

As she read her face changed. There came a look of introspection in her dark, wide-open eyes. She swept back in her thoughts over the course of years and took note of the irony of things and of the surprising changes in a life like hers which, to all the world, was uneventful and prescribed.

"I remember," she said. "These are the good wishes sent to you when you started. You once told me that you never opened them."

"I hadn't the time. We had to catch the tide out of London. We were late getting away. I had forgotten that I had kept them all."

"I am going to open them."

"It is too late to answer them."

"I wonder."

Cynthia opened the telegrams until she came upon one about half through the number which arrested her attention. This she spread out before her and smiled at its phrasing.

"Harry!" she said.

Rames turned about.

"Yes?"

"Come and read this."

He stood behind Cynthia's chair and read aloud the message still legible upon the form.

"Every heart-felt wish for a triumphant journey from an unknown friend in ——"; and then he stopped with an intake of his breath. "In South America," he resumed, and so stood quite still for the space of a few seconds. Then he leaned forward and looked at the name of the telegraph office from which the message had been sent.

"Daventry," he cried.

"Yes," said Cynthia with a little laugh which broke. "We had a telegraph office on the estancia. We were very proud of it, I can tell you"; and then the amusement

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died away from her voice, and "oh!" she whispered in a long sigh, as she felt his arm about her.

"You sent that! You! Cynthia! Before I knew you, before we met."

"Yes, dear, I sent it."

"Just think," he cried. "It reached me at Tilbury. It travelled out with me to the South. It was in the desk in my cabin for three long dark winters. It came back with me to England. By chance I met you——"

"No, not by chance, Harry," Cynthia interrupted. "I sent Mr. Benoliel to fetch you."

"Yes, you did," he agreed with a laugh. "We met, and we married, and through all these changes it has lain here unopened. Why didn't I open it? That was conceit, Cynthia. I was haughty. I was going out to discover the South Pole. I didn't open my telegrams"; and he bent down and kissed her on the lips.

"Thank you," she said again with a trembling laugh. "But if you had opened it, Harry, you would only have laughed. For it's just the message of a school-girl, isn't it? You were one of my heroes—oh not the only one but the latest one—I had just let you in past the turnstile to my enchanted garden. I was seventeen on the very day I sent it. I drove down to the office—oh in such a condition of importance. I pictured to myself you, the unknown you, sitting in your cabin and wondering and wondering and wondering who your little friend was in South America. Then I drove back and"—she stopped and went on again slowly—"yes, other things happened to me that day." She looked down again at the telegram. "Yes, the message of a foolish and romantic school-girl."

"I should like to be able to think, Cynthia," said her husband, "that I had opened it when it came."

"But you didn't," said Cynthia, "and so—" she broke off her sentence. She took the telegram form, folded it, and replaced it in its envelope. She took a brush from a little bottle of gum which stood ready upon the table by the inkstand and, smearing the inner border of the envelope, stuck it down again. Then she stood up and turned to her husband. "And so," she continued, "you must take it, Harry, as though it were despatched to you by me only to-day for the first time and delivered to you here now at midnight."

She held out to him the telegram and he took it, gazing at her with a look of wonder. And then hope flamed in his eyes. Cynthia turned away abruptly. To her that swift flame of hope, of life, was almost intolerable.

"Then you knew," he cried.

Cynthia nodded her head, but she kept her face averted.

"I have known a long time," she answered in a low voice. "Ever since the letter came to you with the Rexland stamp."

The sound of her voice and her attitude pierced to Rames's heart. His exultation gave way to concern.

"I am very sorry, Cynthia," he said gently. "I tried to hide it."

"Oh, my dear, I know you did. With all your strength you tried to hide it. You watched yourself each minute. But," and she turned to him with a little smile of tenderness, "I watched you closer still, and the longing grew too big to be hidden."

Harry Rames made no pretence to deny the truth of her words, knowing full well that all denial would be vain. The screen was down between them.

"Yes," he said; "but, Cynthia, I keep my bargain."

"My dear, there is no longer any bargain between us," she answered, "for on both sides there is love. Of that I am very sure."

She held out her hands to him and he caught them and held her against his breast.

"You said you had rather that drawer was not unlocked until both of us were dead," she whispered. "My dear, if that drawer was not to be unlocked, we might both of us be dead at once for all the value our lives were going to be. So you will go, you must, unless we are to be wrecked altogether. We have been most unhappy, both of us. I, because I thought of the dangers," and she suddenly caught him close as though even now she dared not let him go, "and could not bring myself to make the sacrifice and let you run the risk—you, because the call was always in your ears. It couldn't go on. That's the truth, Harry. Especially now that you know that your secret's no longer a secret to me. We should grow estranged, embittered, each one thinking the other horribly selfish. Perhaps, even hatred might come."



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"No," protested Harry.

"Oh, yes, yes. It has come from smaller causes often enough. It might come, Harry, and that would be terrible. I have thought it out, my dear. All the time we were cruising down in the West I was thinking our position over and over and over. And it seemed to me that you must win this Heckleton election first—and then I would tell you that I understood your great trouble and let you go. But you had to win first. I couldn't let you go while people might be able to say that you had gone because you had been beaten in your political ambitions. I was too proud of you, my dear, to allow that. You must lay down your career at a moment of success, leaving behind you a good name amongst your colleagues and perhaps a great many regrets. But you have won the election now, you have made good, as they say, and so, for both our sakes, you must go."

She drew herself out of his arms and moved away to the fire.

"Of course it's just what I wanted when I first met you, isn't it?" she said with a wavering effort of a laugh. "I urged you to go back and finish your work the first time I met you—one night at the Admiralty. Only things have changed a good deal since then, haven't they?"

Her voice, which had been steady up till now, broke, and with a sob she suddenly hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Harry," she cried as though her heart was breaking, and he hurried to her, exclaiming:

"Cynthia, I am a brute. I can't leave you here for three years alone."

She held him off with her arm outstretched, dreading lest she should weaken and take her advantage of his remorse and so have to go through all this heart-rending renunciation again at some future time.

"You won't, Harry," she said, drying her eyes with her handkerchief. "I have thought it all out. My father asked me on his death-bed not to desert the Daventry estancia altogether. He loved it so himself that he did not wish to think that he would die and that no one of his own people would see it again and make sure that all was going well with it. And here's the opportunity. While you go down to the Antarctic I will go back to the Daventry estancia. I couldn't live here day after day with you away amidst the storms and the snow. There I shall be able to. I will have the estancia to look after. When will you go?"

"Not so very soon, Cynthia, after all," he said. "It will take me a year before the preparations are complete. Besides, there's the money to be raised."

Cynthia raised her shoulders in a gesture of reproach.

"Oh Harry! There's no trouble about the money, of course."

Rames stared at her. "Cynthia," he cried. "You'll help?"

"More than help, Harry," she answered. "You see I let you go—yes. I even bid you go—yes. But I mean to have my share, my dear, in whatever you do. I mean that you shall carry something of me, something more than a telegram this time, to your farthest South."

Rames sat down in a chair by the side of the fire close to where she stood. He gazed into the flames in silence. With all gentleness and love she was heaping coals of fire upon his head. Every look, every word she spoke, confessed the deep pain which he was causing her. She was brave, but through the curtain of her bravery her fear and anguish shone. He spoke as a man will who is smitten by his conscience.

"I am very sorry, Cynthia. When I asked you to marry me I had no suspicion that any longing could get so strong a hold on me. I once told you carelessly that men were driven out upon these expeditions by the torment of their souls. I said that knowing it only by hearsay and by the plain proof of it which they show in what they have written. Now I know it—here," and he struck his breast above his heart. "Yes, I have got to go if I am ever to have peace. But I am sorry, Cynthia."

His voice trailed off into silence and Cynthia laid a hand upon his head and stroked his hair. "I know," she said, "I know."

"All that I thought so fine, so well worth having—the fight with other men for mastery, the conquest with what conquest would bring—power and rule and governing—it's extraordinary how completely all desire for it has vanished out of me!" he continued. "The fight now seems to me mean, ignoble with intrigues, detestable, the victory not worth the fight. No doubt I am wrong. I went into the House of Commons, you see, without ideas," and

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Cynthia started at the word so familiar to her fancies. "Now I have one, a big one, and it has mastered me."

And so Harry Rames passed at last through the turnstile into Cynthia's private garden. But it was in accordance with the irony of their lives that she wished with every drop of her blood that he had remained outside, for the garden was overrun with neglect and had quite lost its enchantment.

"I long for simple things, not shifts and intrigues and bitterness; the gray mists on glaciers; the day's journey over the snow, with its wind ridges and its storms; the hard, lean life of it all; the fight, not with men, but with the enormous things of nature, some dangerous, some serene, but, whether dangerous or serene, wholly indifferent." He gazed for a little while into the fire, seeking in the analysis of his emotions his apologia.

"I think, Cynthia," he continued, "that once a man has gone far into the empty spaces of the earth, he has the mark of them upon him. Voices call from them over all the leagues of all the seas and need no receivers at the end."

"Yes," said Cynthia, and once more her memories travelled back to the death-bed of old Daventry in the dark room of the white house. He had given her reasons for his great love of his estancia on the wide plains of Argentina. But there had been another reason, she remembered, which his failing wits had not allowed his tongue to formulate. Cynthia had often wondered what that reason was. She had no doubt that her husband had explained it now. "Yes, my father also heard those voices."

After a short silence Harry Rames reached out his hand and took hers.

"I think, my dear," he said gently, "that things would have been different, that I should not have wanted to go, had we been fortunate enough to have children—" and with a cry Cynthia turned to him fiercely.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "During this hour, for the first time, I have been thanking God we had no children. For if we had, you would still have wanted to go just as much as you do now, and that I could not have borne."

Harry had no answer for her outburst. In his heart he knew that what she had said was true. He sat in silence, his eyes upon the fire and her hand in his; and a moment or two later she dropped upon her knees at his side.

"But oh, Harry, come back to me!" she cried. "You must go I know. That's the way things happen. But oh, come back to me."

## XXXVII

### THE LAST

At nine o'clock on a morning of July during the next year a barkentine of four hundred and fifty tons with an auxiliary screw steamed westward with the tide past the Isle of Wight. Besides the helmsman, Cynthia and Harry Rames were upon the bridge. They stood side by side, Cynthia gripping the rail in front of her with both her hands. They did not speak. The ship steamed past Cowes gay with its white yachts and crowded esplanade and rounded Garnard Point into Newtown Bay. Cynthia looked ahead through a blur of tears, watching for and yet dreading to see a low square church tower stand out against the sky close to the water in a dip of the coast-line hills. Opposite to that church the ship was stopped and a boat was lowered. Cynthia, with Robert Brook to look after her, was put ashore on Yarmouth pier; and the barkentine dipped her flag and steamed on to the Needles and the open sea on its three years' voyage.

Robert Brook escorted Cynthia across the water to Southampton, and the next day witnessed her departure from the docks on a steamer of the Royal Mail for Buenos Aires. He returned to London that afternoon, took a solitary dinner at his club, and walked afterward to Curzon Street. The Rameses' house was all lit up, and from the open windows music drifted out upon the summer night. Harry and Cynthia had let their house and to-night the new residents were giving a party. Robert Brook had an invitation and went in. He listened for half an hour to a party of coons and then could endure no more. The comic songs and the laughter seemed to him that night in this house a desecration. For in the characters of Harry Rames and his wife he chose to see something of greatness, in their lives something of achievement. He looked about the walls. Some

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dark and terrible hours must needs have been passed by both Harry and Cynthia within them before the great resolution had been taken which had condemned her to three years of loneliness on an estancia in South America and had stripped him of a sure career in politics.

Robert Brook fell into a black mood and an utter weariness with his own life. For him season was to follow season and to find him still a guest at the parties and the entertainments until he became old and a bore. He envied Harry his expedition, Cynthia her sorrow. He went out wretched and walked by instinct down Whitehall. On his way to his club he passed the windows of the Board of Trade. These, too, were brilliantly lit; for within the building a cabinet minister was endeavoring to compose an acute struggle between artisans and their employers. Robert Brook watched those windows; and his disgust with his own life increased. Here again was achievement for others, not for himself. There would never be room for him within that building, nor within any other where the nation's administration was being done. And his life was going; indeed, the best part of it was done. He walked on to his own small house and let himself in with his key. The passage was dark and the house quite silent. He stood for a while alone in the darkness and the silence. He thought of Cynthia and Harry, of Devenish and his colleagues, of others without eminence, but, at all events, with wives and children. He had given up his life to the House of Commons and the House of Commons repaid him by barely knowing his name. There was probably no man in London more wretched that night than Robert Brook.

THE END

# THE POINT OF VIEW

IT happened, a good many years ago, that in wandering about a country churchyard, whither I had been conducted to view the tomb of an eminent man of letters, I came across an ancient low head-stone with a curious inscription:

POLLY GREEN

*She had her faults, but was kind to the poor.*

Now who, I wondered, could the person be whose faults were so glaring that they had to be recorded on enduring stone, and forthwith I found myself taking more interest in Polly Green's humble memorial than in the imposing tomb of the man of letters. She had been dead for over half a century, yet the inscription must have kept her memory alive, for on inquiry I was able to learn that she had been a poor old woman much addicted to drink. There seemed to be no recollection of her virtues, but presumably she had the redeeming quality of a good heart, and some recipient of her kindness had thus sought to show his gratitude; or, since her beneficiaries were perhaps too poor to express appreciation in so tangible a form, it may have been some would-be benevolent person of higher degree. Surely it was a lamentable result of so much kindness on all sides that, even when Polly Green had long since shed her poor old tyrannous body, the weakness of the flesh was not suffered to lapse into oblivion. I need hardly say that this was not her real name. Far be it from me to give that poor soul any further immortality of so doubtful a kind.

De Mortuis

Doubtless the person who set up Polly's tombstone was a simple soul with good intentions and scant imagination. We can only deprecate his stupidity and pass on. More distressing is the lack of judgment displayed by a person of a finer type when, moved by the tenderest impulse of pity and charity, he places on a headstone the all too opposite quotation from Scripture which, in its very assurance of divine pardon, emblazons and commemorates the fault. In most matters a taste

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for simplicity is a safeguard; and surely, in the matter of a tombstone, a name and two dates are sufficient. It is not there that we should yield to a conscientious desire to tell the whole truth. Even the recent writer who says that "to guard a man's memory by suppressing facts" seems to him to be "hopelessly insincere and faint-hearted," would hardly wish to supply our church-yards with the veracious histories of their inhabitants. It would make interesting reading, however, and a Sunday afternoon stroll through the cemetery would be more exciting than in the days when it was the only Sunday outing permitted in religious families.

As a matter of fact, we seem, in these latter days, to be much more frank and easy-going in the way we talk of the dead than some of us remember to have been our custom in years gone by. We of the passing generation were brought up to obey the old admonition, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and did so willingly enough. Let a man die, and we stopped short with the words of fault-finding or even of just criticism on our lips. It seemed to us a decent and proper thing that we should speak well of the dead or else hold our tongues; except, of course, in the case of personages, whose faults had to be held up to the light of day in the interest of history. But leaving out those members of society who were important enough to be discussed in historical essays, we were pretty well agreed as to the *nil nisi bonum* rule. Especially was this the case when we were young. For youth, although notoriously intolerant and unsympathetic, stands profoundly in awe of death. To the young, death seems so shocking, so violent and unnatural, that it closes their mouths. No disapproval, no dislike, no enmity even, can hold its own against a person who has had the incredible misfortune to die—to leave a warm and interesting world for the cold uncertainties of a bodiless existence.

As our youth passed and our minds grew accustomed to the phenomenon, there remained the restraint of the religious belief in which youth was nourished; and some forms of religious belief have certainly tended to put an end to hostility and even to give pause to just criticism. For, let the person be ever so deserving of punishment, we recoiled before the awfulness of a retribution which some of us at least (however faithful to early teaching we might be in other respects), felt to be beyond the deserts of the worst of us. Or did we feel that the balance might be struck the other way, and that heaven and not hell might be the goal of the departing spirit, it seemed uncivil, to say the least, to discuss a saint's shortcomings; and unfair, when he could not defend himself. Although, in fact, we do not habitually give him that chance even while he is still alive.

Is it because we have grown older and a bit callous, or because our respect for truth has increased, that nowadays, after a discreet and respectful pause, we are apt to resume our interrupted remarks? Probably a more potent reason may be found in a somewhat widespread change of view regarding a future state of existence. Fewer people than of old accept the old theological ideas on that subject. True, an even smaller number believe that modern investigation has discovered or can discover anything decisive in the matter. Even those of us who would gladly find something in these curious researches which our minds could take hold of, are for the most part, forced to conclude that the conditions are too hard and that the world will not get "much forwarder" on that line. Yet it would seem that these investigations, however incredulously regarded, may to some extent have influenced us and worked a change in our ideas. For so many of us have begun to fancy that a perfectly simple sort of existence awaits us, an existence not unnatural even according to our notions, not without its struggles, but immeasurably simplified by the absence of our despotic bodies; a mere "step on the stair," as it has been happily put; an existence, in short, which is not at all to be dreaded. Naturally, the first and incomparably the most important result of this change of view is the difference which it makes in our sense of bereavement, the lightening of the dead weight of separation and distance. Along with this relief comes a lessening of the awe which forbade us to speak our minds freely about either friend or foe. Not that we want to dwell ungenerously on personal grievances, but after all, if my intimate enemy is so much better off than I am, having got through with the

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disagreeable business of dying and begun on a new and less handicapped stage of existence, why should I be obliged to pretend to myself or to any one else that he had no unpleasant peculiarities? I find myself thinking of him in quite a matter-of-fact way; and when, in the course of conversation, his name comes up, I naturally and unconsciously speak of him just as I should if he were still inhabiting this planet, not with ill-will, but frankly and curiously, with the same old pleasure in analyzing him fairly and characterizing him felicitously.

Our Censorship Committee

BEFORE the recent horde of aggressive and terrifying new ideas swept over our town, the library was a single room conveniently situated back of the drug store, and opened to the public on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. On those days, a certain kind-hearted, uncomely old maid of the village officiated, to the extent of writing down our names, and the names of the books we borrowed in the big ledger kept for the purpose. We were never bothered with library cards. We kept our books as long as we pleased, and exchanged them among ourselves, or if we were busy we sent Susie or John, with the injunction: "Tell Miss Ellen to give you a book for mamma;" and Miss Ellen always knew what mamma had read, and remembered that she liked things to turn out right in the last chapter. Miss Ellen never floored us with a realization of our own deficiencies when we asked confusedly for a copy of "Fawst, by Goeeth." She was interested in everybody's needs. Should little Tommy Twaddle, who cherished a taste for lurid fiction, beg to know if she had a book about the James Boys in Missouri, she would obligingly get down on her knees, to search among the works of the Brothers William and Henry, which stood with an air of unused and uninviting cleanliness on the bottom shelf. She knew where everything was, the shelves being arranged after a simple alphabetic fashion, Carlyle, Cary, Corelli, the lion and the lamb rubbing elbows and undismayed. There was not a bit of formality or red tape about our library, I can tell you.

Now all this is changed. A philanthropic millionaire was moved to rub his lamp in our little town, and the library was metamorphosed almost in a night into an imposing brick structure, with white stone steps outside, and rows and rows of chill and orderly shelves within. Everything is terrifyingly impressive and pre-ordained, from the neat colored tickets we have to present every time we want a book, to the aloof, bespectacled person behind the desk, whom we imported at great expense from the city, and who diffuses an air of bookishness and culture down the whole length of Main Street when she passes through it twice a day.

We, of the Library Committee, who used to meet once a month to cover old books and plan ice-cream socials to buy new ones, are changed too. Our position has become at once more exalted and more difficult. Our duties have increased, and in their discharge we are compelled to rise to ethical heights before unknown. Where formerly we were supervisors, somewhat lax, perhaps, but none the less faithful, now we have been constituted censors also, our task being to purify and pasteurize the mental pabulum that is offered to the village youth. With the inauguration of "open shelves" for fiction, it has become necessary to exercise a chaste discrimination so that only such volumes shall be accessible to the public as we are perfectly certain cannot be classed under the heading "improper." By "improper," we do not mean, of course, as some might fancy, those books which would convey inaccurate or erroneous information to a growing mind. No. Our higher aim is to supply our offspring with a wholly purged and innocuous literature, suited to that condition of unsullied ignorance which rightly belongs to new lighted beings from another planet, and which we have found the ideal state of preparation for the peculiarities of this. Such a worthy motive on our parts entails, of course, much unaccustomed thought and effort, as if Miss Airlie, trying to pick out books for Sentimental Tommy, should find herself surrounded by more "strokes" and "words we have no concern with" than she ever dreamed were there. But the disheartening part of it is that the more improper books we suppress, the more genius our Tommies develop for discovering them.

To be sure, *all* our shelves used to be "open," proper and profane fare alike, spread to tempt the palate of our uninstructed young, and no one to say, "Thou shalt not." When our sixteen-year-old daughters, with the lengthening of their

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dresses, suddenly developed minds of their own, and began to read novels, we did endeavor to turn their attention to such sterling works as "Adam Bede," and "The Prince of the House of David," but, upon their displaying a marked preference for "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," we desisted, partly because we always had a sneaking fondness for the Duchess ourselves. Of course, when "popular novels" began to be popular, and the era of best sellers was heralded by "Trilby" and the "Heavenly Twins," we were somewhat puzzled at "the things that are allowed in books nowadays," but it was so obviously the thing to have read them, that we never thought of restricting their circulation. Besides, the young people did not seem to take to them, and the works of Mesdemoiselles Edgeworth, Austen, and Alcott needed recovering quite as often as before.

Looking back now, we can only blush at our simplicity and ignorance, contrasting them with our present assiduous labors for the suppression of "objectionable" books Nothing passes us nowadays. No bureau of Russian officials could be more sternly vigilant. Transcending the advice of certain wise ones of the earth, we believe in resisting evil with all our might and main. Of course, we read all the improper books ourselves, the more readily to convict the authors of their sins, but we are unhesitating in denouncing them, particularly at teas or crochet parties where our daughters may be present.

I do not know by just what occult means the word gets about that a book is "bad." The addenda to our store of works are carefully chosen by the librarian and a select committee of the college bred, the learned, and austere. Yet, at intervals there is a stir in our midst, a thrill of agitation, and, as, at the ringing of the bell of Atri, the judges were called together to hear the denunciation of a malefactor, so the library committee is hastily assembled to pass judgment on a book. Some one whispers that some one else told her that a third person had read "that new book that has just come out, and she says it is perfectly dreadful. They have it in the library. The most shocking book she ever read, and it was on the open shelves." Then we all shiver and shake our heads, and remember that we have a pattern belonging to the housewife who is said to harbor the perturbing literature. We hasten to her door, sometimes meeting two or three others upon the same errand, and, so zealous are we mothers in the strict performance of our duty, the first to borrow the book is one of those busy housekeepers who are everywhere heard complaining that they "never have time to read."

The work has been pretty well perused by the time of the next committee meeting, and the whole committee is familiar with its contents, and unanimous in declaring it "not fit for anybody to read." We make a point of telling everybody how dreadful it is, and if not publicly branded and removed from the library altogether, it is marked "exceptional," and guarded from the young and unsophisticated by a Sphinx-like librarian.

We all heave a breath of relief when this is accomplished, and turn our attention to other matters. But, ere long, we discover to our dismay that smuggled copies of the highly improper book are being passed about surreptitiously in our very midst, and, hidden perhaps, between an Algebra and a German dictionary, are coming to light in our own homes, from those private sanctums we invade on sweeping-day mornings. In many instances, the tabooed volume is the very last book one would expect a High-School Sophomore to crave. It is heavy and unenticing in appearance, spread out through six hundred pages of close print, and shorn of all the allurements of illustrations and fancy binding. One would fancy that its bulk alone would deter our butterfly Amy, or lazy Clara, neither of whom are ever seen with a book in their hands, from undertaking its perusal. Ten to one, it is replete with unfathomable philosophical arguments, and long conversations upon the state of society, and yet, for some unknown reason, both Amy and Clara have managed to read it before it has been in town a month.

We are determined that our library shall be pure. When, in our official capacity, we are compelled to read these distressing volumes, we do so behind locked doors, and, as a further precaution, we vigorously denounce the writers and forbid our offspring to associate with them. Yet, in spite of all this, the youngsters seem to know them just about as well as we do ourselves. It certainly is very strange.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

*TWO FLEMISH PRIMITIVES*

THROUGH the aid of the National Art Collections Fund a magnificent "Adoration of the Magi," by Mabuse, has been transferred from Castle Howard to the National Gallery, London, and simultaneously Mr. J. P. Morgan has lent to the Metropolitan Museum a splendid "Annunciation" by Roger de la Pasture. These two great pictures may stand for much that is true of the early Flemish school in general, and, still more broadly, for certain permanent differences between an art at high-water and one at ebb. At first sight, however, the likenesses between these pictures predominate. Both show the ornate preciseness, the humble joy in accessories, the simplicity and serenity of facial type that characterize all good works of the early Flemish school. Both are splendid without becoming ceremonious or ceasing to be delightfully familiar. Both artists prefer an architecture not of their times, the romanesque, and both delight in showing us an area of modulated pale sky across the half light of an interior. As a matter of fact, less than forty years separates these two masterpieces. Master Roger's will not have been undertaken before 1460, and Mabuse's, which tradition says he was seven years painting, was finished about 1500.

"The Annunciation" was presumably painted at Brussels and "The Adoration" at Antwerp, only twenty-five miles away. In time and place and quality everything unites these two pictures; what separates them all the more strikingly is nothing less than the decline of a great historic style.

We call both these masterpieces examples of early Flemish painting. Late Gothic painting would be the more descriptive term. The exquisitely candid realism of such works does not stand at the beginning of a line. It is the fine flower of nearly three centuries of Gothic invention. It is the summing up of many experiments upon storied vellum, in figured glass, upon panel, and upon wall. This painting is, in short, neither early nor specifically Flemish. We moderns, except through a conscious exercise of the imagination, have no part in it. It points backward to the solid realism of mediæval faith, to the ornate elaboration of mediæval civic and industrial organization, to the lovely variousness of mediæval handicraft. We have this late Gothic art in its most steadfast perfection in Master Roger's "Annunciation." In Mabuse's "Adoration of the Magi" a sensitive critic would read the febrility of decline even if it were not matter of record that a half-dozen years later Mabuse went to Rome and never afterward recovered from the glorious muddle he experienced in the presence of Raphael and Michaelangelo. Whatever Mabuse did after this intoxication may not inaccurately be called early Flemish painting. It is early in the sense of pointing forward; it shows a cosmopolitanism that is essentially Flemish, and in the perfection of which Flemish painting, with Rubens, took the lead in the modern movement. A most instructive person, this John Mabuse, of Antwerp. His example may be commended to the many sober young neo-impressionists who for the common good are eager to become post-impressionists. I have no heart to discourage present self-sacrifice for the sake of posterity. In that light, Mabuse's sophisticated Italianate work may assume an heroic aspect. But, heroics aside, we hardly value him highly except in that first Gothic manner which he got not by grace of travel or of much taking thought, but by right descent from generations of northern craftsmen.

The precious nature of that inheritance we may best study in "The Annunciation" of Roger de la Pasture. And first the picture, which strikingly resembles a wing of the St. Columban triptych at Munich, is probably also the wing of a splendid triptych. It was painted for some member of the family of Clugny whose arms appear in the window and repeatedly on the rug. Two brothers, both notable prelates, have been suggested as the patrons. One became bishop of Master Roger's native city of Tournai. The other, settled in France, was a notable patron of the illuminator's art.



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The Annunciation. By Roger de la Pasture (Roger Van der Weyden).
In the loan collection of J. Pierpont Morgan in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



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The uncertainty as to the patron naturally extends to the altar for which this lovely piece was ordered. Until the picture emerged in the Ashburnham collection, a half century ago, all is obscurity. Its transit through the Rodolphe Kann collection into that of Mr. J. P. Morgan has on the contrary been duly acclaimed.

The picture is a typical Gothic representation of the familiar theme. The Blessed Virgin is kneeling at a *prie-dieu* in her bedchamber, the exquisitely neat properties of which are faithfully shown. It is the evening hour, for she has already lighted a coiled taper. She has heard the greeting "Hail Mary!" but has not yet seen the Archangel who stands behind her. This is the Gothic and northern version of the theme, and its mark is informality. That the Virgin almost reluctantly turns from the reading of her hours is again a Gothic trait. The Italians seldom represent her as praying and either show her starting in fright from the celestial herald or kneeling before him in humble acceptance of the greeting. Wholly Gothic, too, is Master Roger's Gabriel. He seems merely a bright-faced chorister unconscious of the sublime import of his message. Poised with school-boy seriousness and just a shade of awkwardness between standing and kneeling, it needs the peacock wings, the light coronal, the wand, and the rich dalmatic to convince us that this winsome apparition is really the spokesman of the Most High. Compare with this Gabriel the operatically eager archangels of a score of Italian annunciations, and you will feel how largely the charm of Gothic art lies in its persistent childlikeness, in its avoidance of all rhetoric, in its very failure to attain a grand style.

The color of this picture is dominated by the old gold and deep crimson of the Archangel's vestment. These colors are repeated in a lower tone in the rug. With these, deeper crimsons in the Virgin's bodice and scarlets in the bed make a hazardous but successful harmony. The charming glimpse through the window to a walled garden and a singularly pellucid heaven is, as usual, both of pictorial and symbolic import. We are thus reminded that the Blessed Virgin for her sweetness is like a "closed garden," for her firmness, like the "tower of David." Here are we in the field of universal mediæval symbolism, but the men of the north especially delighted in these metaphors from the "Song of Songs." Purely Gothic, and also quite original, is the choice of the moment before the fateful word was spoken. The dove of the Holy Spirit, the symbol of the incarnation, does not appear in this picture, though it does in its probable prototype at Munich. We have here the preliminaries of the Annunciation set down in all their human hesitancy and brusqueness. The charm of the picture is in its candor; it lacks the easy rhythm that is customary with the Italians, and which Roger himself elsewhere displays. In this soft and naïve phase he is almost indistinguishable from his best pupil, Hans Memlinc, who, I fancy, may have had something to do with this panel. In fact, his ultimate sweet phase of an austere master has greatly troubled certain critics. They have created a Roger of Bruges to explain the severe pictures, leaving to Roger de la Pasture only the works that forecast the spiritual daintiness of Memlinc. Which to me is as much as to say that the author of "As You Like It" cannot be the author of "Macbeth." While doing reverence to the analytical acuteness of certain of my colleagues, I still contrive to get along comfortably with one Roger and one William.

The manifold interests raised by this splendid "Annunciation" of Master Roger should not obscure the fact that its appeal is essentially simple and candid. Nothing is in it merely for richness or scenic effect. The figures live a self-contained life of their own and utterly disregard us. Moreover, that sense of ancient dignity stemming from Rome which is seldom wholly absent from any fine Italian work is here unfelt. Everything here is idiomatic and contemporaneous, drawn from the fat city life of the Burgundian overlordship. An archangel is merely the finest possible acolyte that might be seen of a feast-day, the Virgin simply the daintiest and most prayerful of burghers' daughters. For its spontaneity, for the directness of intention that underlies its ornateness, for its waiver of even the permissible theatricalities this picture represents the full bloom of Gothic painting. Or rather, in an excess of sweetness, there may be just a hint that this is a rare autumnal product of some belated St. Martin's "Summer," and that the winter of Gothic art is at hand.

A generation later and just before the closing in of that eternal winter, was painted

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The Adoration of the Kings. By Jan Gossart of Mabuse.
In the National Gallery, London.

John Mabuse's magnificent "Adoration of the Kings" for the Flemish monastery of Grammont. It has always been a famous picture, and the National Art Collections Fund, when there was talk of its passing across sea from Castle Howard, ransomed it at a truly kingly price for the British nation. Superficially regarded, this picture looks much like Master Roger's. Actually a great change has come. Note the unconscionable multiplication of detail. There are a score of direct and rather capricious appeals to the curiosity of the observer. What else means this elaborate ruin from the openings of which strange men appear unexpectedly? — this shattered pavement done tile for tile and weed by weed?—the angels poised uncertainly above and fluttering confusedly in the remoter air? Why all these things mean that the painter is no longer quite sure of his public. Like a speaker to an inattentive audience, Mabuse must evoke many emotions lightly and frame catching, superfluous phrases. And the personages of the picture have lost the detached and self-sufficing quality which is characteristic of the best



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Gothic work. The Virgin is less divinely *the* Mother and more pathetically a mother. The two kings at the sides and their courtiers are just a little on parade, even the admirable hound in the corner is conscious of being overlooked. A new and not quite easy variety has replaced the old unity. The picture is no longer self-contained but scenic. Without an admirer, it would seem to lose something of effective existence, and that is true of no quite first-rate Gothic thing.

All the same it is a magnificent picture. Mabuse was not too bold in signing his name on the crown of the Ethiop king. If the picture wavers, in sympathy with the crumbling of the civilization it represents, that precisely is the charm of this most sensitive work. There would be a whole essay to write on the appeal of lost causes in art. I like to think of Botticelli indulging his most reactionary dreams and Piero di Cosimo wreaking himself upon outworn faery lore at the moment when Michaelangelo was composing the eternal epic of the Sistine ceiling. Who does not recall some friend suddenly doomed, and reacting with manly courage? In the face of extinction, the personality often reasserts itself in more conscious activities and more various. To fill the remaining space handsomely, to impose one's self as the body fails—this is no ignoble ambition, and the necessary febrility of such activities constitutes their charm. Walter Pater in "Marius the Epicurean" has analyzed this fascination once for all as it breathes from the belated classics of overripe Rome. I need not insist that the case is the same with any art that asserts itself with foreboding of its day being measured.

I would rather remark the interesting paradox that the art is often more prescient than the man who produces it. What manner of man John Mabuse was we hardly know. But it is unlikely he realized that the papacy with Alexander VI had reached intolerable depths, and that the Church was no longer worthy of the sincerity of Gothic art. Plainly John Mabuse could have known nothing about an ugly Augustinian at Wittenberg who was going to abolish at once Gothic art and theology throughout the north. Much less can he have thought that a jolly fat prince at Windsor and a sad lean one at Augsburg were soon to shape a new absolutism which with the strangling of the free communes was to end mediæval civilization and Gothic art. Mabuse may just have heard of Savonarola's funeral pyre, but cannot have regarded it as an unquenchable beacon. Some word of an Italian admiral who had discovered new islands for their Catholic Majesties may well have reached Mabuse, yet he cannot have perceived that with this enlargement of the known world most of the old metes and bounds had vanished. The meaning of none of these things that were actual or imminent as the picture was painting can have been present with the artist when at the opening of the sixteenth century he signed his masterpiece. But the time-spirit knew all about these things and wrote plainly in the fine hesitancies and various overtures of this great picture the symptoms of a doomed order. I cannot enlarge upon this paradox much less explain it. It may tell something of the vicarious function of the artist. It may suggest a reversal of Taine's dictum that the individual artist acts, under a sort of fatality, quite like a tendency or a collective institution. Does it not rather seem that what we call tendencies and institutions, when closely probed, seem to act singularly like free and prescient individuals?

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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